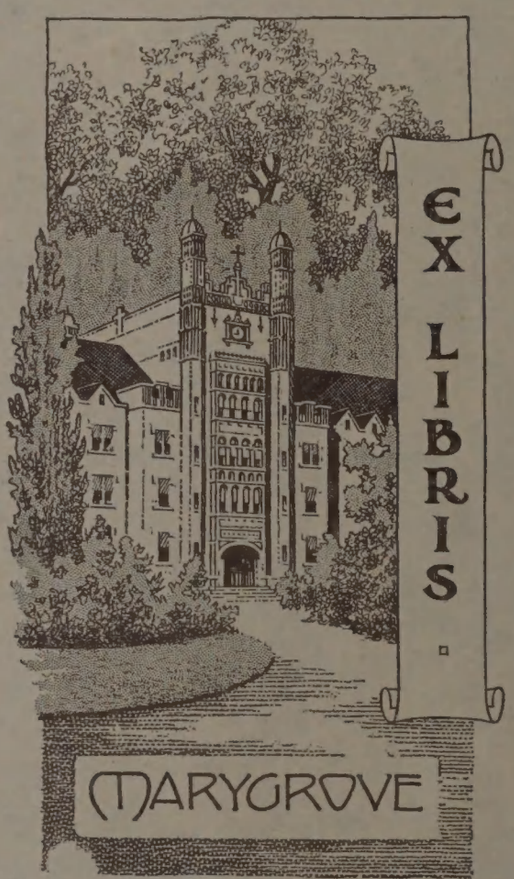

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Peyton Boswell
EDITOR

W·B·M'Cormick
ASSISTANT
EDITOR

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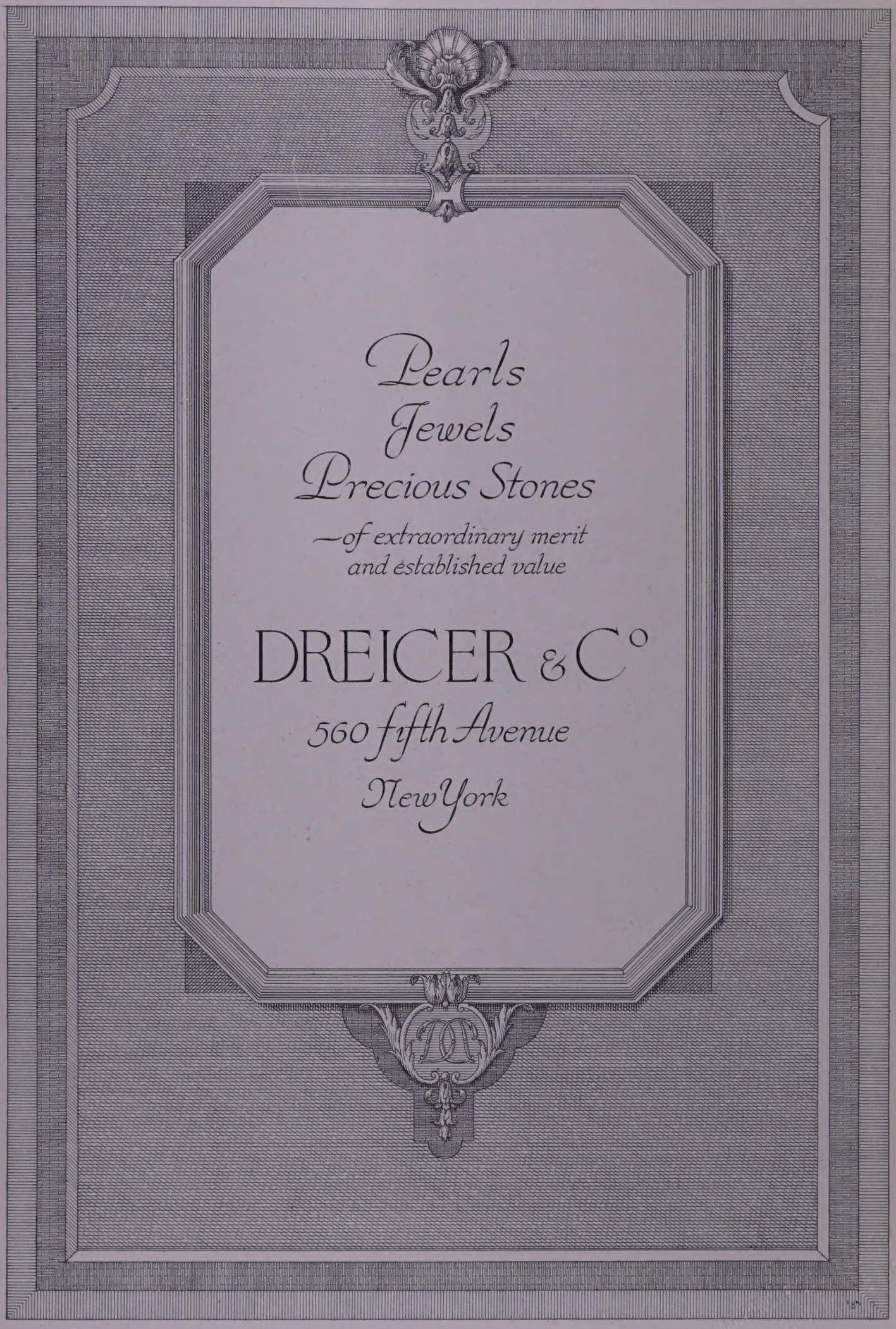
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Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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"MADONNA AND CHILD"

by

Eugene Savage

Courtesy of the Feragil Galleries

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume LXXIX

Number 323

April 1924

AN APOSTLE OF UNITY

Eugene Savage, famous Priz de Rome painter, links the work of the artist with that of the architect

F. NEWLIN PRIGE

INTO THE LAW of instinct, the victory of evolution over ratiocination, the development of the subconscious and its miracle working, the gradual weaving in and out of some unseen and unknown thread that mingles with the fabric of life to appear in happiness and joy, in death and despair, to emerge as an unconscious possession and shine to illuminate and fade into mystery having crashed all of our facts back into oblivion, having built a little higher and stronger that undebatable taste which makes for fine art and is the stuff from which great artists and dreams are made, so my monograph on Savage must dip into the intangible truth of a gradual growth that comes not by virtue of himself but in spite of it. He is not logical and yet he thinks hard. Having no humor he yet paints only the humor of life. His mood is serious, industrious, positive, yet it owns him, and he is but the vessel into which life pours a lotion of esthetic emotion for the world. Genealogically, Savage is English, Pennsylvania-Dutch, Scotch, French and Irish. He sprang from this complex tree in 1883, being born in Covington, Indiana. His art studies began in the Corcoran School at Washington, and were continued in the Chicago Art Institute. In 1912 he won the *Priz de Rome*, and as a result studied in Rome, Florence and Munich. If you are interested in prizes you can note to his credit the Architectural League Medal of Honor, the French Gold Medal, Harris Silver Medal, Clarke Prize and Saltus Medal, but rather let us journey out to see the forming of this relatively young artist's work. Perhaps with Keats and Shelley and Lord Byron his greatest work will have been done before middle age; to me he has arrived at his greatest learning, absorbed through the burning point of his career, the years in Rome.

Vivid giant images formed quite early in his youth at Covington. When he was three years old his father died, and who can know the impressions left by that early meeting with eternity's release? Mother and boy later moved to Washington, and Savage had only a few months at the Corcoran School of Art before his mother also left him. No words can paint this tragedy of soul. What else could come to any child to match the climactic violence of such ground work? Alone this lad of fifteen journeyed to Chicago to support himself; a newsboy with a newspaper route, a telephone operator, odd jobs to make a living, odd jobs between which he found time to study the arts, a study which became the guiding finger of his fate. Money came to him; he worked; and workers find no difficulty, unless a streak of oratory or of proud design or sudden riches so soils the vessel of youth that wealth of spirit or ideal, poured in, is lost in jumbled colors and the soul grows muddy. Not so with Savage; in him great art found fine reflections and permanent reaction, crystal-clear.

The World's Fair at Chicago found a new expression and new audiences, a new day in American art; great names arose, great art was produced. Homer, Inness, Weir. It was then that the architects first recognized American painters, and that, soon after, was born the Academy of Rome, largely through the generosity of the late Mr. J. P. Morgan. For the architects had hitherto found no painters who would work with them, and each had gone his separate, self-absorbed way, the

one to paint upon the easel a personal message of beauty, the other to build in stone and marble a personal monument. The Academy of Rome was to bring them together. Should you wonder at this discussion of art and architecture, and the



"BACCHANAL" BY EUGENE SAVAGE

Academy of Rome, it is because Eugene Savage is the most successful of the Rome academicians. He, more than any other, has linked the art of America with its architecture. He rises as the man of the hour to present one splendid solution to a difficult problem. Until recent years the great bulk of America lived artistically within the restricted gamut of gold framed canvases entitled "Homeward Bound," "The Frugal Meal," "Approaching Storm." The paintings, fine technically, were no part of a room. They stood out architecturally, unless their owner had sufficient wealth to surround them with the perfectly uncomfortable antiquity to which they belonged. Like George Ade's allusion to Pullman car blankets that reminded him of "nothing so much as cold buckwheat cakes and sat equally well on the (esthetic) stomach." Yards and miles of canvas are still painted and dabbed to no purpose. Embalmed in gold-leafed frames, fat, unctuous, they dwell in many homes but are no part of the life thereof. Here in this land let us live with our craftsmen, architects, musicians, poets, artists. They can and must be very close to us.

To follow the adventures of this lad whom fate, we firmly believe, has picked to give at least a partial solution of the problem. Whistler at that



"RECESSIONAL" BY EUGENE SAVAGE

Altman Five Hundred Dollar Prize, National Academy of Design, 1923

time had carried far his battle of the spirit against the barrage of the plausible. The callow childhood of our young artisans thrilled under his influence, so contrary to the demand for photographic exactitude, the purely naturalistic, which had increased during the Victorian domination. After Whistler, Savage next found Rembrandt's etchings. They fascinated him. Into his understanding came the elements of linear composition. The dramatic, the balance and rhythm of repeated line, overpowered the melodic beauty of Whistler. Splendid pattern seemed to him most beautiful. It was at this stage of his development that he won the fellowship in painting of the American Academy in Rome, and Paris entertained him. His taste and feeling were florid, baroque. The heavy perfume of Rubens intoxicated him. He dwelt spiritually forever and a day amid the ponderous unbendings of the late Renaissance. In Rome he copied Raphael, and thrilled before the power of Michelangelo. From these great works he unconsciously acquired a splendid idea of the

functions of a wall and ceiling and their divisions, of decorative line, and the filling of space. He was captivated by the purely subjective, and looked upon painting as an opportunity to show cleverness in handling parts. He might have crystalized at this time, and joined those groups who paint a round of dull incident and reminiscence, or some particular ocular division of landscape—a terrible fate. His escape was due, he says, "to no less a person than the Madonna, not certainly by virtue of my perceptions, for I do very little analytical thinking, or in truth like most of us very little of any kind of thinking. Not that I have not tried, but that the ends I usually arrive at have been so wholly mistaken as compared with the conclusions jumped at in the first place, that I began to take my bumps as they came and spare myself the effort.

"My escape was brought about as follows. Mrs. Savage and I were in Perugia, a day or two before Christmas, 1912. At the Pinacoteca I had examined the works of Bonfigli and others, solely for the lack of anything else of the time and period for which I saved my eyes. By good fortune I was standing before a painting of the Madonna and four saints. It was loitering, purely, but I stayed and, wonder of wonders, I marveled that I had never seen a face so beautifully surrounded by drapery or veil, or that, if I had seen it, I had passed it by."

He began to make a note of that bit of drape



"ARBOR DAY" *Owned by Chicago Museum of Fine Arts* BY EUGENE SAVAGE

as though it were a beautiful gem, and was surprised to see with what quiet action it became so beautiful a shape, and what a curiously intriguing relation it had to a geometrical element nearby, which he then included in the note. These lines drew him into including another spot conspicuously called for, a part of a figure. Never before had he been so captivated by a composition. The entire work with its reason and feeling then became intelligible to him in its quiet pattern of gorgeous restraint and lovely spotting. It was the essence of nobility and devotion. Like the best works of that time it had none of the cloying grandeur to pander to one as did the work of the times to which he had hitherto given his attention, but was rather like a great personality whom one may easily pass by without knowing, and who is content to remain unknown. This experience was only a step in a new world, and it had turned upon a very little thing—his discovery of this primitive. In the meantime, the world had been stimulated, outraged, stunned by the exhibition of cubist paintings. Savage studying in Munich under Menzler was interested in their theories of hot and cold colors. His instructor found his work "tight, cold and dirty." He fought the battle of color technique. The abstractions of the cubists were wholesome to him only as a basis for good composition; further extremes he considered failures. To compose and color and complete a canvas that will meet architectural and museum requirements is a much more difficult task, so difficult that few accomplish it. The next step for Savage was to the Chinese. Passing back over five hundred years he found a development covering three thousand years. The Chinese never would admit the first step in the direction of atmosphere and false distance, and always dismissed it with the word "vulgar." This is a marked feature of the Tang and Sung period in China, their austerities are only short of forbidding, but if one finds the golden key, a world of unexampled strength, delicacy, splendor, and power is seen, replete with considerations, refined in many cases beyond the limit of our perceptions.



"PASTORAL" BY EUGENE SAVAGE

To recapitulate, we have followed Savage

through the impressionism of Whistler, the etchings of Rembrandt, the magnificence of Rubens and Raphael, to the Italian primitives and Chinese paintings. He has come to understand why the eyes of Stanford White lit up in wonder and pleasure at going about Bruges and seeing the early Flemish paintings, a room full of Memlings, and why he wrote McKim about their reserve power and splendor. We have here a finished, vigorous man turning his back on his own time for a few days, and stepping unconsciously into centuries past. Real art is immortal, the works of Giotto, Pierro della Francesco or Li Lung Mien are as alive today as though these artists walked.

Let architects and painters join their energies, for painting will function in two ways. It will associate most intimately with a wall, so as to appear part of it, in fact even build it, or it will use the wall as a backing and stand against it as sculpture, an architectural unit in itself, not being part of the wall, but associated with it as sculpture or furniture, as exemplified by an altar piece. If it is not rigidly held to one of these two things, painting becomes a piece of bric-a-brac, a curio, and requires an excuse for its presence by reason of its inability to associate with the room. In this sphere lies the work of Savage, to help in welding the painter and architect in one grand effort.



"STABAT MATER" BY EUGENE SAVAGE

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART

A new force in esthetics, rising in Russia, may find its ultimate expression in the Western World

CLARE SHERIDAN

THE OLD WORLD is dead, and two new nations are rising dominatingly on the horizon—in the West the United States and in the East, Russia. The modern art which is flooding the world today comes mostly from Russia, and pauses in Paris on its way towards the West. The new East is a world that is dawning. The new West is already arisen—a wide awake stabilized world. Art can not thrive in chaos, therefore although modern culture loves Russia, believes in Russia, even that which is Russian born has at present to seek new forms in new lands as a streamlet loose seeks a new riverbed. There can be no stabilization in art without stabilization in social life. Until new forms are found in social, political and economic Europe, normal life will remain chaos. The modern European artists whose exhibitions have been so many and roused so much interest in America, are artists whose work shows the seeking and the groping after new forms; they are the product of a new world, of the new eastern world, of a world that is searching in every form, and the artists are searching too. Who knows, if in the new western world they may not find themselves? The future holds the key. Meanwhile, energy must not be spent in abstract criticism, and in preaching, but in making discoveries. Self-criticism is the basis of the new movement, and a supreme contempt for public opinion. "Every picture in modern art is built on self criticism," says Puni, and he further explains that a painter in order to progress must be constantly in contradiction with himself.



PORTRAIT OF CLARE SHERIDAN BY SERGEI SOUDEIKINE

Courtesy of The New Gallery

In quoting Puni I consider that I am quoting not an individual but a representative opinion. He says: "Some researches of modern French art in Neo-Classicism, and in so-called constructivism, do not look upon art as a progressive movement; theirs is a pose of the 'grand static style' which can be looked upon in future perspective as aspiring to Utopian ideals which were borrowed from medievalism. Our epoch on the whole has its style and has its peculiarities, and one of its peculiarities is the great speed of the movement, as well as the chart of that movement itself. We are all very nervous. We live too quickly. The masterpiece in order to be understood must react violently on our nervous consciousness. The 'recognition' of a picture in itself contains the feeling of sudden amazement. It is true that the picture can not easily and clearly be given to the casual observer. The picture must not be obvious but must be understood with a struggle. Cubism a few years ago was based on this struggle.

A picture must only be understood after awhile and with difficulty. Today for instance unobjective art is understood 'easily and without pain' (as says the advertisement for pills!) and therefore it does not stimulate us. We have been witnesses of that tendency toward Negro art which is Cubism. The explanation of this lies in a sort of protest against what was regarded as caricatural and ugly. The same can be said in the evolution of pictures for children. The 'ugly' has played a certain role in modern extremist art. One of the books of D. Bourmon was called *A Slap in the Face to Public Taste.* I'm afraid that all modern art is a kind of unseen slap in the face. One might even refer to the public as 'He Who Gets Slapped!' And the more they are unconscious of it, the more it seems to be offensive!" Such a frank admission and explanation may at last initiate the uninitiated public into an understanding of this new revolutionary psychology! Most of us have felt the "slap!" Personally I was never quite sure if it were malicious or whether it were a joke, or whether the slap were the imagination of my own super-sensitiveness. Now I am grateful that I know the truth! "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*" I will quote my conversation with Puni again, because his explanation makes understanding clear: "The appreciation of the ugly is really a reaction against the banality of prettiness. There was a moment when prettiness corresponded with public taste, and the really beautiful was thrown overboard by the painters of those days. *The approbation of public opinion is an offence to the artist.* This approbation of art takes the force from the hand which was prepared to slap the face of public opinion. It finishes instead by blowing a kiss, which alone the public understands! Studying the evolution of art and its understanding by the public, one can always feel the real source, which does not often flow with the victorious current."

A few years ago Puni was much censured by Russian public opinion for writing in the papers upon the future role of individualism in art. Today everything that he wrote has come true. Puni and his school, whether they are of Russian, Latin or Teuton birth, are the products of Paris. Paris represented until today what New York is beginning to represent and will represent tomorrow. Paris created in the soul the absolute necessity for being of one's day at any price. One inhaled modernism. One lived with the town, the endlessly moving and revolving life, combined with the eternal stability of stone buildings. New York represents a hundredfold more modernism than Paris—a greater movement, a colossal stability of stone and steel, a giant background of cubistic lights and shades. In Paris an umbrella, a screen, a book illustration, a theatrical decoration, all reflected the seal of a modern psychology. That psychology the modern movement is transferring to America. Already it is infiltrating everywhere, whether it is in abstract color or in forms, and it brings with it a subconscious thirst for synthesis, order and style. The ultimate end of this stream of vital modern force is in America,

"STILL LIFE" BY BRAQUE



but it leaves its imprint as it passes on its way. As I followed this river towards its source, I got very close to Russia, as close as one could perhaps, without actually going in. The first gateway through which this stream passes on its westward course is the northeast Prussian province, and at Königsberg where there is a great new art academy, structurally finished just before the war, the influence of the new Eastern modernism is strikingly evident. The mere title of "academy" for such a modern school is a travesty. Academic the Königsberg Academy certainly is not. Professors Thiele and Degner with all too few pupils (owing to the economic chaos in Germany) have caught the essence of the new stream which has burst its Russian dam and flows precipitately along its new-found riverbed. These students, each individual undominated, unfettered, pursuing his own search after new forms, nevertheless preserve a certain imprint of the master spirit. Further on, the river seems to slacken in its course, and its force grows weaker, until it reaches its water level in the great estuaries of the new western world.

The new extremist modern artists are often referred to carelessly as Revolutionaries, and their art as Bolshevism. The traditional people of art abroad look upon Russia as a symbol. They understand one thing, that Russia is in Revolution, that something new is being built. They see the mirror of that new building in the expression of the new invading art. Their own traditions are threatened, as by a mighty flood that shakes the old foundations, and against the force of which nothing can avail. The poets Vildrak and Gol publicly cheer Russian Revolution. Picasso meeting a friend in the street can not even find time to say "Good morning." He begins to shout, "With all my soul I am for Russia! I know that I can be useful, that I am needed there—not here." Rivera writes enthusiastically in the Mexican papers about new art born in Russia. The gloomy Leger speaks with tenderness and emotion of the new Russia. Isidora Duncan is in Russia and Charlie Chaplin talks of following! Does this mean that from Picasso to "Charlot" all are for the program of the Russian Communist party? Not at all! Their demonstrations are neither pro nor con. For them Russia is a signal. It merely means they are against middle class art, they are against rotten civilization, they are against the artificial prolongation of the day before yesterday. But to the modernists, who are not of today but of tomorrow, the day before yesterday already includes for them such moderns as Soudeikine, Rörich and Anisfeldt! A dress does not grow *démodé* so quickly as modern art. A dress is sometimes not out of fashion before it is worn out. But the artist of today is often old fashioned before he is even complete. As for the "contemporary school" known to the average art connoisseur, it is relegated by the moderns to the realms of past ages. Take for example Repin, the realist, famous in Russia as the painter of the picture of Ivan the Terrible, an illustrative piece of realism; Russian



"RESEARCH OF NEW FORM IN NEW MATERIAL"
BY ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO



"STILL LIFE" BY PUNI

modern artists have talked to me about him with a condescending patronage. Repin's pictures are now looked upon by the new school as a primitive form of painting, formal and even naïve! I am told that he "can even please!" That is to say, we have advanced so far that our disgust with realism can now be changed into historic appreciation!

The modern artist tears off the veil and turns the objects into abstract objectless pieces of art. His works are strange and full of emotion. The eye of the observer who is accustomed to the realistic world around him seeks for human substance and analogies, for reminders of concrete things. With a feeling of disappointment and perhaps irritation he turns away. But he can not remain away. He returns with determination to unravel the mystery of this "representing nothing." Slowly he begins to feel an enchantment, a musical delight in the flights and waterfalls of different colors on the endless spaces. His eyes begin to follow the rhythm of the painter. He wanders in unknown labyrinths. He is attracted by the warm lemon and orange spaces. He falls into the intervals and depths formed by blues and blacks! He again rises and peacefully glides over the enameled surfaces. It is not a portrait, nor a landscape, nor a still-life, but it is a world above us, around us, below us, in which live pure ideals of distance and depth, ideals of balance and eternal movement. The modern artist is not isolated from the splendid world; on the contrary it is his studio and his laboratory, where by long and painful experiences he makes his researches.

Neo-Impressionism, as it is called, deals only with coloring; but the Cubists have declared war on color. They only tolerate neutral tints. Colored illusionism, they say, is nothing more than play of light and shadow. It is only a vibration of the ether and can not satisfy those who aspire to be modern! There is today something newer even than Neo-Impressionism. Form has begun to triumph over color. Interest is almost entirely centered on line, in shadow and light and composition instead of in painting. The result is that the modern palette covers an octave of gray colors. The painter gives away his whole soul to the problem of form.

The famous draughtsman, Ingres, says that everything has form, even smoke. Saying so, he unveils for us the paradoxical alliance between Neo-Cubism and Classicism. Cézanne says that "when color is full in sound, then the form is full in weight." The modernists study color from the point of view of the weight of its interior force towards eternal movement. Exter, the Russian woman Futurist, now working in Paris, studied the pictures of Poussin in the Louvre, merely on account of the rhythmical balance of the mass, which turns the landscapes into architecture! The modern man desires to conquer the fragmentariness of his understanding of the world. At any price he must succeed in synthesizing his impressionism. He must feel the ground firm under his feet. This is the explanation of the rigor and coldness of modern art. Its inclination towards the plastic seems to have created a "stone style." In all this lies the explanation of the bridge which links modernism with the past, Cubism with the Baroque, with Poussin and with El Greco. It was Michelangelo who said that painting is greater the nearer it gets to sculpture.

The modern artist sinks into cold abstract work with an almost emotional joy. Just as it is

the fashion to eliminate sentiment from literature, so is sentiment eliminated from art. Life itself has in our day eliminated sentiment. It is illustrative of the new post-war conditions of which we are the victims. The painter like the philosopher deals with a world of abstract conceptions and measured ideals. In dealing with unobjective things the artist becomes scientific and pure. Art seeks for justification in itself as music does in magic sounds. The artist takes from the outside world only what he needs for his composition. In painting a picture of a town, the bridges and arches, and even the reflections in the river, form one united block. If anything were left out the whole picture would fall to pieces, because the researches into form have evolved a binding process. For instance there is a picture of Venice by Exter. It is not the simple Venice that one has seen so often, it is a new Venice dismembered into atoms and then built up again. It is not the Venice of Baedeker, it is the quintessence of Venice in her architectural landscape form.



DRAWING OF A FIGURE BY PICASSO

Technique in old art was only used to deceive the eye. The greater the deception the better the technique. The main thing was illusion. Today there is far more reverence for technique and for material. The artist tries to make the material itself play its own role in the composition. Analysis displays the construction of the work. Archipenko talked to me of this in his studio, as we stood before a bas-relief of a female figure in various colored metals. He gave me the photograph together with an explanation.

"*All* the great styles," he said, "differ vividly from each other, not only by their specific combinations of lines and forms, but also by the material. The Egyptian is monumental, due to the elastic hardness of the granite material. The Gothic, with its lace-like freakiness, derives its character from the yielding softness of the stone. The Russian wood-carvings owe their originality to the material." He seemed especially interested in the new combination of steel and mortar (I thought of America) of which he said: "This new material gives the possibility of building in a new character, and can serve to create a new finished architectural style." He explained to me that impressions received from the life around us sometimes give one a new plastic conception. To express this with ordinary materials may be inadequte and recognized technical methods inapplicable. "Therefore," he said, "I have recourse to new materials, and use them in ways that have never been used before in sculpture. The using of these materials gives me the possibility of finding new combinations of lines and forms, and by doing so I build a new 'style.' This new 'style' may consist in a whole world of immaterial ideas, nevertheless it is a realistic world, as realistic as any psychological or spiritual emotion." Finally he declared his belief that no materialistic conception could ever, in all eternity, penetrate into art.

I have seen that the modernists, even of the extremist type, with all their theories and their mathematical forms, their new researches, their cold analytical impassiveness, are in their souls more emotional and more idealistic, equally as sincere and as earnest, as any of the sentimental realists of the past. They have eliminated sentiment and substituted reason. Their art is a subconscious reflex of the psychology of our conflicting social system.

MOSAICS, OLD AND NEW

The greatest art of the early Christian era has been revived in forms expressive of the modern age

F. E. Washburn-Freund

One of the most fascinating studies in art-history is that of the rise, development and decline of the various styles and the inherent reasons for these never-ending changes. Such studies will make clear the important role which the different techniques play in the evolution of the arts. For instance, why at one period did fresco painting, at another mosaic, at yet another stained glass, etc., reign supreme or, at least, take the lead, only to be superseded after a time by some other form of artistic expression, perhaps to come to the front again, often after the lapse of centuries?

Such a coming back to life happened only recently to the art of glass mosaics. After its two great periods in Italy and Byzantium, especially in Rome, Ravenna and Constantinople, quite early in the Christian era from about the fourth to the seventh, and then again from the tenth to the fourteenth centuries, in Venice, Palermo, etc.—not taking into account the Greek and Roman art—it almost died out entirely, except in Venice. There alone its tradition was kept alive to a certain extent by a number of craftsmen who, mostly trained in its technique from father to son, were technically able to supply any demands for mosaics that might be made anywhere. In the seventeenth century an atelier for mosacis was opened in Rome under the auspices of the Papal Court, but, characteristically, it restricted itself almost exclusively to the making of copies, not of the old mosaics, but of the most famous paintings by the great masters, such as Leonardo's "Last Supper." When in the nineteenth century it became imperative to restore the old mosaics in St. Mark's in Venice, Antonio Salviati, a lawyer of that city who was a great admirer of them, studied most carefully the old technique and, with the help of one of the Venetian workers in mosaics, was soon able to master most of the secrets of the old craft and, afterwards, earned great success with a number of exhibits at the famous London

SILHOUETTE MOSAIC, LET INTO THE WALL WITHOUT MOSAIC BACKGROUND BY MAX PECHSTEIN
In the Gurlitt Gallery, Berlin





"MIRACULOUS DRAFT OF FISHES" COPY OF A SIXTH CENTURY MOSAIC IN SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO, RAVENNA

International Exposition in 1857. Later on, some Englishmen acquired his business interests, and the *Compania Venezia Murano* was started. But the times were not ripe then for this branch of the arts, although some ateliers were opened in other countries with the help of craftsmen schooled in Murano. The last decade or two, however, has seen the return in earnest of this grand old art, and now several American churches, as for instance in Chicago and St. Louis, are being decorated with mosaics by a St. Louis firm which has developed out of one of those ateliers for mosaics in Europe.

Why was it that the art of mosaic flourished during the early Christian era, then declined almost to extinction? Why was the attempt to revive it in the nineteenth century unsuccessful while now, in our own times, it bids fair to become a living thing again? The reason is that the mood of those early centuries, which craved to be fed, found fullest artistic expression in these decorations of almost unearthly splendor of glittering color and light, and often of terror of countenance, as if the Day of Judgment had already arrived and the last trumpet was being blown to bid all the peoples of the earth appear before the throne of the Almighty. If any pictorial art can give the impression of the air reverberating with the sound of trumpets and trembling as with the approach of the Heavenly Hosts, it is that of mosaic. And in times when the emotional side of the human soul is strongest this art can fill the want as no other of the great decorative arts can. Not at once did the early Christian mosaics show these qualities to their fullest. They were derived from the Antique. The Greeks and Romans, especially the latter, had used mosaics as decorations quite extensively. And thus it came that the design of the early Christian mosaics had still much in common with what we call "the classical style." Also their coloring was not yet so rich, and the overwhelming gold background, against which the figures stand out, often almost threateningly, did not make its appearance for some time. In a mosaic such as the one illustrated here, from the history of Moses in Sta. Maria Maggiore in Rome —circa 360 A. D.—we can still find traces of Pompeian frescoes. But it reminds us still more of the most celebrated antique mosaic that has come down to us, namely the "Battle of Alexander the Great," found in Pompei and now in the Naples



MOSAIC IN THE "GOLDEN ROOM" OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING, STOCKHOLM. FROM THE SERIES OF DECORATIONS DESIGNED BY EINAR FORSETH

Museum, although, compared with it, the forms of the one in Sta. Maria Maggiore seem crude. But what dramatic grouping, what elementary strength of movement, what understanding of the essentials are still there! Yet the first law of mosaic—the law of two dimensions only—to sin against which means the foregoing of the greatest and most characteristic effects attained by this technique, is strictly adhered to. Gradually the forms became, seemingly, cruder and cruder, and a certain "barbarity" began to appear. The Byzantine period set in, and with it the highwater mark of the art of mosaic was reached. For then the best and most original that this technique can give corresponded exactly to the wants of the time: to singleness of mental purpose, centered entirely in its religious life, corresponded the simple flatness of the mosaics and their often almost overwhelming monumentality; to the love for richness and colorful splendor of outward appearance in dress and ornaments, their glow and glitter as of innumerable precious stones set in gold; to the form of its society, an unlimited autocracy, and its substance, an equally unlimited belief in authority, these serious and grave-looking figures, as unbending in their attitudes as statues and as unyielding in their expressions as judges appointed by God Himself to pronounce eternal doom. To classically inclined peoples and times this almost terrible onesidedness, this fanatical denying of the body and all the beauty around, forced upon the people, as it seems, by a heavy hand, this restriction and circumscription of the entire life, as if it were only a church procession in anticipation of a life hereafter, must seem barbaric. And, no doubt, marvellous as the art of mosaic is, it can not be denied that a certain quality of "bar-

"SALOME WITH THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST" IN THE BAPTISTRY OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE. THIRTEENTH CENTURY

This figure with its subtle, war-like rhythm, its enigmatic smile and a kind of sinister grace looks to be the very image of the sea-born city of Venice. Its "modernity" is astounding.





"HISTORY OF MOSES" COPY OF A FOURTH CENTURY MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE, ROME

barity" belongs to it and even constitutes one of its chief attractions.

It will now be clear why, with the coming of the "time of enlightenment" (the Renaissance), when the "time of darkness" (the Middle Ages) began to decline, the art of mosaic also declined. In pictorial art the chief problem then became the conquest of space and the third dimension. That was fatal for mosaic. And when, in the nineteenth century, a revival was tried, it was characteristic of that historical period, which prided itself on having successively lived through most of the former times and their different styles, (without, however, understanding much of them and still less entering into their feelings), that the purpose of the revival was considered an historical one, namely the restoration and, perhaps, also the slavish imitation, of the old mosaics.

Any one who has followed the modern art movement will be aware that it and its problems and their attempted solutions have many points of similarity with the art of the early centuries. Absolute adversaries of "modern art" maintain that it is only another historical pose, something entirely external and arbitrary, a fad of the artists. There is no use arguing with them. Happily, perhaps, for their peace of mind and soul, they do not really live in the present and, consequently, do not feel all the tremendous problems that crowd in upon us; do not experience the terror that stalks through all countries; do not even care whether a solution of all these questions be attempted, lest a worse disaster than the recent one overwhelm us, the reason being simply that, for them, these questions do not even exist. But if they are thus oblivious of the unrest and uncertainty felt by all people really alive, and continue "to have a good time," on the other hand they do not have the soul-expanding hope of a new message of delivery and are not stirred to the innermost depths of their being by the longing for a "peace that passes understanding." For just this troubled and yet at the same time elated mood of our time, small in construction but great in destruction, small in faith, yet great in longing, small in assurance but great in a certain subtleness that tends, however, towards simplicity and singleness of heart and eye, the art of mosaic seems a most appropriate mode of expression. Our time is out of joint; balance, both internal and external, is lacking, a certain "barbarity" has come into being, all the talk and boast of "civilization"



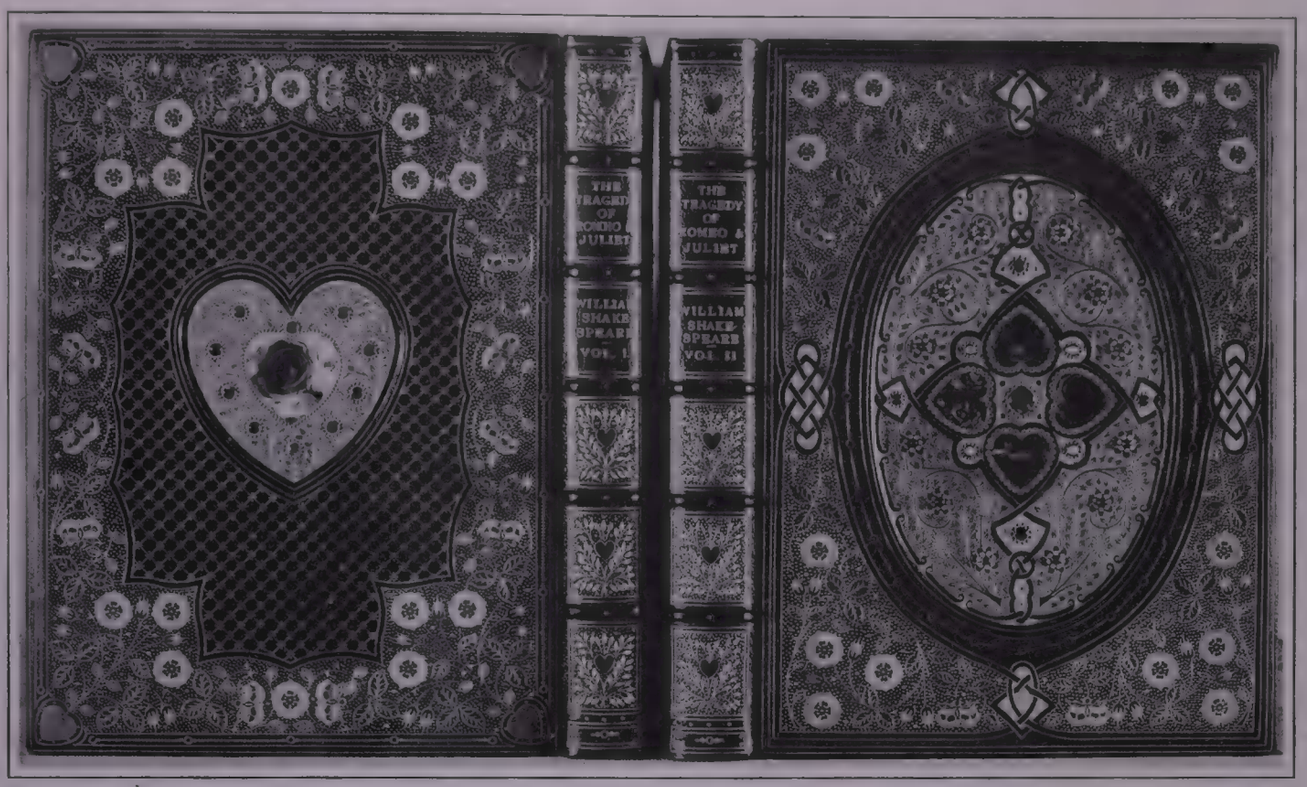
"PENTECOST," MOSAIC IN THE CATHEDRAL OF AACHEN DESIGNED BY HERMANN SCHAPNER

notwithstanding. In such a period the artist who voices the deepest feelings and longings of his time does away with small things; his desire is for the great and fundamental things in life. With his interpretation of them he wants to cover the walls of public buildings. Hence that "Will for the Wall" that lives in so many artists of today.

From what has just been said, it will be seen that in the art of mosaic these modern artists are finding a technique admirably fitted for their needs and desires. Already in Europe a number of them, Max Pechstein, for instance, and others in Germany, Einar Forseth in Sweden (in his designs for the Golden Room in the new Municipal Building in Stockholm, about which a very interesting article appeared in *The Burlington Magazine* during 1923), whilst keeping strictly within the limitations of the technique, even benefiting, as every real artist does, in point of strength and character of their work, by these very restrictions, have made designs for mosaics which are thoroughly modern, that is to say express the mood of our time. The fact that, in spite of differences in design as well as in the choice and range of colors, especially a certain subtleness as compared with the early Christian mosaics, they yet remind one so strongly and strangely of those works of an old and almost forgotten time, is only proof of what has already been said about the similarity between that period and our own. There are artists here in America, such as Joseph Stella, Maurice Sterne, perhaps Rockwell Kent and others who, I think, would rejoice if they were asked to make designs for mosaics destined to be placed in some public or semi-public building, or even a private one, for the use of mosaics need not by any means be restricted to churches and other public buildings. The St. Louis firm, "The Ravenna Mosaics," of which mention has been made before, is preparing, in connection with its affiliated ateliers in Europe, an exhibition in New York of its modern work as well as of most faithful reproductions of several of the early Christian mosaics; our illustrations show some of these works. I hear that it is the sincere hope and will be the special endeavor of this firm to gather round it the best modern American artists to make designs. Thus it is quite possible that, for America, a period of noble mosaics may begin, which later generations will admire as great monumental expressions of our time and its troubled mood and longings. What form these will take one can not say. They may depart radically from all the traditions of the art. It is certain, however, that they will not be slavish copies of an historic style; they will be of this age, made vital by the spirit of search for reality.

HEAD FROM "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI." MOSAIC IN ZURICH BY PROFESSER GÜLBERG





BINDING FOR "ROMEO AND JULIET" BY RIVIERE AND SON

JEWELED BOOKBINDINGS

An art that flowered in the sixteenth century in France has been revived by craftsmen in modern times

TEMPLE SCOTT

BOOKBINDING is a fine art as well as a fine craft. As a craft it serves to fulfil our desire to treasure the object we love; as a fine art it assists us in treasuring that object in its most beautiful form. We treasure the loved book that we may have continual experiences of love; we clothe it in fine raiment and decorate it with brilliant jewels so that it may be as beautiful in its outward form as it is lovely to our inward vision. Both as art and craft, therefore, bookbinding has value for us. It ministers to real wants and satisfies real emotions—the wants and emotions felt in our longing for beautiful things and the enjoyment which association with them brings. This natural fact was never so amply and so convincingly brought home to my mind as when I viewed the collection of books in fine bindings which was sold at the Anderson Galleries, in New York, on November 19 and 20, 1923. The books then sold had been collected by the late Mrs. Phoebe A. D. Boyle of Brooklyn, who had devoted the last twenty years of her long life to the formation of a library which should, so to speak, represent her love for books and her desire to have them beautiful to look upon as well as a pleasure to read. No collectors in the past indulged their passion, strong as it often was, to so costly an extent as did this collector of the present time. What Grolier's library cost him in money, with its famous bindings and choicely printed volumes collected in the early part of the sixteenth century, we have no means of knowing; but, large as must have been the sums he paid for his books and their sumptuous coverings, they could not have amounted to anything like the sums Mrs. Boyle gladly expended for her treasured volumes. The books of those other famous women collectors—Diane of Poitiers, Catherine de Medici, Marguerite de Valois and Madame Elizabeth—which are now so highly prized for their bindings, costly as they were at the time, were very cheaply acquired by comparison with this modern collection. Diane of Poitiers obtained many of her books by means of an ordinance which she influenced Henri II to issue by which all publishers were compelled to present two copies of each book then printed, done on vellum and sumptuously bound, to the libraries at Blois and Fontainebleau. Catherine de Medici went a step further, and simply seized the library of Marshal Strozzi and kept it for herself on a mere pretext. But those were the days of royal power, and ambitious ladies

took royal ways to exercise that power. These days, however, are the days of royal wealth, which is also power, and as human nature, especially feminine nature, has not greatly changed with the passing of time, ladies continue to exercise their power, not less royally but more wisely and more worthily than did those of an earlier age.

When the enthusiasm of the Renaissance spread from scholars and artists to princes and laymen, the noblemen and merchant kings of that time were caught in its rapture to such a degree that they spent their wealth freely and lavishly in searching for and acquiring the rare relics of ancient ages with a passion that may seem strange to us today. In Italy the family of the Medici started the famous collection of manuscripts and books which later took form in the Laurentian Library of Florence. Catherine de Medici brought this enthusiasm with her to France and that country became the breeding ground of collectors for centuries after. Even as early as the time of Jean Grolier (Viscount d'Aguisy and treasurer of France in 1545) the art of bookbinding had been seized upon by Frenchmen and was almost entirely in their hands. It is to the credit of these early French craftsmen that they fully justified their assumption of leadership in their craft and brought it to a very high state of perfection. That perfection was shown not so much in sumptuous as in beautiful examples of fine work. The taste



BINDING FOR JOHN KEATS' POEMS BY SANGORSKI & SUTCLIFFE

for sumptuous bindings belonged to a past when rich coloring and ornamentation were the expressions of a barbaric sensuousness of feeling and a less refined culture and emotional restraint. The first inspirations for "fine bindings," so-called, came from the "Byzantine coverings" which the Medici family collected. These consisted of manuscripts, the work of monks in the scriptoria of the monasteries, bound in covers highly ornamented with gold, silver and copper-gilt, and enriched with precious stones of rich colors. They date back in workmanship to the sixth century. The spirit of this decoration was caught by the workmen of Venice, who modified its somewhat sensuous expression in harmony with the taste of the fifteenth century, and in place of solid metal and jewels employed colored leathers and gold-leaf with which to work out their designs. The designs, too, were no longer pictorial but decorative, figures and flowers being conventionalized. This work was far less costly than the Byzantine work, and almost as effective as decoration. Grolier probably employed some of these Venetian binders, under his direction, and thus introduced their art to the craftsmen of France. The Frenchmen eagerly seized on the suggestions which the Italians gave them, and, improving on their work, supplied the orders which Francis I, Henri II and



BINDING FOR "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER" IN THE MANNER OF LE GASCON

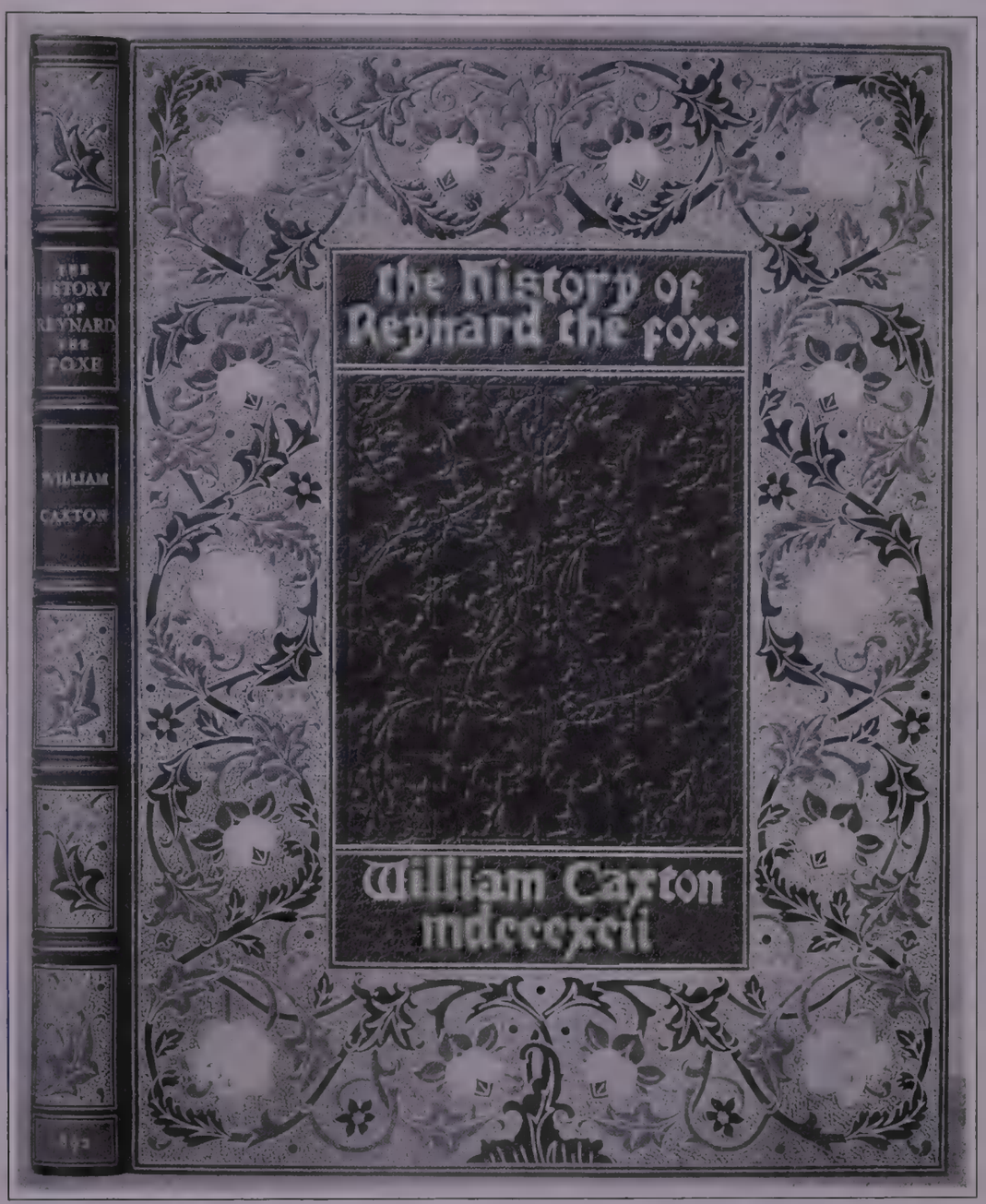
other members of the royal Valois family were continually giving them, and finally produced the distinguished work of Nicholas Eve, Le Gascon, Padeloup, Du Sueil, the Deromes and the later Frenchmen who have been acknowledged the classic binders in the history of the art. From France the art was introduced into England, and Samuel Mearne, in the Restoration period, as royal binder to Charles II, took his rightful place with the best of the Continental binders of his day for his originality in design and beauty of execution. Roger Payne, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, became the great English master whose influence is still felt and followed. But France continued to hold her preëminence, and in modern times, up to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the work of Chambolle-Duru, Trautz-Bauzonnet, Lortic, David and Meunier furnishes beautiful examples of the best traditions of the art. These men had their distinguished rivals in those English binders of the early and mid-Victorian periods who served the great book collectors of those days, and the works of Kalthoeber, Hayday, Bedford and Fazakerley are highly esteemed for the sincerity and finish of their craftsmanship. But in the more imaginative exercises of their art, the Frenchmen evinced a special genius which the workmen of no other country could approach. Of late years, however, bookbinding in France has gone into a decline. The old craftsman's spirit has ceased to manifest itself, partly from lack of encouragement, but more from the commercialism which has taken its place and lays greater stress on rapidity of output than quality of work.

In England, however, strangely enough, "fine binding" took for a time a fresh lease on life. In the last decade of the nineteenth and the first two decades of the twentieth century, bookbinding flowered afresh in the work of two English binders —Riviere and Sangorski. The work these men have accomplished in the past twenty-five years is of so unusual a character and marked by such bold and even daring ornamentation of books that their achievements mark not only a revival but a fresh departure in the art. The cause for this revival is to be distinctly traced to the interest evinced in the pastime of book collecting by wealthy Americans, who can meet the extreme demands which the enjoyment of the hobby now entails. What Grolier and the collectors of his day and generation were to the artist-craftsmen of their time, Mrs. Boyle seems to have been to Riviere and Sangorski of this time. She admired their work and willingly paid the prices its costly execution demanded. Encouraged by her patronage, these binders were able to accomplish work by their joint labors which is something to wonder at. While adhering to the traditions of their craft they blazed a trail of their own in the ornamentation of books which required both courage and nerve to carry out. Taking as their models the "Byzantine coverings" initiated by the monks of the sixth century, they put their own impress on their work, gave to it a character and formed it with a beauty which no other bindings possess. Elaborate designs which call for gold and precious stones and inlaid leathers are created with such consummate skill of craftsmanship that the books are not so much books as they are works of art, the embodiments of the creative imagination.

Alberto and Francis Sangorski, the first as scribe and illuminator, the second as bookbinder, had achieved reputation under the business name of Sangorski & Sutcliffe. They were freely patronized by both booksellers and book collectors. Alberto Sangorski's manuscripts on vellum, with their somewhat highly colored miniatures and garish illuminations, found a patronage among the less discriminating amateurs. The bindings were fanciful and bizarre rather than distinguished and refined. The script also inclined to the freakish and feeble in forms of lettering. In 1913, however, a change took place. In that year Sangorski the illuminator dissociated himself from the firm he had helped to found and entered into a contract with Robert Riviere & Son, London bookbinders, to devote the whole of his time to the designing, writing and illuminating of manuscripts for that firm exclusively. The result of this association was manifested in a decided improvement in the pictorial decorations of the manuscripts executed by Sangorski, and a marvelous burgeoning of the decorative work of the bindings. The many examples of elaborate and ornate bindings executed by the new firm were done after designs and under the direction of Mr. Calkins, the head of the Riviere bindery. A number of these were sent to Leipzig to an exhibition of books held there in 1914, but they were on view for a few weeks only. The outbreak of the war compelled the exhibition to be closed, and the books themselves were stowed away in the cellars of the Leipzig Museum, where they remained for the five years of the war's duration. Long after peace had been signed the precious volumes were with much difficulty recovered, and the choicest of them finally found a home in this country in the library of Mrs. Boyle of Brooklyn.

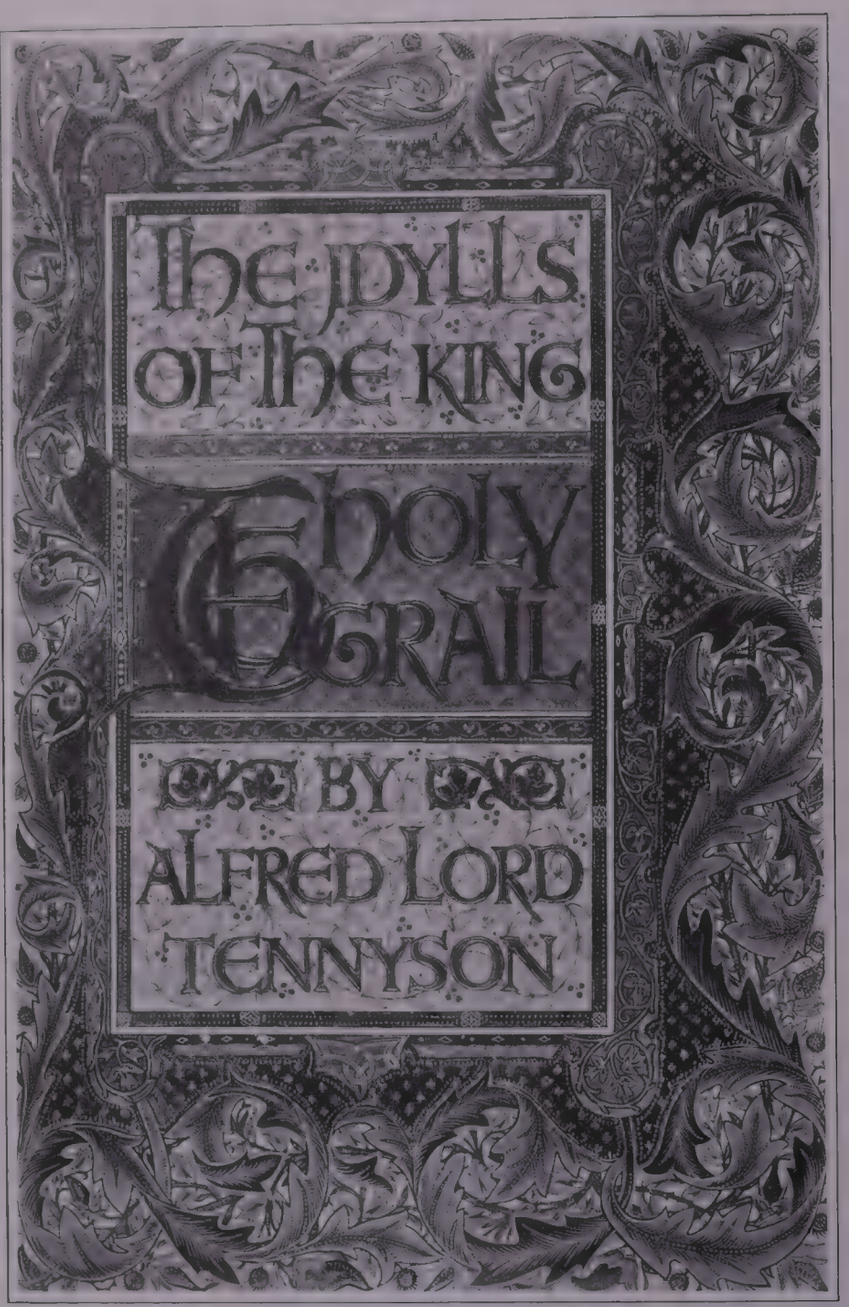
Notable among these is an illuminated manuscript of *Romeo and Juliet* on vellum, in two quarto volumes, elaborately illustrated with miniatures

in colors and bound in crimson morocco tooled to a floral design in gold set with opals, amethysts, garnets and turquoise. The effect of this remarkable example of book ornamentation is most strikingly impressive in its richness and the beauty



BINDING FOR "THE HISTORY OF REYNARD THE FOXE" BY RIVIERE AND SON

of its coloring. In addition to the highly ornamental work on the outside of the covers, the binder has utilized the doublures for a setting of a miniature portrait of Shakespeare in a design of gold leaves in harmony with the floral decoration of the covers. This unique example of bibliopegic art is, perhaps, surpassed in another copy of the play which Sangorski himself considered to be his masterpiece, and which is still more elaborately encrusted with gems and precious stones. The manuscript of Keats' poems, engrossed by Sangorski and finely ornamented by E. D. Geddes, is another of the more striking jeweled bindings by Sangorski and Sutcliffe, and is exquisite in its design and richness of coloring. It has been executed with a taste and craftsmanship which compel our admiration. A choice binding in the manner of Le Gascon is the manuscript of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. It is in blue morocco with its Le Gascon panel enclosed in a broad border of inlaid green and brown leathers interlaced to a strapwork pattern. A second manuscript of the same poem is even more elaborately bound. The front cover is worked in inlaid leathers and tooled in gold to give in pictorial form a representation of the artist's interpretation of two lines of the poem, forming a panel of strange

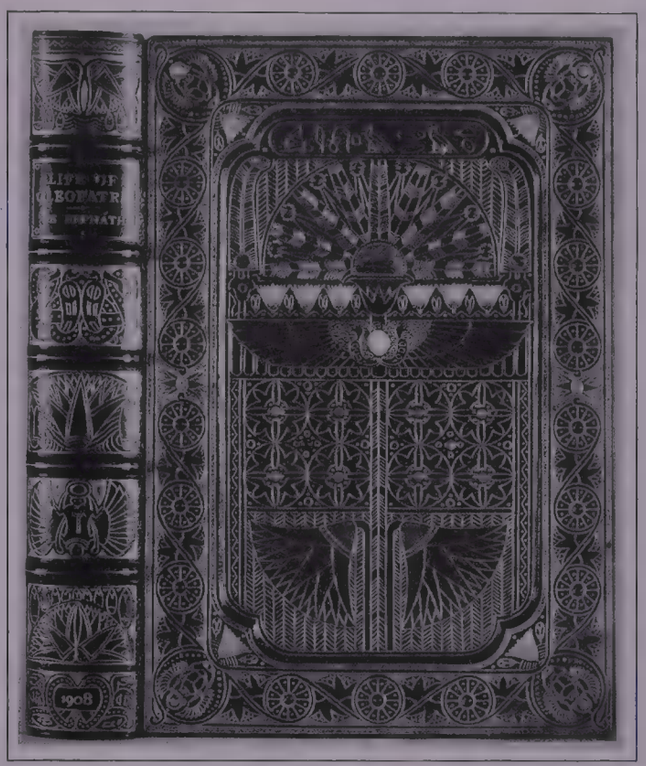


TITLE PAGE FOR "THE HOLY GRAIL"

beauty. It is set with opals, moonstones, turquoise, garnets and mother-of-pearl, the colors of which heighten the effect of the design. The copy on vellum, printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press, of Caxton's *History of Reynard the Foxe* obtained for Riviere the Grand Prix at the Festival of Empire Exhibition. The binding is in brown morocco, tooled with a broad border of leaves and flowers, and the doublures are of white morocco decorated with roses, leaves and grapes of inlaid purple leather set in the white field of the doublure in rich gold scrolls. A superb manuscript of Tennyson's *Holy Grail*, with miniatures in colors by Sidney H. Meteyard, the English Academician, is in blue morocco. The front cover is decorated with a design in which the Holy Grail and the shields of the various knights who took part in its quest are presented in gold and enriched with settings of pearls, emeralds, opals and garnets. The doublures are almost as striking in their ornamentation as are the outside covers, and are similarly enriched with rubies, garnets and turquoise. The octavo edition of Bernath's *Life of Cleopatra* is in dark blue morocco, and the binding has a decorative treatment of Egyptian symbolical ornament and hieroglyphics. The opals, garnets, chalcedony and turquoise which are set in the leather enhance the effect of the design and add to its impressiveness.

The special feature in all or almost all of these bindings is the use of jewels and inlaid leathers as the means for obtaining effective decoration. The graphic presentations have been so deftly executed that they have the appearance of paintings in color. The decorative schemes, in which gold has been largely employed, are realized with a fine sense of the appropriate use of that medium by which it is properly subdued to the purpose of the design. It is remarkable, in these bindings, with what skill the mechanical work has been done. There is no doubt that these mechanical details owe their value to the supervision of a mind thoroughly appreciative of both the artist's intention and the binder's craft. For in these examples the workman proves his ability to manipulate the seemingly inflexible materials and tools of his workshop to the ends of plastic art. Whatever may be said against the propriety of undertaking this kind of realism in art in a craft which has had its standards of artistic treatment established for centuries, it must be admitted that the craftsmanship which could achieve these bindings is of a rare order. The work is more than a "stunt;" it is a real achievement. Accomplished as were the great binders of the past, both as designers and craftsmen, it was not in their power, even had it been their desire, to realize the imaginative reaches of these designs, nor could they have approached the workmanship

which these bindings called for. Had their patrons demanded of them a more ornate treatment or an ornamentation in the least comparable with these modern examples of bookbinding, they would not have dared to make the venture with the tools and the limited mechanical means at their disposal. That they did what they did under the conditions in which they worked is, of course, all the more to their credit, but the best of their work is amateurish by comparison with the perfection displayed in the execution of these remarkable demonstrations in bibliographic craft.



BINDING FOR "LIFE OF CLEOPATRA" BY RIVIERE AND SON

In the sixteenth century it was the fashion to have some books covered with thin plates of gold, silver or ivory, chased and worked in designs of either pictorial or ornamental purpose. These were generally small books of devotion used by the noble ladies of that time to take with them to church. They were highly effective by way of enhancing the costumes of these pious dames who satisfied their vanity at the same time that they were exercising their humility. The coloring of these books was a fine addition, either by way of harmony or contrast, to the rich gowns they wore. Most of these coverings were the work of goldsmiths and carvers in ivory and they were applied by the binder, not as a part of his binding, but as ornament laid on the binding. In this they are quite different from the work of Riviere and Sangorski, in which the ornamentation is a part of the binder's work, and designed and executed by him as part of the binding. The former are generally viewed as works of art, as distinct from the craft-work of the binder. There is the famous Ashburnham Jeweled Gospel in the library of Mr. J. P. Morgan, which has a covering of beaten gold giving in repoussé a pictorial and symbolic representation of the Crucifixion of Christ. The covering is the remarkable achievement of some Cellini-like artist who, with consummate skill, has succeeded in expressing symbolically the death of Christ in a medium far from plastic. Another book cover of a like character is in the State Library of Munich, which is a carving in ivory, also of the Crucifixion, and is perhaps the richest example of Carolingian art the world possesses. The Riviere-Sangorski decoration, however, is not of this order. Ornamentation, with them, is decorative rather than symbolical or pictorial, and the intention is to catch the eye rather than to instruct the mind. The coverings of the Ashburnham Gospel and the Munich book are as interesting without the books, but the modern bindings are parts of the books they cover.

It is not, of course, possible for such jeweled work to become the possession of any but those who can afford to acquire it. Its execution is a laborious undertaking calling for long and close application, and the finer specimens take years to accomplish.

How far this special flowering of the bookbinder's art is likely to be in demand will largely depend on the interest of the book collector. Failing the patronage of the bibliophile, the work must necessarily be set aside. The fact that Sangorski has retired from the pursuit would seem to indicate that the demand has ceased. But whether this kind of work is continued or not, the accomplishments achieved by Riviere and Sangorski are of a quality and distinction which may not be ignored. Much can be said by way of deprecation of the use of this skill in lavishing it on mere books and expending a wealth of ornamentation on seemingly quite inappropriate objects, but the fact of the skill can not be denied, and it has been manifested with accomplished mastery. It points to a development of the bookbinder's craft which it was not thought possible to attain in these days of standardized craftsmanship. When the human spirit is un-Volsteaded, even its diversions are interesting and contribute to the enjoyment of the communal life.

Photographs by courtesy of the Anderson Galleries

SKEWERS – Neglected Antiques

Silver and steel that graced roasts of eighteenth-century tables have been over-looked by writers and collectors

Henry Russell WRAY

ASK THE average dealer in antiques if he happens to have any silver or Sheffield skewers, and he raises his eyebrows and scans you with a look which conveys his opinion of your mentality. It is strange that the score and more of writers who have reviewed so interestingly the history, designs and makers of old silver and Sheffield plate, should have neglected a definite description of this important object of utility and ornament. One writer informs us that our ancestors had an even greater idea of the necessity of beautiful plate for table and sideboard decoration than we have at the present time, but in his list of half a hundred beautiful articles the skewer is given a bare mention. Forty-nine of the choice pieces of silver and plate are elsewhere described in detail, but the poor skewer is ignominiously ignored.



TYPES OF SKEWERS, NUMBERS 1-4

It is high time this great injustice was recognized and atonement made. The checkered career of skewers is interesting. The original was known as a skiver. It was made of wood of that name (dogwood) and was built like a huge pin, which fastened the meat to a spit and kept the roast in shape. This rather primitive contrivance was later supplanted by those made of metal—steel, close-plate, silver and Sheffield. The steel skewers did their work while the meat was on the spit or in the oven. Before serving, the steels were removed and the silver skewers inserted. One may remember this admonition in Swift's *Advice to Servants*, "Send up your meat well stuck with skewers, to make it look round and plump." We can easily visualize this symmetrical steaming viand, on a silver platter "coming up"—the roast studded with highly polished ornamental skewers being placed at the head of the baronial board. How the mighty have fallen! From that high office, skewers have descended into practical but mundane positions as paper cutters, and have been employed successfully by counterfeiters engaged in foisting mongrel silver on an innocent public. The deception occurs in this fashion. The hall-marks on silver skewers are almost always very clear and distinct, due to the fact that delicacy was not necessary in using the dies. The silver, in many cases where stamped, was often one-quarter of an inch thick. The faker appreciated his opportunity and availed himself of it practically undetected until about twenty years ago, when Mr. Montague Howard issued his book *Old London Silver*. In a chapter headed *Transformations*, Mr. Howard stated that when a piece of plate was changed into another article it then was called a transformation! This form of forgery was practised to make an article more desirable, and was the commonest kind of counterfeiting. Illustrations were given of wine-funnels being made into pierced baskets, meat dishes into waiters and skewers into ladles and handles of spoons. Thus

silver skewers, with desirable hall-marks, were useful in ageing a spoon bowl born in 1890, and enabled it to bear the age of 1790 with an air of grace. So the poor silver skewer was amputated and grafted.

The accompanying illustrations give an idea of varied sizes and shapes and the approximate dates of making. (1) Silver, 10¾ inches, George Smith, maker, London, 1782. (2) Silver, 11¾ inches, Samuel Winkle, London, 1788. (3) Silver, 13½ inches, Richard Burton, London, 1758. (4) Silver, 12½ inches, Harwood, American, supposed about 1805. (5) Electroplate, 15 inches, B. E. P., English, about 1870. (6) Close-plate, 11½ inches, Cope, English, 1790. (7) Silver, 13 inches, W. S., with three faked English hall-marks, lion passant, uncrowned leopard's head and sovereign's head. William Seal, Philadelphia, 1819. (8) Steel and silver plate, 11 inches, no maker's mark. Crude Prince of Wales' plumes. Supposed American. Came from an old New Jersey family, 1790. (9) Silver, 7¼ inches, Thomas Bentley of Boston. His initials T. B. stamped twice and eagle's head, 1796. (10) Silver, 6½ inches, Louis XVI mark. Game skewer. (11) Soft steel, 7 inches, early American, from Newburyport, Massachusetts. (12) Soft steel, 9½ inches, early American, from Newburyport, Massachusetts.



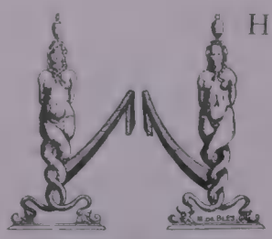
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SKEWERS, NUMBERS 6-12

The American silver skewer is a rare bird, though the steel one was quite common in the early days of the Colonies. Thomas Sheridan's Dictionary, published in Philadelphia in 1798, defines a skewer as "a wooden or iron pin to keep meat in form." After 1800 there was a fad, among a certain class, for English hall-marked silver. Some American makers fell for the demand and faked British marks, but others, more patriotic, added also the great American eagle's head. Few of the present owners of paper-cutter skewers realize what positions of dignity and usefulness they held in the correct furnishings of the eighteenth-century household. The responsibility for their ignorance falls upon the shoulders of those writers who have given us such valuable information on all other objects of the period but have neglected to give more than the most cursory notice to the useful skewer.

It is to be regretted that the present writer does not know more about his subject, but perhaps this article, as a starter, will bring forth buried or hidden data.

FURNITURE *of Historic* TYPES

IV. How the Renaissance Came to France



PAIR OF DU CERCEAU ANDIRONS

Italian art which was brought in by Charles VIII and Francis I became moulded into one truly expressive of the French spirit

Major ARTHUR DE BLES

WHEN Charles VIII of France, ugly and deformed, invaded Italy in 1494, and by means of a shameful pact with the dissolute Piero dei Medici, son of *Il Magnifico*, took possession of the proud city of Florence, he in the ultra-modern idiom "started something."

It is folly to say that that expedition into the birthplace of the Italian Renaissance at a time when that great movement was on the point of attaining its highest expression, gave the *coup de grace* to the Gothic era, for as explained in an earlier article, the Gothic style had already long passed its zenith and had reached not merely a state of decadence, but a condition of almost complete artistic debasement, before its deposition by the Renaissance style had begun. One has only to look at such atrocities of taste as the celebrated church of Caudebec-en-Caux, in Normandy, illustrated on page 33, to realize that the free spirit of Gothic had fled from the land of its inception and that the time was ripe for a new style to replace it. Charles VIII then can not be blamed, as it is in some quarters the fashion to blame him, for hastening the doom of an art indigenous to the soil of France, in favor of a foreign art. Nevertheless, that Quattrocento invasion of Milan and Florence played a great part, not only in the formation of the new style, but also in the hastening of its advent, for Charles' association with such intellectuals as the Italian nobles of the Cinquecento cannot fail to have seduced him to the new culture which had already become so important a factor in Italian life. Moreover, Charles VIII, like his astute, if unscrupulous, father, Louis XI, was a keen judge in matters artistic, and when he returned to France he carried back with him numerous examples of Renaissance furniture, particularly chests and *credenze*, and also led away in his train many artists and artisans of taste and understanding, who were to lay the foundations of what we know as the French Renaissance style.



PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ARTHUR DE BLES, LATE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS, BY THE DANISH PAINTER, J. VON R. QUISTGAARD

For it must not be thought that the invasion of the domain of art in France by Italian craftsmen simply imposed Italian ideals of decoration upon a people whose mind was open and pliant, following the decay of the national, or Gothic, style, and so was ready to receive anything that was offered to it in relief from what had become a veritable thralldom. Instead of being planted root and branch in French soil, ready to bear fruit in accordance with its origin, the root of the Renaissance alone was planted in a prepared soil. Thus when the tree began to appear above the surface, it fell under the influence of French taste and became an almost pure expression of the genius of that people. Moreover, the great period

of the French Renaissance was the reign of Francis I (1515-1547), when, after the glorious victory of Marignan, at which the young king was knighted by the great Bayard, the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, Francis, having become a sort of European hero, was adulated by all and sundry, and by none more than the famous artists who were grafting the new style on to the resuscitated remains of the classical epoch. Even Leonardo da Vinci, perhaps the most complete and versatile genius the world has ever produced; Andrea del Sarto, the *Pittore senza errore*—the faultless painter—as he was styled; Seralio the great architect; Primaticcio, who founded the school of Fontainebleau; and the Master of Masters, in precious-metal working, Benvenuto Cellini; all these followed Francis to his own country, and produced great masterpieces under that king's highly-intelligent patronage. Throughout the entire period, the evidence is clear that French Renaissance art was the direct descendant of the Italian movement, just as Elizabethan furniture design was the British child of that same propelling force. The classical motives in which interest had been revived by the excavations in Greece and Rome were the basis of all the offshoots of the Re-birth, but whereas in the beginning they were adopted by the Italian craftsmen in their ancient purity of line and proportion and associated parts, they were, in England and France, modified to suit the peculiar conditions which obtained in those two countries at the time of their adoption.



THIS CABINET IS CLEARLY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LATE RENAISSANCE, WITH ITS LONG COLUMNS, ITS LOW RELIEF PANELS IN THE STYLE OF JEAN GOUJON AND ITS NORTHERN BUN-FEET AND SPINDLE SUPPORTS

French cabinet makers of the Renaissance, for example, never adopted the Italian method of inlaying ivory, tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, lead, ebony, and so forth, which, while it pleases at first glance by the skill of workmanship, is, nevertheless, in less perfect taste than carving of the wood itself, as executed in the great schools of Burgundy and the Ile de France. Less perfect taste in northern countries than in Italy, because the climatic conditions of damp and cold in constant and rapid alternation with dryness and heat, were totally unsuited to so delicate an art as inlay. We see the effect of bad atmospheric conditions upon inlay and marquetry in the rapid disintegration, particularly in the latter type of work, of English and Dutch furniture of the late seventeenth century in American homes, super-heated by radiators. And as Oscar Wilde, that Prince of Esthetics, put it, "taste in art implies, fundamentally, suitability to circumstances," illustrating his point by saying that the western miner was the best-dressed man in America, because while his garb was colorful and picturesque, it was perfectly suitable to the work in which he was engaged. So, the French with that keenness of perception which is so characteristic of their taste in art denied to inlay the right of citizenship, until much later.

It remained for the famous Boulle to employ



TYPICAL TABLE OF THE JACQUES DU CERCEAU SCHOOL

Note the characteristic long-necked chimeræ, mingled with classical acanthus motives and gadroons, instead of the freer invention of the Sambin school

this mode of decoration a century later, but even then he used materials—chiefly metal—which were less susceptible to atmospheric changes, and only in fine arabesque patterns, of which each fragment of inlay covered a smaller surface than the broad work of the South, thus giving, as it were, a better grip of the foundation wood on its inlaid intruder. The nearest that northern countries ever came to this passion for *intarsia* and *tarsia* and *certosina*, in the sixteenth century was in the chequerboard and lozenge, inlay designs executed in bog-oak and holly, in Elizabethan and very early Jacobean furniture—not later than 1605 to 1607—until it came in again in the form of marquetry—inlay into veneer imported from Holland, in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

French writers divide the French Renaissance into two main periods. That of Francis I, in which they include the reigns of Charles VIII and Louis XII, or the period from 1483 to 1547, and the period of Henry II and Catherine de Medicis, which again included the reigns of their sons, Francis II and Charles IX and Henri III, and that of Henri IV, in which the debasement which characterized the style of his son, Louis XIII began to appear. The period of *Henri Deux*, Henri II, may be said to have lasted in art from 1547 to 1610. It is a curious coincidence that these two periods were practically of the same duration, to wit, sixty-four and sixty-three years respectively.

The first period, that of Francis I, was the transitional period between the dying Gothic and the rising Renaissance and we see in this style the most naïve juxtapositions of pseudo-classical form and ornament, and the elaborate decoration and four-centered arches of late Gothic. A good example is shown in a late fifteenth century chest in the Victoria and Albert Museum with its traceried-window panels surmounted by typical Renaissance grotesques under a frieze of classical *guilloches* running right round the chest, while another, a cupboard, see page 31, dating about five years later, is composed of an upper portion almost entirely Gothic—with the exception of the center stile—while the lower section comprises two purely Tuscan panels of different design with a Gothic-buttress stile, which again is carved with a Renaissance panel decoration. And unlike as the two styles are there is a pleasing effect in the naïve, frank manner in which they were combined in those early days of the French Renaissance.

The architectural mode of the Francis I period

is characterized by very high roofs at an extremely sharp angle, high, narrow chimney-stacks, and a profusion of both Gothic and Renaissance ornament, with windows and doorways constructed in the form of flat bracket—or ogee—arches, surmounted frequently by the salamander emblem of Francis, or at other times with the usual late Gothic crocket. The Vanderbilt mansion at Fifty-seventh street in New York is a perfect example of this first French Renaissance style, while the doorway of the other Vanderbilt residence, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets, offers an excellent illustration of the use of the salamander in conjunction with a late Gothic arch enriched with carved foliage.

In such furniture as does not present the admixture of styles previously mentioned, we see that the Italian influence is very strong indeed. But the French artist-craftsmen even in those early days of a new style refused to copy slavishly. No better example of this independence can be presented than in *sgabello* chairs, in which the heavily elaborate back and front panel supports of the Italian model have given place to a trio of delicately-turned spindle legs, while the back panel is also relieved by piercing. Yet their ancestry in the Florentine *sgabello* is unquestionable. The tables of the period are very much like the Italian tables of Florence and Siena, with handsomely carved panel supports at each end, connected either by a flat low stretcher or a series of "plain-centre" arches sustained by spindle stanchions. The latter are closer to their Italian origin. The salamander motive is an extremely popular ornament in purely French-designed furniture of this



LATE GOTHIC DOORWAY OF THE VANDERBILT MANSION, WITH ITS BRACKET ARCH AND THE SALAMANDER OF FRANCIS I IN LIEU OF CROCKETS



EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY TRANSITIONAL DOOR

Note the plain-centre arches in the Gothic tracery, and the Renaissance panels below, the whole crowned by a pure flamboyant parapet

period. The Francis I style—*Style François Premier* in the French idiom—is then easy of recognition. It died out in 1537.

And then a change came over the situation. The Italian artists and designers who had come to France in the trains of Charles VIII and François Premier, had so successfully educated their French brethren in the technique of their art that no names save those of Frenchmen appear among the craftsmen employed a few years later for the woodwork of the great Chateau de Gaillon built by order of the Archbishop of Rouen, who was a nephew of Charles VIII. The French Renaissance was out of swaddling clothes



HANDSOMELY CARVED TABLE OF THE BURGUNDIAN SCHOOL OF HUGUES SAMBIN

Note the characteristic Renaissance profile of the supports described on page 34

and able to walk alone, a proud and lusty infant.

Now, it is a great but common error of the student of French Renaissance furniture to divide and sub-divide the products of the sixteenth century during which the movement lived and died as far as France was concerned, into a number of periods and local schools. There is a much simpler and more accurate method of classification, which we have adopted in our writings and lectures, and which consists of ascribing the cabinet work of the second French Renaissance period to one of two great schools, the Burgundian school of Hugues Sambin, and the Parisian school of Jacques Androuet du Cerceau, who was about ten years the senior of his brilliant contemporary. These two designer-craftsmen dominated French applied art from the day Jacques du Cerceau published his first book of drawings, and with their advent may be said to have commenced to decline the Italian influence which had been so strong in the reign of Francis I. Jacques du Cerceau having been born in 1510 and admitted as a member of the powerful Corporation of Cabinet Makers (see January issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO) in the neighborhood of his thirtieth year—it was rare that an "*ébénist*" or "*huchier*" was admitted before that age—must have started work on his own account a few years before the death of Francis I and the accession of his son, Henri II, after whom the new style was named. But du Cerceau had traveled extensively in Italy during the course of his studies, as we know from his sketch-books. Therefore, it is more than likely that in the first flush of his early success, he adhered to the Italianate forms and ornament. We know that he bluffed his fellow-countrymen into adopting certain modern Italian designs by ascribing them to ancient Rome, hence more worthy of application to French furniture and architecture! But that phase of du Cerceau's career lasted only a very short time, and by the accession of Henri II he was ready to create that very characteristic type of furniture with which his name is always connected. Again in 1549 another craftsman, by name Hugues Sambin, was admitted to the Corporation and with his contemporary's work before him created another similar but thoroughly distinctive type of French Renaissance furniture.



TYPICAL HENRI II CHAIR WITH ITS TUSCAN COLUMN LEGS AND ITS SPLAT OF CHARACTERISTIC DU CERCEAU GROTESQUES WITH THEIR LONG NECKS

We mentioned previously the folly of ascribing furniture of this second Renaissance period to a number of schools, particularly those of Burgundy, Lyons and Normandy. And there is a strong analogy in the situation in France at that time to that of the eighteenth century England. With one or two notable excep-

tions, we would not try to place furniture of the Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton styles as the products of certain counties of England, because the designs of all these men were published and put within reach of any cabinet-maker who wished to adopt them. And the same argument holds good with regard to du Cerceau and Sambin. They also published their drawings and allowed their fellow-members in the Corporation to use them as they liked. Both du Cerceau and Hugues Sambin were great wood carvers, but curiously enough, it was the man who studied in Italy, du Cerceau, who was the furthest removed from Italianate forms, once he had formed his own individual style. Hugues Sambin in his most voluptuously-carved male and female figures, came very close to the Cinquecento Roman school, whereas du Cerceau invented decorative motives which were a complete novelty. The latter was in general more interested in beauty of outline, whereas Sambin reveled in the perfection of carving in the detail. Both masters were strongly influenced by the classical love of those curious composite figures which we call for want of a better name "grotesques," but whereas du Cerceau used only a small number of such ornaments on any single article, and made them almost the only decoration, Hugues Sambin placed them everywhere and loaded the spaces between them with magnificent, if somewhat excessive, carving of objects appropriate to these pagan creatures, such as garlands of flowers and grapes, shells and jewels. Furthermore, the work of du Cerceau is distinctive in its greater degree of gracefulness of the human and grotesque forms employed, probably from the northern master's closer relationship with the great sculptor Jean Goujon, whose exquisite bas-reliefs are the direct offspring of those of Benvenuto Cellini. We see in the work of du Cerceau numerous panels either executed or designed for him by his friend. Occasionally a reclining nude female of the Goujon type is found in a piece by the Burgundian craftsman, but there is more sensuality, less idealism, in the drawing and modeling of Sambin's figures than in those of du Cerceau. The difference in this respect might be likened to the difference between the nude figures of a Botticelli and a Rubens. In this respect again Sambin approaches clearly the Michelangelesque quality of the Roman chests (see illustration in the March issue).



THE LATE GOTHIC CHURCH OF CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX IN NORMANDY

This is Gothic at its lowest ebb

Now, in spite of the hard struggle of these two great Frenchmen, aided by their royal patrons, to express in their works the genius of the French race, by grafting their original ideas upon the parent stem of the southern Renaissance, there was a period immediately after the death of Francis I, when the Italian feeling was almost predominant, and produced that very handsome and simple style which we know as "Henri Deux." The cause of this contemporary Italian domination is not far to seek. Francis I, a Frenchman to the core, brought over the Alps on his return to his native land a number of great artists, who were, nevertheless, his paid retainers, according to the custom of the day, and it was their province simply to lay the foundations of a new style to become eventually a French mode. But with the death of Francis I in 1547, the young wife of Henri II took into her capable hands, not as yet the reigns of government, which remained until the death of her husband at a jousting tourney, twelve years later, under the influence of the beautiful Diane de Poitiers, but the direction of artistic matters, content to bide



EARLY RENAISSANCE CHEST WITH THE TYPICAL LOW-RELIEF CIRCULAR MEDALLION OF THE CHARLES VIII–FRANCIS I PERIOD

her time in matters of statesmanship. And as that young sovereign was none other than Catherine dei Medici, great-granddaughter of Cosimo, and as Florentine in her conceptions of art and statecraft as her father-in-law was Gallic. So under the Tuscan influence the *Henri Deux* style, which did not achieve its full development until after the reign of the sovereign whose name it bears, became almost a copy of the simple forms in vogue in Catherine's native province. Rectilinear panels, and columnar legs of the simplest Roman Doric, or Tuscan, type, unfluted and with a square abacus, no ornamental carving save betimes a tardy linen-fold in low relief, and the characteristic nail-head or diamond point, and, in richer pieces, made for the Royal residences, an escutcheon bearing the three interlaced crescents of the monarch's coat-of-arms, surmounted or flanked by the entwined D's of Diane de Poitiers, are typical of this mode. There is so close a resemblance between the Henri II style and the contemporary Tuscan that a pair of walnut tables in the Metropolitan Museum are ticketed "French *or* Italian, XVI century." They are unquestionably French, Henri II, from the Cross of Lorraine stretcher, the northern bun-foot, and the drops, which are never found in purely Italian works of the period. Occasionally the columnar legs of Henri II pieces are capped with Ionic capitals, and sometimes they are gouge-carved or turned with series of two or three rings at wide intervals. But never are they fluted, nor otherwise embellished than as above described. Henri II furniture is simple throughout, and comes as a pleasant relief from the frequently overcharged ornamentation of the Sambin school. The style persisted side by side with the du Cerceau and Sambin school through the reign of Henri's sons: Francis II, first husband of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots; his brother and successor, Charles IX, in whose reign the Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, and the degenerate and effeminate Henri III, the youngest of the sons of Henri II and Catherine de Medicis. But in the reign of Henri IV, the great Henri of Navarre, a change of style began to make itself felt. The king's first wife, Marguerite de Valois, was the sister of the three predecessors on the throne, and for a time French artists held sway in furniture designs. But when in 1600 Henri married again, this time another Medici princess, Italian forms again became the fashion. Of pieces of furniture of this period we find cupboards in two sections, with immensely long columns running from the foot right to the cornice. These columns, though generally unfluted, were not always so by any means. We illustrate here a beautiful example of the du Cerceau-Jean Goujon school formerly in the Salomon collection, in which the columns are Corinthian, but modified as to the lower portion in a characteristically French manner. A table in the style of Sambin in the same collection and another of the du Cerceau school will illustrate the difference between the Burgundian and Parisian manners better than any other description could do it. As far as it is possible to describe the "feeling" of Renaissance furniture styles, in words, we may say that it is heavy and cumbersome, richly carved, architectural in form and decidedly fantastic in ornamentation. Tables and cupboards are held up by cariatyds in the forms of such fabulous creatures as griffins, dragons, dolphins, centaurs, sphinxes, mermaids, hippocamps and all sorts of weird combinations as, for example, a woman's torso terminating in the hind leg of a lion, any combination, in fact, that would give the characteristic line of support, broad at the top, closing in toward the foot and then spreading again, perfectly illustrated by the table shown on page 32.

And with this last reign of the Valois monarchs, we leave the era of architectural furniture and after passing through a transitional period which we call the Louis XIII style, come into the modern times when furniture was no longer a rarity to be used by Royalty and the nobles only, but an ordinary object of necessity in every household.

Four Architectural Lithographs

By G. O. WOODBURY



AN OLD CHURCH IN THE STUDENT QUARTER, PARIS
LITHOGRAPH BY C. O. WOODBURY

MATERIALS and construction are the tools of the architect. The proper combination assures good buildings, but these factors are interdependent and stress on either to the detriment of the other can never be successful. The picturesque quality of old houses is not the result of a conscious attempt; it grows from their complete expression of construction and of the materials employed. The exposed wall timbers of the houses of northern France and Elizabethan England are the skeletons of the walls, not an "amusing" appliquéd afterthought of an architect seeking an effect. An honest building, or a group of them, will furnish a subject for a picture, as these excellent lithographs of Mr. Woodbury's attest; the prettified building remains as thin as the drawing from which it was made.



"OLD HOUSES, ROUEN"

LITHOGRAPH BY C. O. WOODBURY



"ENVIRONS OF ROUEN" LITHOGRAPH BY C. O. WOODBURY



"STREET IN INNSBRUCK"

LITHOGRAPH BY C. O. WOODBURY

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

BLAKE ILLUSTRATES GRAY

Lost for sixty years, designs for English poet's poems now reproduced reveal the artist's hidden humor

GUY G. EGLINGTON

WHEN, thirty years after Blake's death—years of neglect and obscurity—Gilchrist, his biographer, came to list his works, of the quantity of designs, finished and unfinished, sketches, projects, notebooks, which every artist leaves at his death, and which in Blake's case, seeing the fewness of his clients while living, must have been considerable, almost nothing could be found. Criminal neglect and a piety no less criminal had done their work. It seemed as if a priceless treasure must have been lost. Even in the case of works sold, and the purchaser known, Gilchrist's task was not easy. Much, alas, was lost to sight. No less than one hundred and fourteen designs to Gray's poems, a complete illustration of Gray's works that had once belonged to the sculptor Flaxman and known to be in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton, had disappeared. No one remembered to have seen them. No details as to size or even as to medium could be obtained. They were among the lost Blakes, the Spanish Gold of English art.

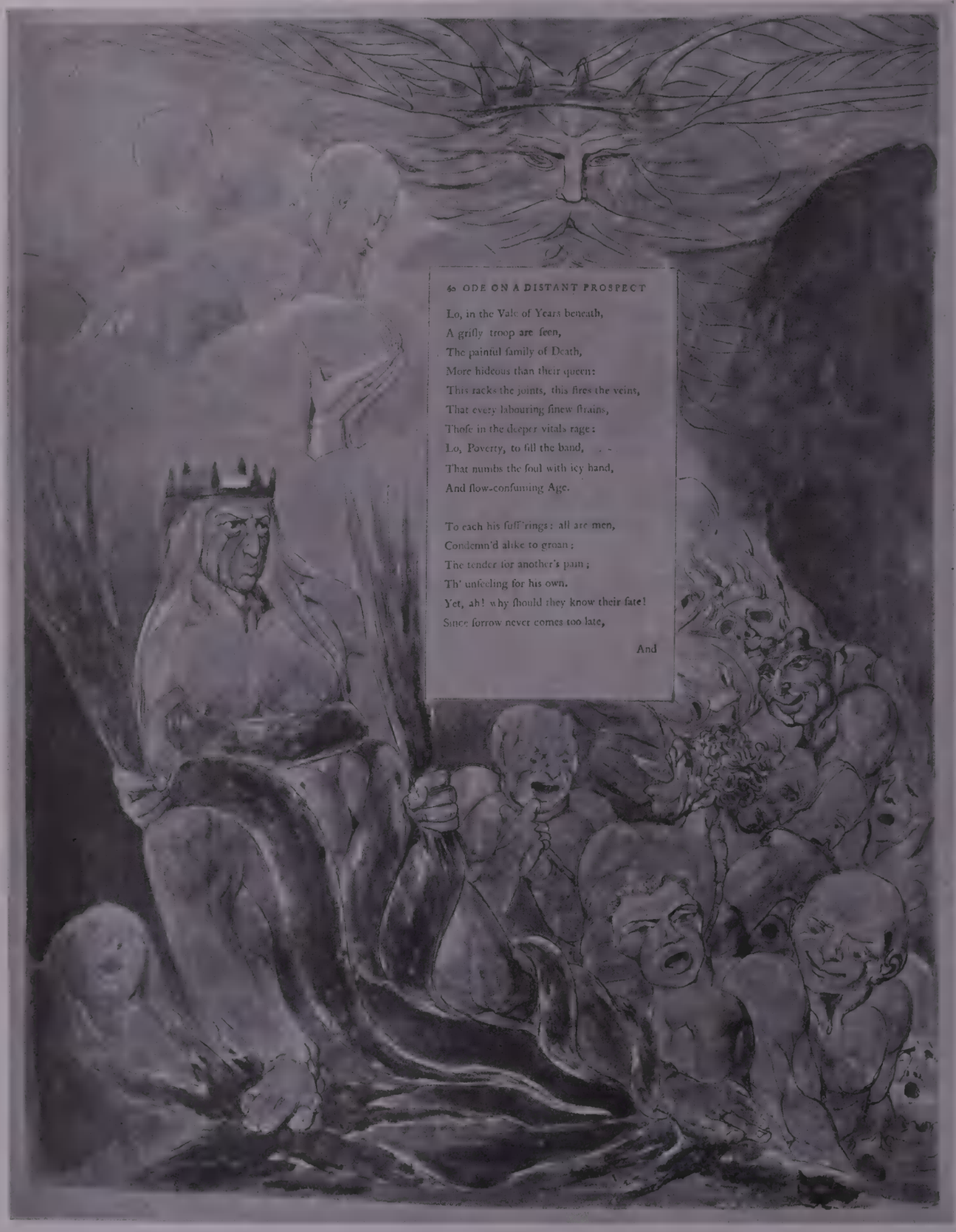
Now, sixty years later, they have been found. Uncatalogued, they were buried in a portfolio with a miscellany of prints, until the dismantling of Hamilton Palace brought them to light. I have been studying them. First, in excellent reproduction.* Then, by the kindness of her grace, in the original. In these designs there is discovered, if not a new Blake (that were too much to claim), yet a new side to the man, new insight into his nature.

Blake was after all more human than we had given him credit for being. Fancy was not exhausted with the *Songs of Innocence*. Grace was not foreign to him, but was only driven out by something stronger, more dynamic, the fire in him. Strangest of all, for of that we have no other evidence either in life or work, he had humor. In the designs for *A Long Story* and still more in the delightful *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes* series the humor springs spontaneous. It is not, as one might expect, the effort of a man striving for something outside his grasp, an Alberich wooing the Rhinemaidens, but is evidently a part of the texture of his mind. Under all his fierceness, through his exquisite tenderness, must have run a vein of humor, slight, never showing on the surface, but coloring his actions, giving his most outrageous statements a semi-humorous tinge. A man capable of conceiving such a composition as the farmyard scene from *A Long Story*, with its conventional poet meditating in flowered dressing-gown, to the dismay of pigs, geese, chickens, girls and the shock-haired boy can not always have taken himself so seriously as we have imagined. His high seriousness he reserved for his "angels"; for his own person I imagine that he must have kept, side by side with his boundless self-confidence, a little quiet mockery.

The exact date of the composition of these drawings is not known, though it must have been in the late 1790's, for the paper bears the watermark 1794. The *Songs of Innocence* and *The Book of Thel* had been completed in 1789, the *Songs of Experience* in 1794 and from 1793-5 had extended that terrific burst of activity which saw the production in rapid succession of most of the prophetic books. These ventures were such a complete financial failure that Blake was forced to look to the publishers for work, illustrating in 1796 Burger's *Lenore*, and in 1796 and 1797 Young's *Night Thoughts*. The Gray drawings were probably made about this time, with the thought, since Gray was not long dead, of interesting a publisher in the production of a large illustrated edition. The volume is inscribed to Mrs. Flaxman, the wife of the sculptor, and was doubtless presented to her in gratitude for Flaxman's introduction to Hayley (poet, writer of rural epitaphs, biographer of Cowper, and self-styled "Hermit of Felpham") which resulted in Blake's moving, in 1800, from Lambeth to Felpham to work under Hayley's care and patronage. These drawings would come to light in the moving, and, since nothing in the way of publication could be done with them, may have appealed to Blake as a suitable sign of his gratitude to Flaxman though their letters contain no reference to the matter. They remained in Flaxman's possession until his death in 1826 when they were sold to William Beckford, and passed from him on the marriage of his daughter into the collection of the Duke of Hamilton.

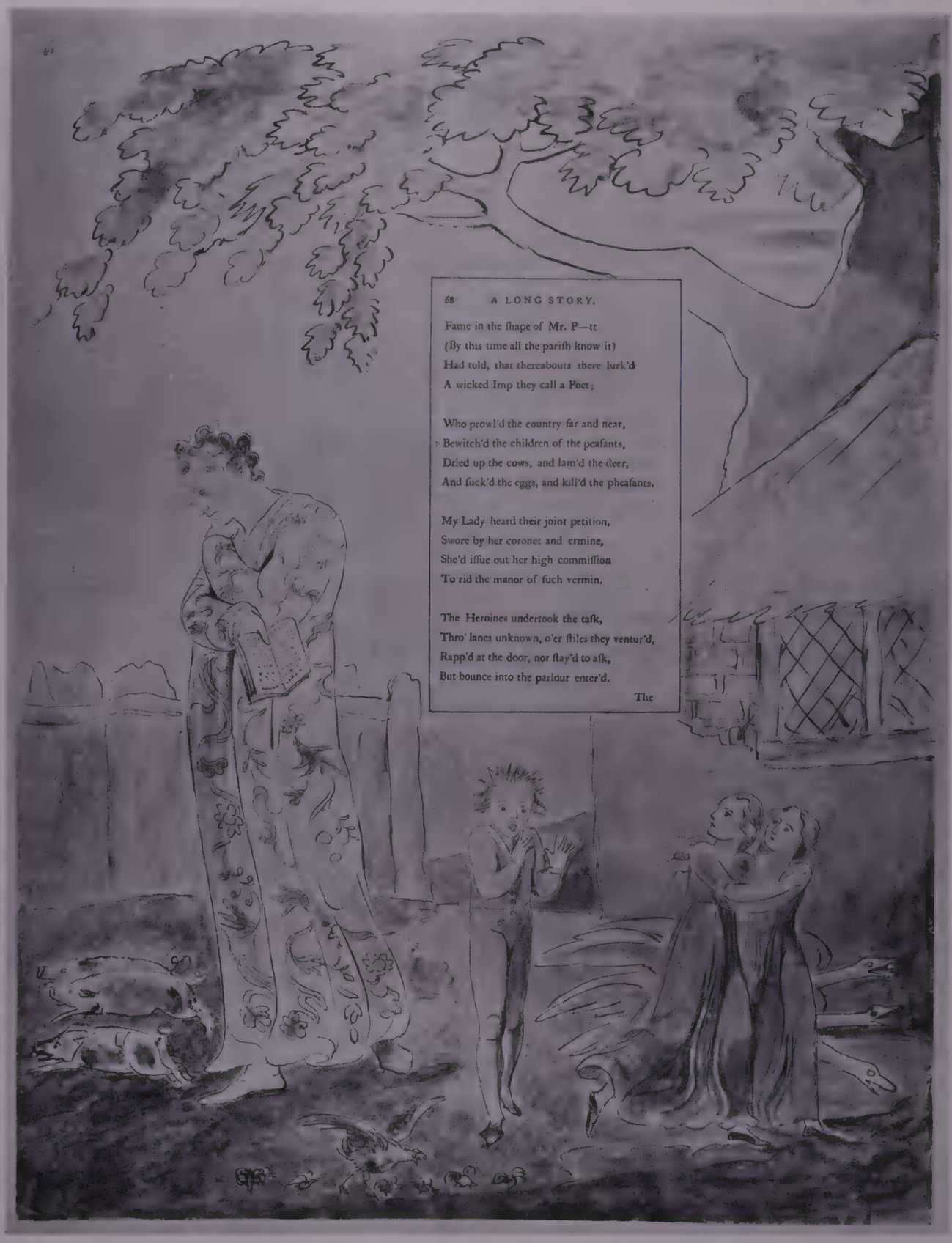
Blake and Gray! An ill-sorted couple, we are tempted to exclaim. It is even something of a shock to see the names linked together. To us at

*William Blake's Designs for Gray's Poems of 1790, reproduced in collotype from the unique copy belonging to His Grace the Duke of Hamilton. With an Introduction by J. H. C. Grierson. Oxford University Press. Price, $85.00.



DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE TO ILLUSTRATE THE "ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE"

"Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death
More hideous than their queen:"



DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE TO ILLUSTRATE "A LONG STORY"

"Fame in the shape of Mr. P—tt
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet;

"Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and killed the pheasants."

this distance the two appear centuries apart, and we are unable to conceive what in Gray's poetry could have attracted Blake so strongly as to impel him to so elaborate an illustrative commentary. For while from an historical standpoint we recognize in Gray a forerunner of the Romantic revival, it is as an Augustan that we are most inclined to think of him. But to Blake, Gray must have appeared in quite another light. Brought up in an Augustan atmosphere, though himself from childhood a rebel against it, he was better able than we to gauge the magnitude of Gray's heresy. It was after all no small matter to have written a poem as direct in its attack, as simple in its language, as powerful in its conception as *The Bard*, and the tempera painting, having *The Bard* for subject, which Blake exhibited at his first appearance at the Royal Academy (1785) proves that he had early been attracted to it. Blake's method with Gray was a drastic one. Perceiving Gray's timidity, his evident inclination towards simplicity, towards a romantic as opposed to a "rational" view of life, yet his fear to break completely away from the poetic fashion of his day; seeing him torn perpetually between impulse and training, enthusiasm urging him on, native discretion bidding him be cautious, like a bather shivering irresolute on the edge of a pool, Blake, to whose mind doubt had never suggested itself, pushed him in. Sink or swim, he cried. 'Tis your own fault if you don't flourish now. And the amazing thing to me is that Gray actually swims! Not like a born swimmer, it is true. The waves come over his head every minute, but still he keeps afloat.

The illustrations to Gray are unique in Blake's work in that the designs were not made singly, but as a volume. Blake even used both sides of his drawing paper, a hazardous enterprise where water-color is concerned. For his text he took the 1790 edition, a sixteen-mo, trimmed his margins and pasted the printed page on a folio sheet of Whatman, cutting the latter to allow the text to appear on both sides of the page. The margins on both sides he then filled with his designs, and bound the whole to form a large folio volume. A slight pencil head of Flaxman acts as frontispiece, a study made probably in the early 1790's, for the face has still a fullness which contrast strongly with the deeply graven lines of Linnell's portrait of 1827. Hair and dress, on the other hand, appear much the same as in the later study.

The designs for the poems can roughly be divided, according to their treatment, into three groups. The first or lyrical group would include the *Ode on the Spring*, the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, the *Ode to Adversity*, the *Ode for Music*, the *Epitaph* and the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. To the second or humorous group belong the *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat* and the *Long Story*. *The Bard* and the translations from the Norse form the third group, mainly of a tragic character. To this last group belong the finest of the designs.

In the Eton College ode series the purely lyrical jostle two tremendous studies in the grotesque. In the lyrical subjects Blake felt himself fettered by reality—what is the girl doing at Eton?—and for once tried the expedient of borrowing from other men, from Gainsborough his impressionistic treatment of trees in leaf, from Michelangelo in his Father Thames. In neither is he successful. The distant view of Eton College in washes of blue and green, and the scene in the woods near Eton, with its schoolboys in gown and mortarboard and the studious shade of Henry VI, are far more authentic. In the latter design the deep brown gowns of the boys strike a vivid note against the light yellow that bathes the trees. But the grotesque designs are nothing less than tremendous. Anger, Fear, Shame, Jealousy, Envy, all the horrors that Gray imagined to lie in wait for youth are here made more horrible. The Blakeine imagination bursts forth. Monsters of the sea with long slimy necks, flying monsters with beak and hideous grinning eyes, leer from above, stretch human hands that clutch. . . . A scaly monster holding a snake, another with human form and devil's head, the face of an old hag dropping tears that are like hailstones. . . . Beneath, a lion. . . . Everywhere hands and eyes . . . but the children all unconscious of the "vultures of the mind" that lie in wait to tear them.

The *Ode to Adversity* opens with a design in Blake's early manner. A widower with two children, rather reminiscent in composition of one of the designs for Mary Wollstonecraft's *Tales for Children* (1791), though the stricken look on the face of the widower is in strong contrast with the power and intensity of the earlier head. Early and later manner seem to jostle each other in this series, for the next design is one of the maturest, as it is also one of the finest of Blake's mystical conceptions. There was nothing in Gray's ode to suggest this "Grief" that is "among the roots of trees" that have felt the woodman's axe. The writhing tendons that pushed their way into the soil, the tragic bareness of the severed stump, beneath which the figure of Grief is crouching in the hollow of the earth, holding a dead child on her arm, are exquisitely felt. Blake's line is firm but highly sensitive. Of the other designs to this



ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BLAKE FOR THE "ODE TO ADVERSITY"

Design Number Two: "Grief among the roots of trees"



ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BLAKE FOR "THE BARD, A PINDARIC ODE"

"'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,
'Confusion on thy banners wait;
'Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state!
'Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail.'"

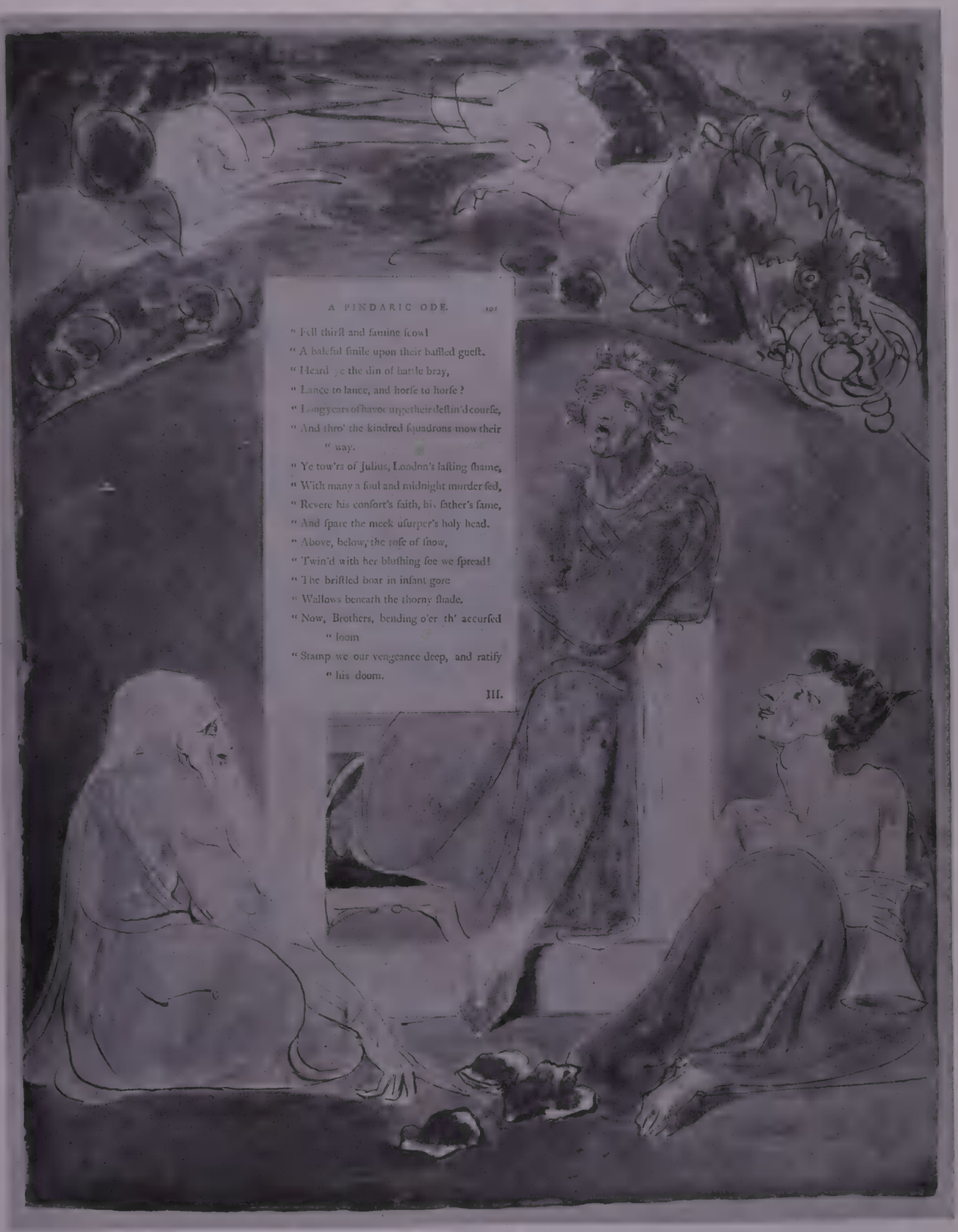


ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BLAKE FOR "THE BARD, A PINDARIC ODE"

"'Fell thirst and famine scowl
'A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
'Heard ye the din of battle bray,
'Lance to lance, and horse to horse?'"

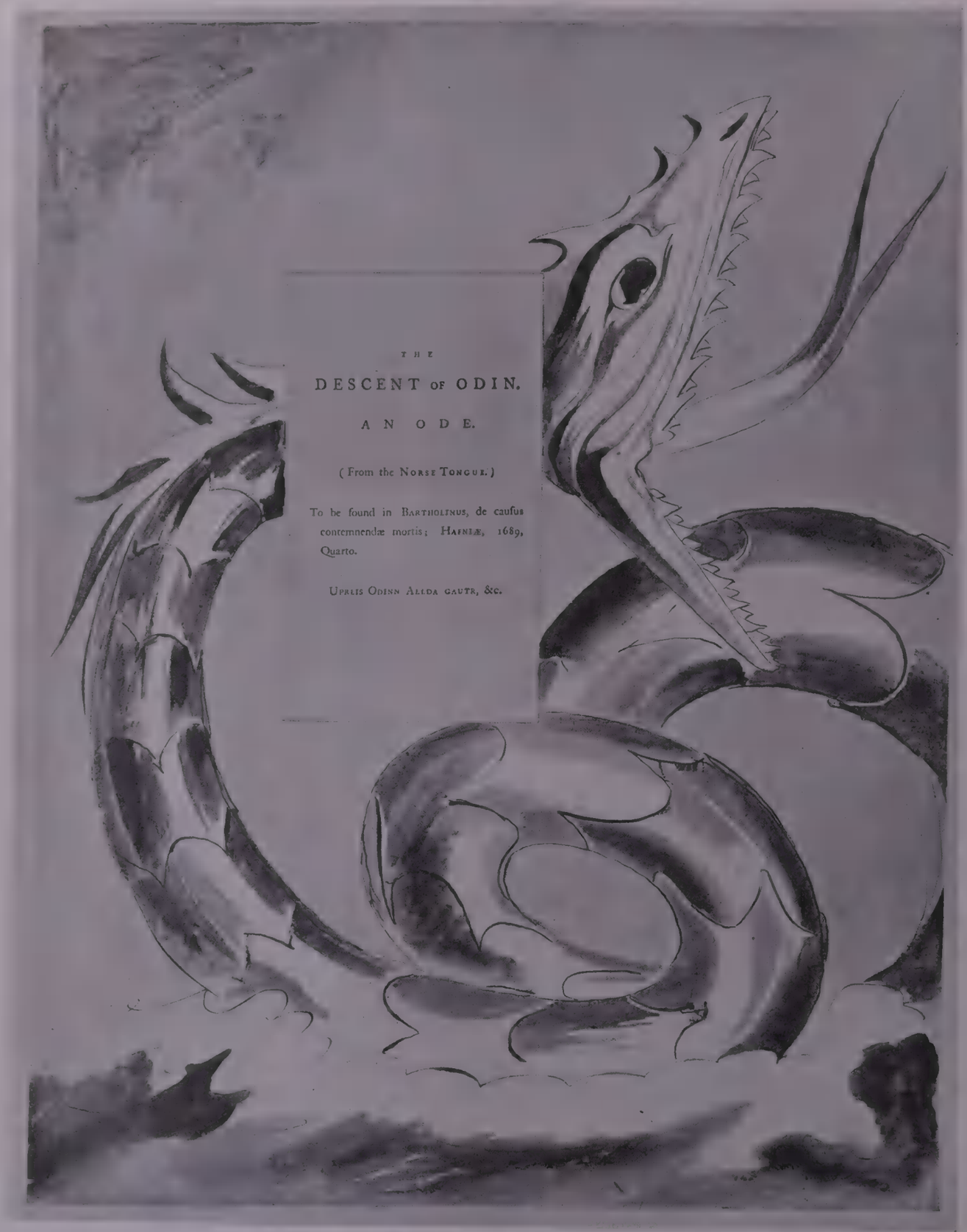


ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM BLAKE FOR "THE DESCENT OF ODIN, AN ODE"

Design Number One: "The Serpent who girds the Earth"

poem, a grotesque, depicting the "Gorgon Terrors," Despair, Disease and Poverty, is too overwrought, though in passages full of power. Finer in linear quality is the last, Adversity, a Goddess, heavily draped, bending from a cloud to instruct the poet. But finest of all is *Virtue nursed in the lap of Adversity*. The turbaned head of the nurse is a marvelous study of age.

The illustrations to the famous *Elegy* are disappointing, and I can not help feeling that here Blake was out of sympathy with his poet, in spite of the comparative simplicity of the language. Blake must have felt that the line "The paths of glory lead but to the grave" was nothing short of blasphemy. Although his own art is much concerned with death, and there rises to its greatest heights, it is the majesty of death that he expresses, the soul going out to meet its maker. Death is not an end, not a dying, a ceasing to be, but a birth, a releasing. So in these designs he confines himself mainly to rural subjects, the ploughman, the sickling of the harvest, the digger and the rent collector. Perhaps the finest passage in the series is found in the design that illustrates the first verse, in which Darkness, in the shape of a woman, leans from the sky to speak with the poet. At the line "And many a holy text around she strews" Blake could not resist a little quiet joke.

DUST THOU ART, he scrawls on the stone, and below: HERE LIETH WM. BLAKE, AGED 100 (?).

One might devote much time and space to the two humorous poems, the *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat* and the *Long Story*. Nothing in this volume came with such a force of surprise as these delightful designs. To the *Ode* there are but six in all, and in each one cat and fish take on a new shape. *A Long Story* is more ambitious and lacks the compactness of the *Ode*. It starts fancifully. Early Blakeine fairies are building a Gothic pile. This design is perhaps as near as Blake ever got to Gray's precision, but for intrinsic excellence it must give place to those that follow. The farmyard scene, in which the poet is suspected of casting a spell on the poultry, has already been mentioned. There remain four more of superlative excellence. (On the edge of the Dancing Seal, together with meaningless hieroglyphics, I notice the word LAMBETH, which confirms the provisional dating, as Blake lived there from 1793-1800.)

Of the four poems which make up the last group, two inspired designs that compare with the greatest of Blake's tragic achievements both as to line and color. These were *The Bard* and *The Fatal Sisters*. *The Bard* reaches its climax at the outset, and never afterwards attains the same height. This is true both of poem and designs. Gray's opening is magnificent, but he can not keep the same level. The reiteration becomes monotonous. So too in the designs a monotony is felt, the figure of the bard is repeated too often. But what an opening! On the left page the design to the line "The famished eagle screams and passes by;" on the right the gigantic figure of the Bard on a mountain's top plucking strings that are like the sheets of a fourmaster. These two designs have a grandeur that defies expression. The prostrate corpses of the slaughtered bards in the first, the figure of the Bard himself in the second are marvelously realized. In both, the predominating tone is slate gray, broken in the first by a shaft of brilliant orange light, that makes the page sing. And the drawing. The sense of vastness for which Blake was striving is here evoked as nowhere else, save in the *Job*, Blake's masterwork. In those that follow, also, there are great passages. The flight of Amazement, Sorrow and Solitude before Jehovah with a scourge of stars, Solitude a lone figure lost on a lonely plain. The cavalry charge, "lance to lance, and horse to horse," realized in a few bold pen strokes and a scumble of indeterminate color. The Whirlwind "hush'd in grim repose," a Neptune "lulled in his coils!" Edward, kneeling by his dead wife. Memorable, all. The last design of the set is, curiously enough, a pastoral, a goatherd in Wales. Blake's landscapes have never been sufficiently praised. He is first and foremost a great colorist. The *Goatherd* is early in conception, as witnessed by the tree which frames the design, a device used often in the early books. Somewhat later in feeling, and distinctly modern in conception is the lake scene which illustrates *The Descent of Odin*. Simple, only blue and yellow are used, but resonant.

I have kept *The Fatal Sisters* to the last for the reason that these designs, more than any other, are noteworthy as a set. Never was the sheer cumulative power of repetition used to greater advantage than here. Three, everywhere three, the same figures, the same postures, repetition of color, of line, to a dramatic end. The progression is terrific. First the three sisters weaving a shower of arrows in a loom of lances. Weaving a tissue of human entrails, with human heads for weights, and a sword to keep the web taut. The three sisters riding over the field among the slain. Pointing with identical gesture to the chosen one. Leaping again to horse. Last . . . three warriors with arms upraised to strike. Three swords that will fall as one. After such a series the mind is left breathless.

Music Given Form in Hindu Painting

HINDU music is divided into male and female tunes, or rather "modes," which are called Ragas and Raginis. The Ragas (male modes) are of the heroic and epic type, while the Raginis (female modes) are soft and lyrical. Each of these Ragas and Raginis is sung only during certain fixed hours of the day and seasons of the year. The Hindu artists of the Rajput school, which flourished from the sixteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century, were very fond of painting these Ragas and Raginis. They gave to each of them a definite physiognomy and form, and placed them in an appropriate environment. For example, Megh Raga, which is sung during the months of July and August, is represented as a scowling but handsome man. He is dark-complexioned because he is sung during the rainy season when the sky is overcast with black, rain-bearing clouds. The Hindus believe that when Megh Raga is sung, the rain, so badly needed by the Hindu farmers, comes down in torrents, and so the artists represent him in the act of raising his sword towards the sky to rend the clouds in order that rain may come down.



"GOWRI RAGINI" RAJPUT SCHOOL, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



"RAMKALI RAGINI" RAJPUT SCHOOL, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

The illustrations on this page are of two of the Raginis. The first one is that of Gowri Ragini, the wife of Mulkaus Raga, standing in a formal Indian garden. The sprays of flowers are meant to show that she is sung in the month of February, when spring begins in India. Her eyes are dreamy and mystical, because she is sung just after midnight. The other illustration is of Ramkali Ragini, the wife of Hindole Raga. She is sung in the late hours of the night—a little before dawn in the months of March and April. She holds cups of milk for the cobras because these snakes are fond of both music and milk. This picture was painted in the sixteenth century when the Rajput School was in its infancy, and therefore its treatment is more primitive than that of Gowri Ragini, which was painted late in the eighteenth century.—V. B. METTA



ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE DESERT HEALER" BY E. M. HULL — PAINTED BY DEAN CORNWELL

CORNWELL, *Graphic Reporter*

Absolute accuracy both in spirit and detail and a belief in the worth of the work are essential to illustrating LOUIS H. FROHMAN

SHOULD you ever have an invitation to a fancy dress ball, and be in doubt as to where a striking costume could be found, I could give you the address of a certain studio in West Fifty-Seventh street, New York, which you would discover to be a veritable storehouse of rare and beautiful costumes from the four corners of the earth. Your access to this fascinating assortment of colorful apparel would depend on only one circumstance—you would have to be one of those fortunate persons whose lives are brightened by being able to count Dean Cornwell one of their friends.



DEAN CORNWELL — *Photo by Paul Hesse*

All of these bewildering objects have their useful places in his work, for he insists upon absolute accuracy in even the smallest detail. The freedom and vigor of his style leaves one unconscious of the fact that there are exactly the right number of buttons on his gendarmes' coats in the painting on the easel, or that one of them carries his pistol slung on the right hip while the other wears it on the left. These are actual irregularities of uniform, and Mr. Cornwell's adherence to these is typical of the authentic accuracy and painstaking conscientiousness which are inborn characteristics, as we shall see later on. The same accuracy is followed in the lighting he uses in his studio. It is on the top floor of a famous old studio building and is provided with two skylights. He always uses daylight when painting subjects that are supposedly out of doors or in a naturally lighted room. Conversely, his studio is provided with dark shades which can be pulled tight and electric light substituted for daylight to gratify his desire for natural conditions when an incident in a story

which he is illustrating calls for the portrayal of a night setting.

An accurate judgment of his own work was developed from an early age by his mother and his father, both of whom had some artistic ability. Instead of being praised by doting parents for his first efforts in art, every picture was constructively criticised by them and the shortcomings in drawing, perspective and composition were pointed out to him. A short course at the Y. M. C. A. under a local cartoonist as instructor, added two subjects to Dean's repertoire. The first two months of study were devoted to drawing the cast of a giant ear. After that he was allowed to progress to a plaster lion of the species that has a weakness for crouching on mission bookcases. Dean Cornwell did not stop at the subjects selected for him, however. At the age of thirteen he made a drawing of the old steamer "Tell City" which plied between Louisville and Evansville, Indiana. Having been aboard once, he recalled the details of interior arrangement as well as the outward appearance, and proceeded to make his drawing from memory. Twice a week, as the "Tell City" would steam by, Dean would be at the river bank with his precious drawing, ready to catch some additional detail or to correct some feature that was not entirely accurate.

All his early leanings toward art were handicapped by improperly fitted glasses that caused his eyes to be a constant source of pain, when reading or drawing, and not until he was nineteen and a new oculist had come to Louisville was it discovered that there was nothing wrong with Dean Cornwell's eyes except poorly fitted glasses. Upon a change of prescription, the headaches disappeared and he found to his joy that he could read and draw as much as he wished.

Fontaine Fox and others had left Louisville to achieve success amid the larger opportunities in Chicago, so Cornwell followed in their path in 1911. The first work he secured was to make tracings in pen and ink over silver-prints from photographs of machinery and other merchandise. His ambition was always before him, however, so he studied by himself at night and made innumerable drawings in his spare time. As the silver-print drawings were not a constant source of income, he supplemented them by making up jokes and drawing appropriate comic illustrations, for which he received a dollar apiece from a news syndicate. Later he found that *Judge* would have paid him twenty-five dollars each for these same jokes and his clever illustrations. A few odd orders for sport cartoons brought him in contact with the Chicago daily newspapers and he soon became a regular member of the art staff of the *Chicago American*, drawing borders and making layouts for the Sunday theatrical and magazine sections of that paper.

He soon left this work to study at the Chicago Art Institute, where after six weeks of spasmodic attendance, he gave up the course and went to the *Chicago Tribune*, where his work was broadened into doing complete Sunday feature pages. The hours at the *Tribune* were from one in the afternoon until ten at night. The feature illustrations which Dean Cornwell made for the paper increased his prestige in commercial work, which soon occupied every waking moment.

Upon several memorable occasions Cornwell had met illustrators from New York who had "arrived" in that coveted Mecca. These men seemed, in his eyes, beings from another world, and he determined to make New York his goal. In 1915, Cornwell got his first order for magazine illustration, from Ray Long, then editor of the Red Book. It was a triumph, but he felt much trepidation as he approached his important task, the opportunity to "make good" in his chosen profession. He lost all the confidence that had given style and originality to his newspaper pages, and he worked with utmost caution, constantly referring to photographs in order to be sure that his figures were accurate. The result was "tight" and unimaginative; thoroughly disappointing to him, although quite acceptable to the magazine. With this



"THE TELL CITY" DRAWN BY DEAN CORNWELL, AGE 13



ILLUSTRATION FOR "FIND THE WOMAN" BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE — PAINTED BY DEAN CORNWELL

great opportunity before him, he felt something lacking within himself. Mr. Cornwell decided that to progress in magazine illustration he should devote himself exclusively to study for a time. He had saved surplus funds for this purpose but he hesitated to sever his connections without future certainty. Mr. Long encouraged him in the project and assured him that he would not sacrifice the start in his profession which he had already made with the Red Book.

He arrived in New York in time to enter the 1915 spring class at the Art Students' League. Through a fortunate coincidence he was numbered among the students in the remarkable summer class conducted that year by Harvey Dunn at Leonia, New Jersey. In three months of intensive, inspired work, the class covered virtually all the ground included in Howard Pyle's three-year course. Thus, Dean Cornwell came to be a "grand-pupil" of Pyle, as he terms it. Both the course and the new contact with the world of art brought a wonderful development in Dean Cornwell's work. He devoted himself exclusively to illustration in oils, painting in full color. True to his promise, Ray Long sent a manuscript to New York in the fall, which Cornwell illustrated with a new inspiration of treatment and sureness of touch. Mr. Long claims to have recognized Cornwell's unusual ability in his earliest work, and his judgment has been more than fulfilled.



ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE TORRENT" BY IBANEZ

PAINTED BY DEAN CORNWELL

His progress was rapid and success assured, but not until 1918 did he pause to catch his breath and go back to see his old friends in Chicago. Now a famous illustrator, he was welcomed enthusiastically not only by his former artist companions, the "border ruffians," but in the hallowed mahogany paneled editorial sanctum as well. And in this rarified atmosphere, a fair

ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE GARDEN OF PERIL" BY CYNTHIA STOCKLEY. PAINTED BY DEAN CORNWELL





ILLUSTRATIONS FOR
"THE DESERT HEALER" BY E. M. HULL
PAINTED BY DEAN CORNWELL



exchange-editor deigned to smile upon him, and even allowed him to see her upon each of the ten succeeding days of his visit. After his return to New York, his brush was often cast aside for his fountain pen. A six months' "direct-by-mail follow-up campaign" resulted in another trip to Chicago—and so they were married, as the story-books say.

Dean Cornwell uses models principally for light and shade, color relations and the consciousness it gives him of texture. He finds it desirable that the model be the general type of his character, but this is not essential. His figures are completely laid in without reference to a model, and his pictures have the appearance of being completely finished before he starts using a model at all. The character, as conceived by Cornwell, is always of a composite type.

The types of story which Mr. Cornwell likes best to illustrate are those with a rather serious theme. He makes this choice of subjects because he considers that a story of substance is the only kind in harmony with the solid medium in which



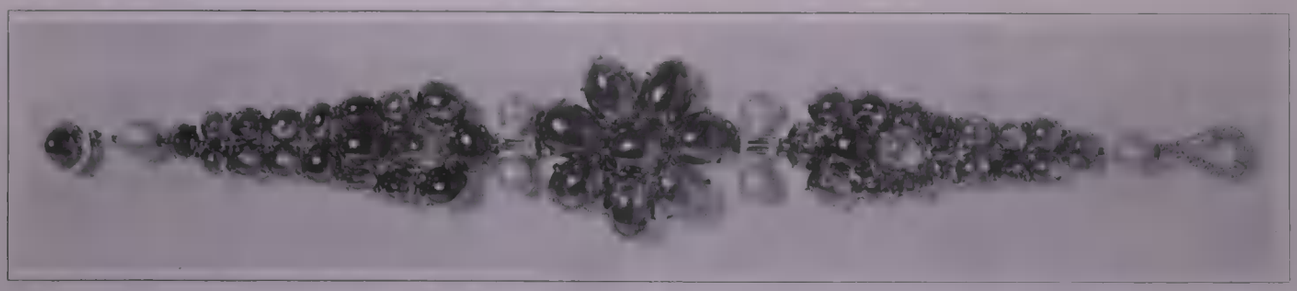


ILLUSTRATION FOR "FROM A BALCONY" BY CHARLES DOBIE — PAINTED BY DEAN CORNWELL

he works—oils. Stories in more frothy vein should be illustrated by an artist using a lighter medium, such as crayon. Mr. Cornwell does not like to illustrate a tale in which the action takes place in a few hours or a few days. The average time actually required by him to make a single illustration is a full week. He therefore does not consider it fitting that he should spend from four to six weeks to illustrate events, all of which are supposed to occur in as many days. We have all read how certain screen stars employ a long-haired violinist to trail after them and to play sad strains when the scene requires pathos. It is interesting to note that Dean Cornwell employs a somewhat similar plan to inspire him while painting. One of the most prominent objects which first captures the eye upon entering his studio is a victrola. This is not a "prop" but a very real and hard-worked instrument. It is employed chiefly when Cornwell is painting an extremely sad or pathetic scene. It would be hard to guess his selection of music under these circumstances. All of his inspiration is derived from a single record, one of Paul Whiteman's jazz classics. He will play one side of the record all morning, then turn it over and play the other side all afternoon. After bearing this stoically for several days, one of his models told him that she could not come back again unless he got a new record. So the old standby was discarded and a newer Whiteman selection substituted.

Dean Cornwell takes his recreation a little at a time. He gets more enjoyment from stolen sweets—twenty minutes to try a lighting effect in a still life painting; an hour to visit a rummage sale; or even a few moments to practice on his cornet. Music is his only hobby.

The spectacular success of Dean Cornwell, attained before the age of thirty, is partially due to the whole-hearted earnestness and enthusiasm with which he works. He is daily fulfilling his highest ambition. Last year Mr. Cornwell gave a series of lectures at the League upon the subject of "Attitude Toward Illustration." His own attitude is simple: "Unless you consider illustration so fine a thing as to be worthy of your last ounce of strength and effort—don't be an illustrator."



CLASP OF EAST INDIAN DESIGN

JEWELRY AND THE ORIENT

Modern French designers create beautiful forms from motifs of ancient ornamental art of the Far East

William B. M'GORMICK

JEWELRY, when based on pure style and not led away from that state by a passing fashion, is as truly representative of the art of a nation as its pottery, architecture, sculpture or painting. The jewelry of a country throws light on its economic condition, on its international relations, on the stability or the changefulness of the character of its people. Thus the golden personal ornaments coming down to us from the prehistoric Mycenæan civilization tell us very plainly of the riches of that race, of how it must have had some intercourse with Egypt, and also that its artists were not swayed overmuch by Egyptian design but worked natural forms into patterns which they never abandoned in the period of which history has a record in jewelry and building stones. If we were curious enough to look into the character of Russia and England through their jewelry, to select two modern nations, we would find the first too indifferent to create anything beyond a few objects connected with its state religion, rich enough to buy treasure on treasure from all over the world, giving its great family names to jewels of barbarous splendor and enormous cost. And yet, through the spell of a passing fashion, we recently saw Russia influencing jewelry design as well as that of costume, the stage and interior decoration by means of an art remote from the one we are discussing here, the art of dancing. England deliberately refused to accept the heritage of Irish design, which was developed continuously in beauty and richness from the first to the thirteenth centuries, and never contributed anything herself to the development of jewelry.

In common with sculpture, jewelry is a static art. As in the first-named no school has ever surpassed the Greek for creative power and perfection of technic, so we have no jewelry excelling that of Egypt of the XIIth Dynasty for decorative quality, beauty of design and suitability of the objects as things to be worn. And this dynasty was at least two thousand years before the Christian era. All Egyptian jewelry is by no means up to this high standard of beauty and suitability, and although many museums possess examples of it, Egyptian motives only occasionally appear in western European adornments. The same qualification applies to all antique jewelry from Greece, Rome and the comparatively rude pieces of the Carlovingian times, the only age that produced lasting work of this kind until the Renaissance flowered into beauty. The one nation emerging from that splendid

TIARA INSPIRED BY AN EGYPTIAN MOTIVE





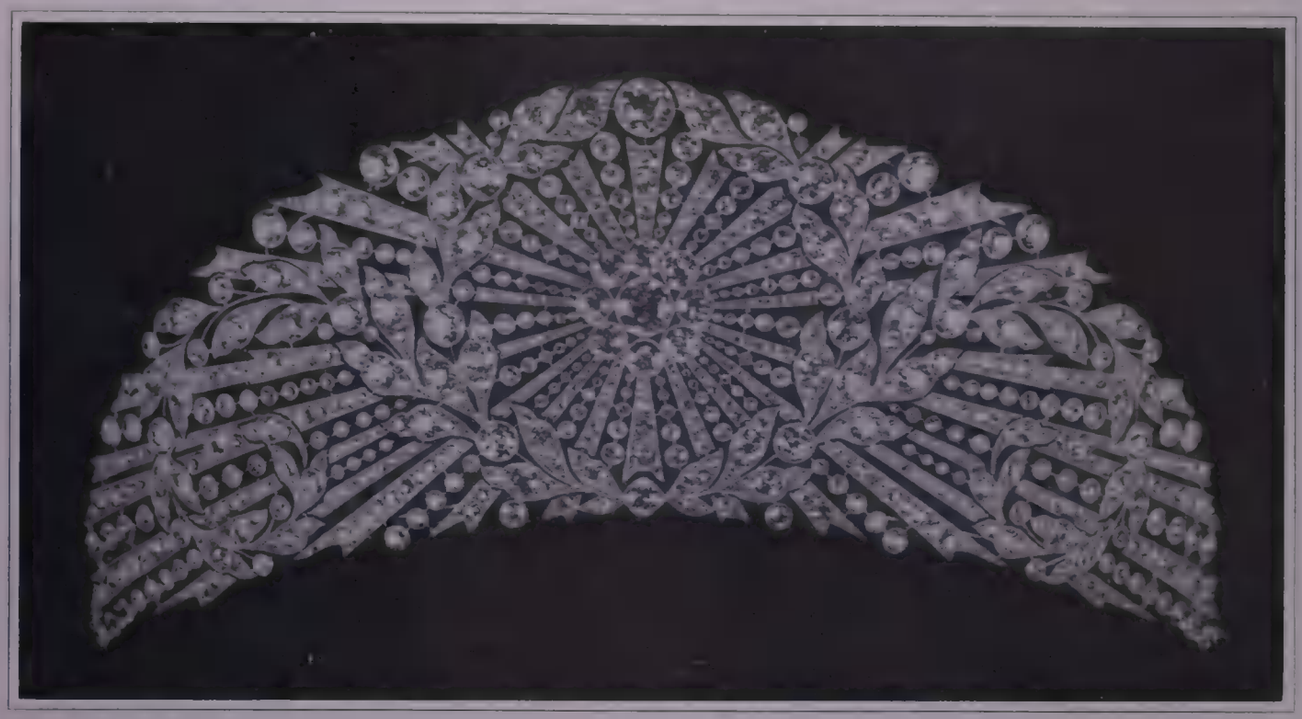
TIARA EXECUTED IN THE EMPIRE STYLE

time truly profiting by all that the Renaissance meant is France which built on the structure of its finest artistic monument, Gothic art, every grace of design born of the revival. French art and French craft have had their occasional lapses it is true; but to follow its course down from Gothic times is to be impressed by its logical expression, its fitting grace, its constant progress. In fact it was the Frenchman Massin who, in the 1870's, lifted French jewelry out of its long depression, and France contributed an artist to this craft at the beginning of this century, René Lalique, whose fame as a maker of jewelry bids fair to become immortal.

Jewelry design, in the last years of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth, did not escape the influence of that hollow sham of a school born in Vienna and bearing the preposterous title of L'Art Nouveau. In fact it was submerged under it, German architects, interior designers, painters and craftsmen revelling in its shallow eccentricities and French, English and American craftsmen falling under its spell. Almost no jewelry was fashioned in those years that did not show the imprint of this Viennese school of design, and it took the cleansing powers of the war to wipe it out from the memories of the jewelers of France, England and the United States. A student of jewelry must go back to the heavy pieces of the Dark Ages to find anything so clumsy in form and feeling as the clumps of beaten silver and semi-precious stones which flooded art exhibitions and even fine jewelry shops in those days before the war. As this movement began in eastern



RICHLY JEWELED PENDANT DESIGNED FROM PERSIAN SOURCES



TIARA IN THE STYLE OF THE FRENCH EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Europe it was only natural that the one which followed and almost completely obliterated the Viennese tradition should have come from the east, from Persia through Moscow by the agency of the Russian ballet which for a time marked all feminine fashions as *à la Russe*. Parisian designers in every field, including that of jewelry, were captives of this Perso-Russian influence that spread almost as on the wings of the wind over western Europe and the United States. French jewelry of that time shows marked evidences of this Tatar influence in art, an influence that previously had seldom passed beyond the Russian frontier.

With spiritual and artistic restlessness abroad in the world it is only natural that artists should have sought still further into the Orient for motives as well as among the jewelry designers and makers of France where, when all is said and done, fashion as well as style begins. Following the Perso-Russian manner came a time of purely Persian design after which Chinese jades were studied for fresh inspiration. Then came the sedulously nurtured newspaper campaign over the discovery of the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen and again the Parisian designers were quick to react to this revival of interest in things Egyptian, the results containing the obvious elements of that art with none of the dignified beauty of its best period. Contemporary British jewelry does not appear to be affected by these various Oriental influences nor does that of our craftsworkers in the United States. It is noticeable in the pieces of French jewelry reproduced here that the more closely the inspiration springs from the original and follows it the handsomer is the resultant design and workmanship. In this connection the illustrations of the Indian clasp and of the tiaras designed from Egyptian and Persian sources are especially interesting. But in none of these excursions into Oriental designs are the French jewellers as happy as in those forms which are born of the true art genius of their own country.

TIARA SUGGESTED BY AN ORIENTAL HEAD-DRESS



The illustrations for this article are used by courtesy of Cartier.



"THE EAST RIVER" BY MAX KUEHNE

MAX KUEHNE, COSMOPOLITE

American artist's sojourns in Spain and other foreign parts and their effects in the development of his art

A. E. GALLATIN

MAX KUEHNE is an American landscape painter who, besides painting in his own country, has lived and worked in Spain. He has also set up his easel in England and in France. Now the question whether it is wise for the painter to become a cosmopolitan or whether it is better for his art that he should remain possessed of a parochial mind is one that is capable of wide discussion and is often argued.

It is a grave mistake, we are often told, for the painter to emulate Dr. Syntax; very wrong for him to undertake the Grand Tour in search of the picturesque. Certainly something can be said in support of this view, this plea for nationality in art, for a great many of the acknowledged masters of painting were content to remain at home, portraying the people and the familiar scenes about them. For this very reason their pictures possess a highly desirable flavor. One might contend that Gainsborough could hardly have painted a successful portrait of a Chinese, but we must remember that Romney did paint a Mohawk chief. And then Holbein painted some of his greatest portraits in England, and Van Dyck, some of his in Genoa. However, one feels that Renoir probably attained his place in the very front rank of French painting, surpassing all French painters who had gone before him, for the reason that he worked among his own people in France, continuing his country's great traditions.

The cosmopolite journeying about the globe often does not succeed in getting the spirit of the locality into his paintings, for often the fundamentals elude him. The soul of the Maine coast lives in the water colors of John Marin; I doubt if either Matisse or Utrillo in this respect would be



"GYPSY QUARTER, GRANADA" BY MAX KUEHNE

as successful. How much less of the spirit of Venice is in the Venetian canvases of Turner and Monet than in the paintings of Guardi, Canaletto and Longhi! And let us not forget that El Greco remained Greek in Toledo, for which, incidentally, we most certainly have no regrets.

Looking at this question from another angle, we find that there is as much, indeed even more, to be said on the other side of the argument, which only goes to show that generalizations are seldom trustworthy. Let us remember that Whistler, Sargent, Mary Cassatt and Walter Gay found themselves by going to Paris, and that this is also true of Picasso, one of the greatest living painters, who left Spain in his early manhood. Should it be argued that these are expatriates, and the argument in consequence not altogether convincing, let us recall that Gaugin's genius fully ripened only in the tropical air of Tahiti, that Manet found his inspiration in Spain, and that Corot's pictures which belong to the Italian period are his finest. Nor should we forget the pictures which Homer Martin painted in France, or Winslow Homer's West Indian water colors, these in my opinion constituting Homer's greatest bid for immortality. So the list might be continued almost indefinitely. As for Max Kuehne, he has painted quite as well, if not better, in Europe as in America, and he is as capable of painting in different countries as Whistler was of etching.

Writing about the group of Spanish paintings which Kuehne showed in New York in 1921, Henry McBride said in one of his Sunday sermons in the *New York Herald:* "Mr. Kuehne is probably tired himself of being an exile, since he is here, and the Spanish excursion, doubtless, will prove one of those enriching experiences that broaden an appreciation of the home scene." Well, that is an interesting opinion, but what is more important, since Mr. McBride is very apt to be right in his pronouncements on modern painting, is that he goes on to say that Kuehne has achieved a place in the front rank of contemporary American landscape painters. I am not at all sure, however, that Kuehne is tired of being an exile. I saw him in Paris last year, as well as the year before, and he



"GLOUCESTER" BY MAX KUEHNE

was distinctly happy at being exiled. Voltaire certainly found life very agreeable at Ferney, and I wonder if on the whole Pius VII did not enjoy his sojourn at Fontainebleau? You see the place of exile makes so much difference.

The story of Kuehne's career as an artist is soon told. Born in 1880, he received his artistic training in New York, studying under Kenneth Hayes Miller and William M. Chase at the latter's school. Then, during 1909 and 1910, he attended the night school conducted at that time by Robert Henri. Following this period of instruction, he passed a year studying the pictures in the principal galleries of England, France, Germany, Holland and Belgium. Returning to America in 1911, he lived four years in New York, painting the downtown streets, often in the vicinity of ferry houses, as well as the East River and its bridges. Excellent workmanship is displayed in these solidly painted pictures, which are much darker in tone and mellower than the paintings which were to come later. The summer of 1912 Kuehne spent at Gloucester, Massachusetts, the fishing town which has for long been a favorite place for painters. In the course of this summer he executed some of his most successful pictures, paintings full of sunlight and revealing the fact that he was becoming a colorist of considerable distinction. In 1913 he went to England, where he painted several strong pictures on the rocky coast of Cornwall, of which that titled "Cornish Headlands, St. Ives," is one of the finest. Such a picture as this, in grasp of subject and in strength, really suggests the power of Winslow Homer.

During 1914 Kuehne visited Spain for the first time, and he immediately fell under her spell. There he remained three years, Granada being his home about eighteen months, and he came to know the country as comparatively few foreigners have known it. In 1920 he returned to Spain, as he did in 1922 and 1923. It is thus apparent that the artist's impressions of Spain are far from being superficial; he has lived there long enough to absorb a great deal of the Spanish atmosphere. The Spaniards like his paintings, it is interesting to note, and to me also Kuehne's pictures suggest the grandeur and grimness of the Spanish landscape, the ruggedness of her mountains and her



"ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON" BY MAX KUEHNE

"HILLS OF SORIA" BY MAX KUEHNE



general austerity to a remarkable degree. He has rendered well the country seen under the burning sun of midsummer, the dusty roads and plaster façades of old houses tinted pink or blue or yellow. The movement and color of the towns, the street



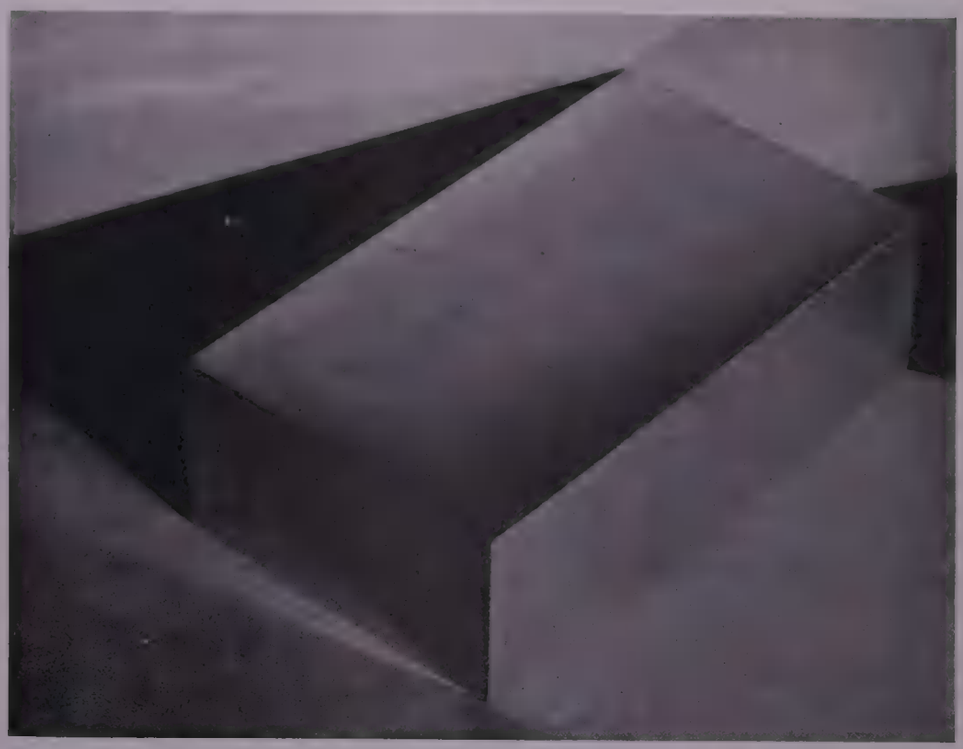
"CORNISH HEADLANDS, ST. IVES" BY MAX KUEHNE

corners and views looking over the roofs of Granada are well painted and satisfying in composition. Nor should we neglect to mention the sensitively seen nocturnes, landscapes or towns bathed in moonlight, painted one year when Kuehne was traveling with Ernest Lawson; these sombre night pictures are possessed of mystery and imagination, and in them the artist has been as successful as when endeavoring to envelop his pictures in the curious effects of sunlight which are so peculiar to Spain. It is worth recording that Archer M. Huntington has bought thirty-two of Kuehne's smaller Spanish paintings for the Hispanic Society of America. Others are in the Barnes Foundation, where also are two of his carved chests.

In 1918 Kuehne painted again at Gloucester, and the following summer he spent at Rockport, Maine, making several visits to Bar Harbor, in both of which places he painted excellent marines and landscapes. The year 1920 found him again in Spain, and 1921 at Rockport. During the summer and autumn of 1923 he was painting in Paris. The recent Spanish and French pictures mark a decided departure in the artist's technique. They are brilliant in color and looser in handling. The painter, in addition, shows that he is becoming more and more interested in problems of design, of form, of pattern. One perceives that Kuehne has looked with knowing eyes at the work of the younger Frenchmen, from whom he has received influences which have developed his gifts, without, however, in any way impairing his individuality.

To write of Kuehne's work without mentioning his ability as a wood carver would be like writing of Michelangelo's genius without referring to his mural paintings, his work as an architect or his poetry. The very handsome *armoire* which Kuehne sent in 1921 to the annual exhibition of the Architectural League, held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is only one of several chests and cabinets which he has designed, carved, gilded and painted. The motives for the designs have been found in such sources as old Persian miniatures, and Kuehne's work as a craftsman compares favorably with that executed by Charles Prendergast.

It is notorious that the painter rarely possesses any taste when it comes to the framing of a picture. Whistler, whose frames were always in good taste, and usually excellent, designed his own frames—in some instances he also painted them—and properly considered that the frame was almost an integral part of the picture. Kuehne goes further than Whistler, for he not only designs his own frames but he carves and gilds them himself, old Spanish frames often supplying the inspiration.



"ABSTRACTION" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.

Photographs by Paul Outerbridge, Jr.

TO APPRECIATE photography one must dissociate it from other forms of art expression. Instead of holding a preconceived idea of art, founded upon paintings (paintings are cited because, in general, the word "art" seems to be synonymous with paintings), it must be considered as a distinct medium of expression, and one must first of all realize that it is a medium capable of doing certain things which can be accomplished in no other way. No one condemns architecture because it does not look like a painting, or a painting because it is not done in stone.

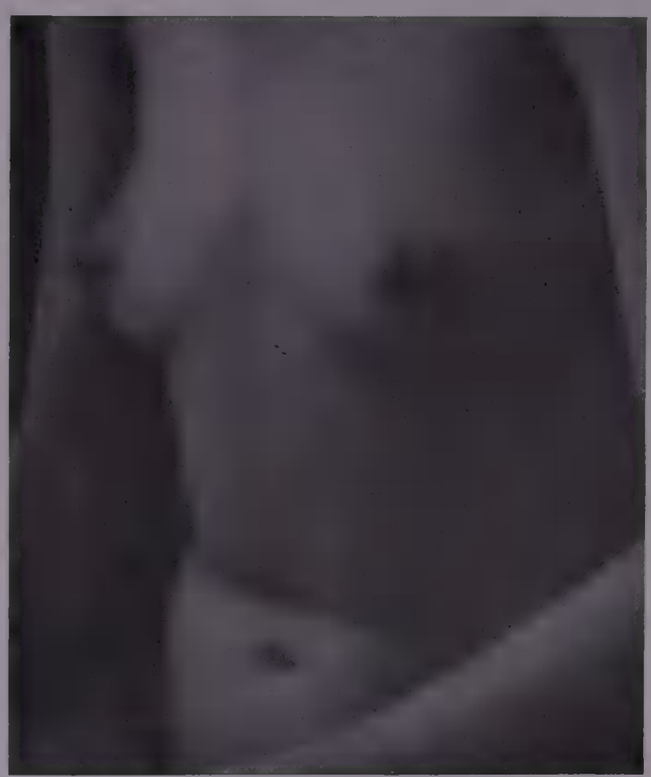
Of those who say that photography is too mechanical to produce works of art—and this category includes many otherwise competent art critics—it may be safely said that such an attitude denotes a lack of knowledge. The camera and the various apparatus and materials used in photography are, after all, merely tools, as are the paints, brushes and chisels of other arts. And the result is bounded, not by the limitations of the tools, but by those of the man.

If the test of artistic worth is that an object be the means of esthetic enjoyment, who will deny that through photography such objects may be and have been created?

—PAUL OUTERBRIDGE



"STUDY" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"SEMI-ABSTRACTION"
BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"STUDY" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"NEW YORK FROM A BACK WINDOW"
BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"NEW YORK, A SEMI-ABSTRACTION"
BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"COLUMBUS CIRCLE" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"FORTY-SECOND STREET ELEVATED STATION" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



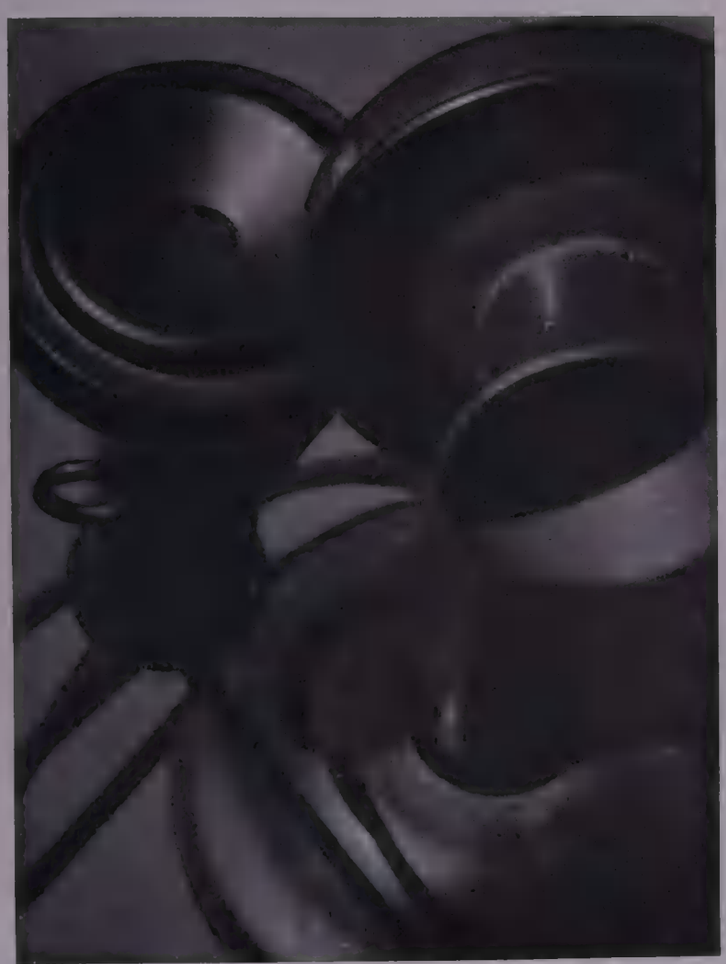
"ABSTRACTION" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"STILL LIFE"
BY PAUL
OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"CLOWN" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"TELEPHONE" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.



"STANDING FIGURE" BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.

On the opposite page: "Independence Hall, Philadelphia," Photograph by Richard Southall Grant



ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY C. EGLINGTON

You, the painter, hundreds of you, painting on your canvases day after day! Do you know what you are after, what end you are pursuing, what ideal you want to realize—and why? Do you even see clearly the image of the thing you are striving to set down? Or is it an obscure instinct that drives you to take brush in hand, gives you no rest till the thing is done? And when it is done, do you know then what it is you have done? You do not. Then how should we that stand outside you, having for guide only our eyes, for register our emotional mechanisms, throw light on your darkness? We are but reflectors, sensitized to catch the smallest glint of light that flows from you, or rather *through* you, into the thing of your making. Moons are we, and what know moons of the sun's purpose? (Be not too proud, artists; the sun, it is not you!)

And so one takes up a pen to weave a new web of theory. "Web" is good. Spider's webs, to catch flies in. Cobwebs, to catch dust. Painters may be caught in webs, but not art. Not even the subtle webs of a Berenson, a Strzygowski or a Bode. Not even—and here modern art is in question—the webs of an Elie Faure, a Meier-graefe, a Roger Fry or a Willard Huntingdon Wright.

So one reasons with one's self. It is a kind of self-chastisement by laughter to which the critic must periodically subject himself, if he would retain his sanity. At bottom he knows that he will never succeed in making a strong net of these strands that he is frantically struggling to tie. They are too frail or too elusive, too far above his grasp or too far below; and so we see him straining to span an almost infinity, his right hand reaching into the clouds, his left into the bog. For a moment he seems to hold them and the net is almost complete. But a moment only—and the rest is laughter.

But the instinct to attempt a synthesis where none is possible is not—for all it often ends in laughter—an utterly ludicrous occupation. Nor does it show—as some have thought and proclaimed—an inability to extract a sheerly sensuous pleasure from art. The enjoyment of art is—to my mind—somewhat akin to the enjoyment of vintage port, or a more than usually beautiful woman. One surrenders, keeping, however, the faculties so far intact that one may do fullest justice to this supreme pleasure, and, at the end, make one's prettiest bow. It is only the Puccinis of art, as of life, who demand absolute surrender—that degenerates into debauchery.

It is against this debauchery that the intelligence revolts. There is something of the Puritan in your true connoisseur. Vulgarity is for him the deadliest sin, and rather than be caught *wallowing* in any sensuous pleasure, he will set a sterner check on his emotions, dominating them with his intellect. How great his reward is, those only who have earned it know. To experience at once that exquisite *frisson* of pleasure that only a great work of art can give, that sets the whole body a-tremble, the blood to racing, the entire being, by a subtle adjustment, born of instinctive imitation, on to its own harmonic plane. To experience this, and in the same instant, as it were parallel, to feel the mind, released from the heavy rain-sodden atmosphere of daily life into a serener air, spring alert into action, comparing, weighing, observing and admiring each separate detail, setting each, piece by piece, into the mosaic of experience. What pleasure is this! And if, emboldened by such moments of pellucid clarity, the critic-connoisseur, who would voyage to the moon in a dollar kite and scoop the ocean dry with a tea-spoon, is moved to exclaim that art is so and so, let not our laughter blind us to what there is of dignity in his pretensions. Let us laugh certainly, but let us also envy him those moments of elevation which made the voyage to the moon and the spanning of that infinity which we call art seem easy matters.

So much by way of obeisance. When, in a sudden access of confidence, I mount into the ivory throne and commence to expound the tablets of law, I will ask you to enjoy the situation. Smiling, as I trust I too will be smiling. Not utterly dismissing as presumption what I shall say, nor yet taking it too seriously. But giving it that courteous attention which a dog gives to his bone, a matter to be chewed upon, not swallowed.

Willard Huntingdon Wright's new book is such a bone. But before beginning the chewing process I would advise anyone who has not already done so to read Wright's earlier book, *Modern Painting*, to which *The Future of Painting* is a sequel.

Wright arrived on the scene at an exciting moment. Modern French painting had just been introduced into America. Boat loads of Moderns were arriving—in person—from Paris. Alfred Stieglitz found himself—a greatness thrust upon him—the head of, not a movement merely, but a quantity of movements, utterly divergent in aim. And all talked. Lord, how they must have talked, since the echoes still reverberate. *Form*

was the great watchword, a word valuable for its vagueness. Historically descended, I have no doubt, from Maurice Denis' famous definition of Neo-Traditionalism of twenty years earlier: "Remember that a picture—before being a battle horse, a nude woman, or some anecdote or other—is essentially a flat surface covered with colors assembled in a certain order." *Form* epitomized the whole revolt against the impressionist order—or disorder rather, for the Impressionists are your true anarchists. Neo-Traditionalism was the cry of the "revolutionaries" of the '90s.

But words are dangerous things to conjure with. From being symbols they aspire to an absolute reality. So with *Form*. Somewhere—the Lord knows where—the idea sprang into life that form was a tangible thing that could be isolated. This picture, we were told, had form, this other had not. *Form* became the touchstone. Painters experimented—are doubtless still experimenting—with *Abstract Form*. Finally came in some sort a canonization—*Pure Form*. The dictionary was exhausted! It was then that Wright, whose own natural predilections led him in the direction of color, brought out his *Modern Painting*. Achieving a masterly synthesis of the last hundred years of painting—certainly the best in the English language—he celebrated the mystic marriage of *Color* with *Form*. *Form* certainly, he proclaimed, but you misread the whole history of modern painting if you overlook the greatest discovery of our age, the discovery that color possesses in itself physical properties. In a word, *Color* is *Form*.

At the same time Wright's brother, S. Macdonald Wright, was experimenting along the same lines. Observing the science with which Cézanne constructed his pictures, laying color against color without gradations, Macdonald Wright undertook to rationalize the Cézanne palette, attributing to each tone or combination of tones its physical property. It was a purely scientific research, but another school was thereon founded, and baptised by that master of words, Leo Stein—Synchromism.

The Future of Painting is in reality an apologia for Macdonald Wright and the Synchromists. A second time Wright attempts a synthesis, this time far more sweeping. He surveys the whole history of painting from Giotto to the Synchromists and discovers therein the existence of two separate and distinct arts, the art of painting and the art of color. "All painting up to the time of Turner and Delacroix," he says, "was an art of black-and-white. Color played no organic part in the classic pictorial conception. All forms and rhythms were conceived and expressed in *drawing;* and all volumes and tones—namely: the means for obtaining solidity and structure—were produced by the scale or grays. The 'studies' for most of the great masterpieces of the past were done in monotint; and the most profound problems presented by these pictures were solved by line and black-and-white masses. We know that in some of the greatest of the old canvases the color scheme and even the tonal tints were not decided upon until the picture had been fully conceived and worked out. Color, as a rule, was put in as an afterthought, generally in imitation of nature, as a kind of decoration or beautification. Many an old masterpiece is superior in black-and-white reproduction, for it comes nearer to the artist's original conception; and the functioning of the superimposed colors (which was not then understood) does not clash with the functioning of the lines and forms. The fact is—and it is too often overlooked—that *the art of painting is not an art of color.*"

But, at the beginning of the nineteenth century (I quote still from Wright) the painter "realizing that Rubens had carried the art of painting to its ultimate statement" (!) "focused his attention on color and endeavored to make it an intrinsic and organic element in the projection of pictorial forms. In so doing, he reversed the very process of painting. For a time he even ignored the principle of form" (!) "and the laws of composition on which the art of painting is based. *His achievements had nothing in common with painting beyond the superficial projection of visual nature.*" (The italics are mine.) "His entire concern was with the theory of color." Thus Mr. Wright rushes us past Turner ("intensity of color"), Delacroix ("dramatic possibilities of color"), the Impressionists ("problem of light and vibration"), the Pointillists ("color juxtaposition and the interactivities of complementaries"), Gauguin ("decorative value of pure color"), Matisse ("harmonic relationships of color"), the Cubists ("sought to achieve form by intersecting tonal planes"), Cézanne ("active functions of color"), up to the Synchromists who, "carrying forward Cézanne's discoveries, coordinated and rationalized the palette, and made of every color and tone in the painter's entire gamut a relatively fixed attribute in the construction of form."

All the unpleasantness between modern and conservative, says Wright, has arisen through this simple misunderstanding: because both used the same medium, paint, brushes and canvas, each claimed that his aims and his ideals ought to prevail. In reality the two arts have had only their medium in common, and even that connection will soon be broken. Paint and canvas will be discarded and replaced by a perfected color organ.

The art of color will, in the future, be an art of projected light.

Such is in brief Wright's thesis, and it may be that his prediction will prove correct. That time will show. But his anxiety to provide the new art (and it is noteworthy that the leading spirit of the Synchromists has deserted painting in its favor) with an historical foundation has betrayed him. The art of painting is wedded neither to color nor black-and-white, though it has used both. Canvas is not essential to it, nor panel, nor plaster. And the art of painting, Mr. Wright, was born, not in fifteenth-century Italy or Flanders, but—so far as the short memory of man will reach—in the caves of Altamira. It was an art full grown in the Minoan era. A thousand Rubens have doubtless "carried it to its ultimate statement," whatever that may mean. It has died a hundred times and been born again in as many different guises. It has been an art of color, an art of black-and-white, an art of line, an art of mass, an art opaque, an art translucent, an art of water color on silk, of tempera on gold, of little glass cubes set into a mosaic pattern. Did Cimabue think in black-and-white? Or the painter in mosaic who decorated the Baptistery at Ravenna? No, Mr. Wright, your history is weak. And I begin to fear that your esthetics weaken too. Forget the Synchromists. Time, and their own talents, will carve out their niche. It is the critic's job to celebrate the past and keep eyes wide for the present. Leave the future to the artist.

The error in Wright's logic lies in assuming that logic is an essential part of art, and, in particular, that color possesses inherent esthetic qualities. And he amazes us by stating—and it is at this point that our suspicions are aroused—that "a color *in itself* possesses what we call beauty—that is to say, it causes a pleasurable reaction." So does a cold bath on a hot day, or a hot bath on a cold day, but neither has the slightest connection with art. Art merely uses its media, as I now use my pen, and the utmost it will concede is to think in terms of the specific medium it is employing. But the medium is not thereby raised to the rank of creator. The pianoforte is not music, nor the paint-tube art.

One wonders whether Wright has ever attempted to define, for his own satisfaction—such definitions are best kept private—just what art is. He speaks of the color organ of the future, which will "not merely throw pretty squares, circles, coils and volutes of colored light on a screen, but will be able to record the artist's moods, desires and emotions along any visually formal esthetic line." *The artist's moods, desires and emotions!* One is impelled to blasphemy. Is that the business of art? Sculptors of Egypt. Phidias. Sung landscape painters. Imagiers of Chartres. Cimabue. Masaccio. Cézanne. Did they all set out to exploit their moods, desires and emotions? Pah! They were after bigger game. They were out to make a thing instinct with the same life that informed them. Their own desires and emotions are perhaps betrayed in moments when hand and brain wearied. But in their highest reaches it is as though God himself had taken chisel in hand, and carved with the impersonality of a glacier.

Mr. Wright, it is time you laughed.

I have just been idling an hour in Weyhe's shop, looking again at the paintings by Alfred Maurer, which he bought some weeks ago. The story is old by now, and doubtless spread from coast to coast. But it is worth re-telling, if only for the pleasure of setting it on record.

Maurer, brought up in the staid academic school of Chase and Co., suddenly broke loose some fourteen years ago, to join that band of insurgents who grouped around Matisse. The war brought Maurer home to an America that was ready neither for Matisse nor Maurer. Gambling in art is not an American vice. Selling was not easy, to put it mildly. Exhibitions even were few. Maurer faded from view. I think I first saw his work at Philadelphia, at that exhibition of Moderns which so shocked the town. Then came the Stieglitz auction at the Anderson Gallery, nicknamed the Artist's Derby, in which we all bore a part. For a week I saw nothing but modern American paintings, and it was interesting to note which stood the test. Maurer grew on me, day by day. His color, instead of fading away on nearer acquaintance, grew more and more resonant. His girls' heads, awkward and pathetic as they appeared at first blush (Mr. Cortissoz has called them depressing), showed more and more that they were alive. I was moved, without knowing why. I wanted to buy. But I was overbid, which did not surprise me (my purse being slender). What did surprise me was to see next morning the paintings hanging in Weyhe's shop. I chaffed him about them. They seemed unlike Weyhe. He protested that he liked them.

Two years: I enter the new shop and Weyhe meets me, beaming with happiness, like a schoolboy on a holiday. He has backed his fancy. He has bought—bought, mind you—Maurer's entire studio, two hundred and fifty paintings. And they are selling. Even before they were hung, they sold. I take off my hat.

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

INDIA, like all other nations of the world today, has its "modernists." But unlike the moderns of France, Russia, Germany and America, her young painters have not broken with tradition but have returned to their own past and found there a mine of material in which to clothe the new spirit which is revitalizing the art of India. Modern Indian painting is the subject of the article which leads the May number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. It is written by Ordhendra Coomar Gangoly who is editor of the magazine, *Rupam*, published in Calcutta and devoted to Indian art. He is writing a series of books, *Modern Indian Artists*, of which the first volume came out about a year ago. It was devoted to the work of Khitindra Nath Mazumdar, two of whose works will be reproduced in color to accompany the article. Mr. Gangoly calls attention to the fact that although America has the distinction of housing the most representative collection of Indian art under one roof—that of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts—she has not yet taken cognizance of the most recent phase of Indian art which has met with interest in Europe. The founder of the modern movement in India is Abanindra Nath Tagore, nephew of the poet. Under his leadership his followers have turned to the study of the old Rajput and Mughal paintings, to the Ajanta frescoes and to the sculptures of Ellora and Mamallapuram. But, as the author says, "Young India has not sought to revive old forms but to find materials from old quarries."

OLD READERS of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO would recognize the author of the article entitled "Gardens and Garden Statues" in the May number if it were printed without a signature. "Sculpture and the softened line of marble against the foliage of green and grey and purple," it says in one place, "and lifted high in pure Italian manner, a splendid silhouette against the sky, or perhaps a niche in an ivy grown brick wall, breaking the line and holding a little figure that sparkles crystals of shining water into a shadowed pool, cheering the plantings near the foot." Very seasonal is this theme by F. Newlin Price, for May is the month when gardens begin to invite. And perhaps there is no more significant expression of the growing love of Americans for the beautiful than the passion for lovely gardens which is manifesting itself in ever increasing strength. A large proportion of the output of American sculptors is devoted to garden statuary, and the landscape architect has come into his own in this country. Mr. Price's article will be illustrated with striking photographs.

MARIE LAURENCIN "stands among the Modernists as impenetrable and distant as the fairies she paints," writes Leo Randole in the May number. "As hard as one might try to trace her master, one can but feel confronted with a personality that has eluded influence. And its substance is even more than elusive; it is impalpable. . . . For once we can feel grateful for an art that defies all analysis and belongs entirely to the imagination of an artist. If she leads us into her colorful and unreal dreamland it is only far enough to make us feel the existence of a very mysterious life that she shares with the beings she creates."

THERE is a new spirit at work in the theater of today, not only among the producers but among the spectators as well. There is a strong feeling that the theater should be more alive and vital, more expressive of contemporary life. Already there have been marked changes in the presentation of plays on the American stage, culminating in Reinhardt's marvellous production, *The Miracle*. That the same movement is equally strong on the operatic stage has not been so apparent in this country, although there have been several productions that have broken away from the time honored traditions. That this new spirit is bound to become more and more the guiding force in the opera there can be little question, and it is well, therefore, to know something of its origin and meaning. In his article "The Changing Opera," which will appear in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO next month, Mr. Sinclair Dumbrow describes the results which have been attained by producers abroad and explains the reason and method behind them. The article will be illustrated by several reproductions from original designs for operatic settings.

H. VARNUM POOR is one of the most inventive of ceramic artists in America today. In fact, there are a great many people who are in touch with what is going on in the field of pottery who would unhesitatingly say that he is the most creative, the most original potter of all. His wares are those of the artist-craftsman working alone, in distinction to factory work and "quantity production." Every operation is carried through by his own hand, even his kilns are of his own building. His aim is to make objects of daily use as simply constructed as possible. To their admirable utility he adds beauty of color in the glazes which sometimes form the sole decoration of his plates, cups and pitchers. When he adds designs of figures, still-life or conventional patterns, which are done in underglaze painting on a cream-white slip, he discloses a remarkable sense of design as applied to curved, indented, or rounding surfaces, or for designs that must fit into circles or ovals. It is Mr. Poor's idea that the so-called "modern" art, with its distortions so distressing to many persons, will find its most important province in the decorative arts, where the problems of space filling demand such distortions to answer the requirements of design. Mr. Poor was first known as a painter but his growing reputation as a potter threatens to eclipse his fame in the former field. There will be an article on Varnum Poor the potter in next month's number by Helen Comstock.

"HE WAS the originator of an individual technique, and everything he painted had personal style and dignity. He imitated no one, nor can he be imitated; he could not even copy his own themes, for every picture presented a new emotion." This is what Lula Merrick says of the late Max Bohm, before essaying an analysis of the artist and his art in the May number. Max Bohm's untimely death last September, in the fullness of his career, affected the art world deeply. He was an American painter whom many think will have a niche among the nation's immortals. The article therefore, with its reproductions in black-and-white and in color, will be timely.

THE painting by Lillian Genth, "An Amusing Story," is reproduced on the cover by courtesy of the Howard Young Galleries.

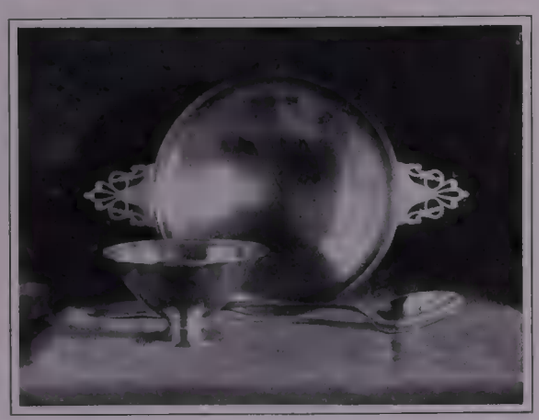
Peyton Boswell

ART IN EVERY-DAY LIFE

THE TITLE is eloquent. It prompts us to look for beauty not only in the "high" places where art is found in marble or upon canvas, but in the hidden by-ways where, all unaware, we may come upon rare objects of antiquity, things of utility that give pleasure through good design and craftsmanship, or bits of handicraft that were, let us hope, fashioned for the pure joy in the making. These are the things we wish to speak of, for no object is too unimportant but that it can, by design and good workmanship, be made distinguished and significant. Whether these things are meant for self adornment or for the embellishment of the home, they should claim our attention, for it is not only the objects that were conceived solely for decorative purposes that have importance, but also the every-day things of utility, which have ever been the real expressions of personal taste. We will speak of these things from month to month.

THERE is a group of craftsmen here in America—silversmiths by choice—who have raised the standard of their profession to one of fine art. They have, through courage and persistence, revived a craft that has lain dormant since the creative period of Colonial days, after which, and for nearly a century, artistic development in America was practically at a standstill. During that interval everything that could lend itself to mechanical production was fashioned by machine. But now, fortunately, interest is again awakening to the beauty of a more personal art in which the craftsman by his own hand can bring to life something that is essentially his own. Through the medium of this malleable metal, he can express his feeling for form and proportion, however subtle or fearless, and he can reveal the inherent beauty of the material itself, through the persuasive strokes of his hammer. A bowl, a pitcher, a cup or a spoon become things of joy when their design is beautiful and their utility proven.

Examples of the work of Arthur J. Stone, James T. Wooley, Karl F. Leinonen and F. J. R. Gyllenberg may be seen at the Little Gallery and the shop of The Society of Arts and Crafts of which these artists are members. There is nothing finer in eighteenth-century English plate, bequeathed us from a period that seems especially fitted to our mode of living, than the fine pieces created by Mr.

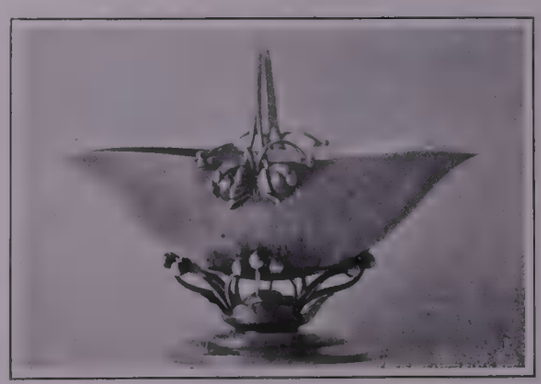


SILVER FROM THE SOCIETY OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

Stone. His boast the same grace, the same reticence in ornamentation, the dignity and simplicity of the earlier examples and yet, when critically viewed and compared, they are subtly different, for Mr. Stone distinctly proclaims that his work belongs to the twentieth century, fulfilling twentieth-century needs. Perhaps the quality in his work that primarily arrests our attention is beauty of form. The flowing lines and exquisite proportions are entirely satisfying, and though the shapes are always chaste and refined, they never give one the feeling of fragility.

The silverware of James T. Wooley, Karl F. Leinonen, F. J. R. Gyllenberg and others of this coterie, follows the traditions of Colonial types in form and feeling. Their work is skillfully executed and shows that fine regard for simplicity and sincerity which was characteristic of the early examples. Their coffee and tea sets, bowls, platters, compote dishes and flat silverware are designed primarily for use, and they are distinguished not only because they are essentially utilitarian, but because, too, the designs enhance their purposes. For the home which is furnished in the Colonial manner, or whose key-note is simplicity, such silver is particularly appropriate, and it is always a pleasure to add to one's collection the interesting work of living craftsmen.

IN A QUITE different vein, but equally significant, is the work of Georg Jensen. This difference, of course, springs primarily from a widely divergent environment and a temperament and personality that are not only forceful and original but also tinged with a strongly national flavor.



SILVER FRUIT DISH BY GEORG JENSEN

First of all, Mr. Jensen is a sculptor immensely concerned with form and line and he is enamored of nature—the rugged, hardy out-door world of Denmark. It follows that his work should reflect his healthy spirit. He uses natural forms, conventionalized or realistic, as a basis for ornamentation, but he rarely uses ornament merely as a superficial decoration. He treats it in such a way that it becomes an integral part of the object itself. For instance, the cover of a dish may terminate in rich foliage or in a conventionalized flower, but this handle is never an isolated unit; it is an essential part of the whole design. So it is with his decoration of other objects; nature is always cunningly subjugated to the vision and mastery of the artist. His work is ample, strong and vigorous and not only has he gained distinction as an artist, but his influence has done much to reinstate his craft in both Europe and America, for good craftsmanship and its appreciation are contagious.

WE USUALLY think of the twentieth century as one in which perfect utilitarian devices are produced, but when we glance at some of the ingenious pieces of silver wrought by the craftsmen of old we stand abashed.

For many of these old pieces are not only ingenious but beautiful; they were fashioned by artisans proud of their craft. In the shop of Howard & Company, where many lovely old examples may be seen, one is deeply impressed with the majesty of the "great" pieces of plate, but the unusual smaller objects make a more intimate appeal. Hidden among other treasures one discovers a stand holding a little oil lamp in the center. The stand was composed of four silver rods mounted on four beautifully designed supports, so fashioned that it could be extended or contracted to hold any size of dish or kettle. There was a fine old dish, too, with an ingenious hot water jacket for keeping



SILVER BOWL WITH COVER *Courtesy of Howard & Co.*

food hot. Customs have changed, but we take pleasure in adapting old pieces to new uses. The so-called porringers—bowls with pierced handles which Colonial and modern craftsmen have reproduced so often—were originally made and used as "bleeding dishes." (The custom of bleeding a patient was once the every-day occupation of the medical man, and every well-to-do household owned such a dish.) Old meat skewers of silver, made long and pointed with cunningly wrought handles, are now used to cut the pages of the latest book or magazine, and enchanting little bowls that were "wine tasters" in France years ago are now sought either to enrich a collection or for use as individual ash trays. Since every piece of old English silver had to be stamped with certain marks instituted by the Company of Goldsmiths, which was chartered in the Fourteenth Century, it is not a difficult matter (for the initiated) to determine the approximate date of any piece. These marks are well known and tabulated. The Charter has been revised from time to time and is in existence to this day. One often wonders why there should still be available so much old plate. The answer lies in the fact that in the old days, silver plate was a very tangible form of wealth and could be easily converted into coin in times of need, or quickly buried and hidden if an enemy approached, but this is also the reason why there are so few pieces remaining dated prior to the reign of Charles I.

KEEN interest has recently been awakened in the old forms of needlework and tapestry weaving—handicrafts whose products are especially adaptable to modern uses. Generally speaking, tapestry weaving on a large scale has not been successfully achieved by modern craftsmen, but needlework (known more specifically as *petit* and *gros point*) is being done very satisfactorily today. The best designs are those which are either exact reproductions of the old or which catch the feeling and spirit of ancient productions, and today wools and silks are obtainable which repeat the rich dull tones of antique specimens. There are, perhaps, no other decorative fabrics that are so rich, yet reticent, and it is interesting to note that they can be used with propriety in any period or style of room—from the earliest types of Gothic and Renaissance to the more recent French and English or the Colonial of the eighteenth century upon which so many of our own rooms are patterned. A large number of fine old tapestry wall hangings and pieces of needlepoint have been sacrificed to make furniture coverings, and specimens of this sort are becoming more and more rare. They can be utilized for the backs and seats of chairs and sofas, and for paneled screens, table runners, mats, stools and cushions.

There remain comparatively few authentic pieces of early furniture, but the old pieces have been copied with such care and nicety that when these modern frames are covered with old fabrics they really serve a greater utility than their frailer ancestors whose durability is almost at an end. In the studios of Barton, Price and Willson, the endeavor to follow the traditions of period pieces has been successfully achieved. The frames are frankly modern but they carry proudly and well their ancient or modern coverings, and sometimes, with happy invention, a combination of the two. The chair shown here is of this latter type. The back is covered with an old piece of the finest *petit point* in subdued tones, with here and there flashing notes of green. The green is repeated upon the seat sovering, fashioned from a modern version of antique velvet. Thus have old and new been brought into harmonious union.



CHAIR WITH BACK OF OLD NEEDLE-WORK
Courtesy of Barton, Price & Willson

THERE is an enjoyment to be had from a ramble through shops where fine craft work is displayed which is quite distinct from that to be derived from a round of galleries devoted to the arts usually called "fine." The appeal of beautiful old furniture, of silver and fabrics, harks back to memories, perhaps unconscious, but still important forces in our lives. Why do we delight in a splendidly appointed room whose every unit comes from, or was inspired by, the craft of centuries ago? Is it not because the appreciation of these things is our real heritage, is caused by the force of a tradition which not even two hundred years of machine-made ugliness can destroy? And this is a tradition of which the essential truth is more widely recognized today than at any period since the eighteenth century, the tradition that useful things are made more so by being beautiful. —HANDON THOMAS



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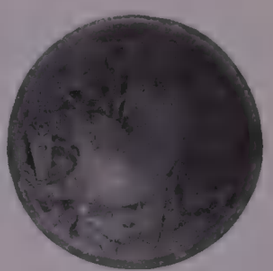
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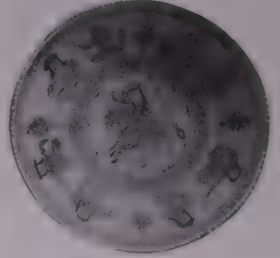
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May 1	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Mongolia
May 1	New York	Genoa	Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Duilio
May 2	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montroyal
May 2	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
May 3	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Tuscania
May 3	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orbita
May 3	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia
May 3	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
May 3	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Muenchen
May 3	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
May 3	New York	London	Direct	Atlantic Transport	Minnewaska
May 3	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
May 3	New York	Trieste	Az., Alg., Napl., Pal., Ragusa	Cosulich	President Wilson
May 3	New York	Cherbourg	Plymouth	United States	Leviathan
May 3	New York	Rotterdam	Vera Cruz, Hav., Vigo, Plym., Boul	Holland-American	Rotterdam
May 6	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillon
May 6	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Luetzau
May 6	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	American	Pittsburgh
May 6	New York	Gothenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Drottningholm
May 6	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Geo. Washington
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May 7	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
May 8	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Hellig-Olav
May 8	New York	Antwerp	Direct	Red Star	Belgenland
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May 10	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
May 10	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Saxonia
May 10	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Columbus
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May 10	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
May 10	New York	Genoa	Palermo, Naples	Trans. Ital	Dante Alighieri
May 10	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	America
May 10	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Mount Clay
May 13	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffern
May 13	New York	Genoa	Philadelphia, Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Taormina
May 14	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita
May 14	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
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May 15	New York	Constanza	Az., Lis., Pal., Napl., Alex., Cons	Fabre	Asia
May 15	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United American	Albert Ballin
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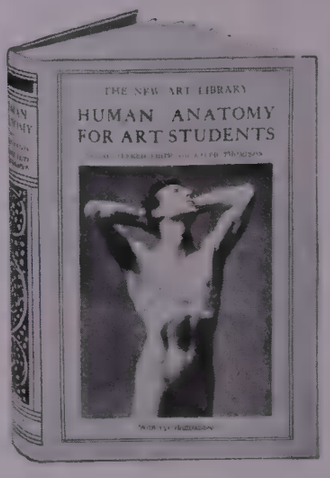
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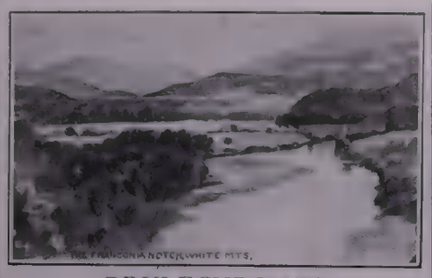


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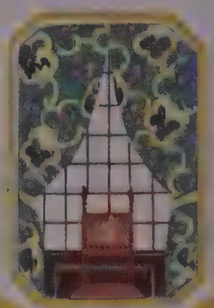


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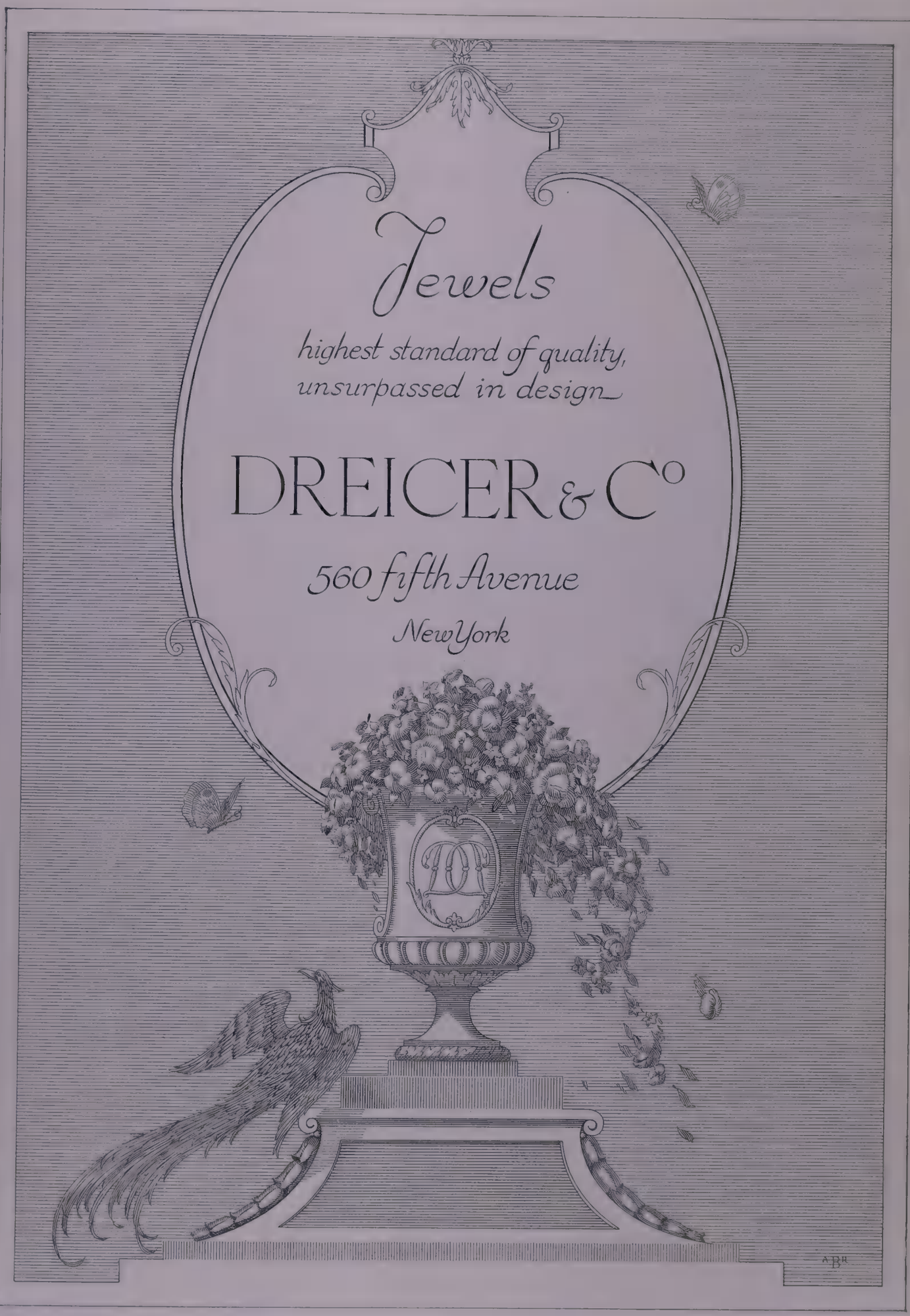
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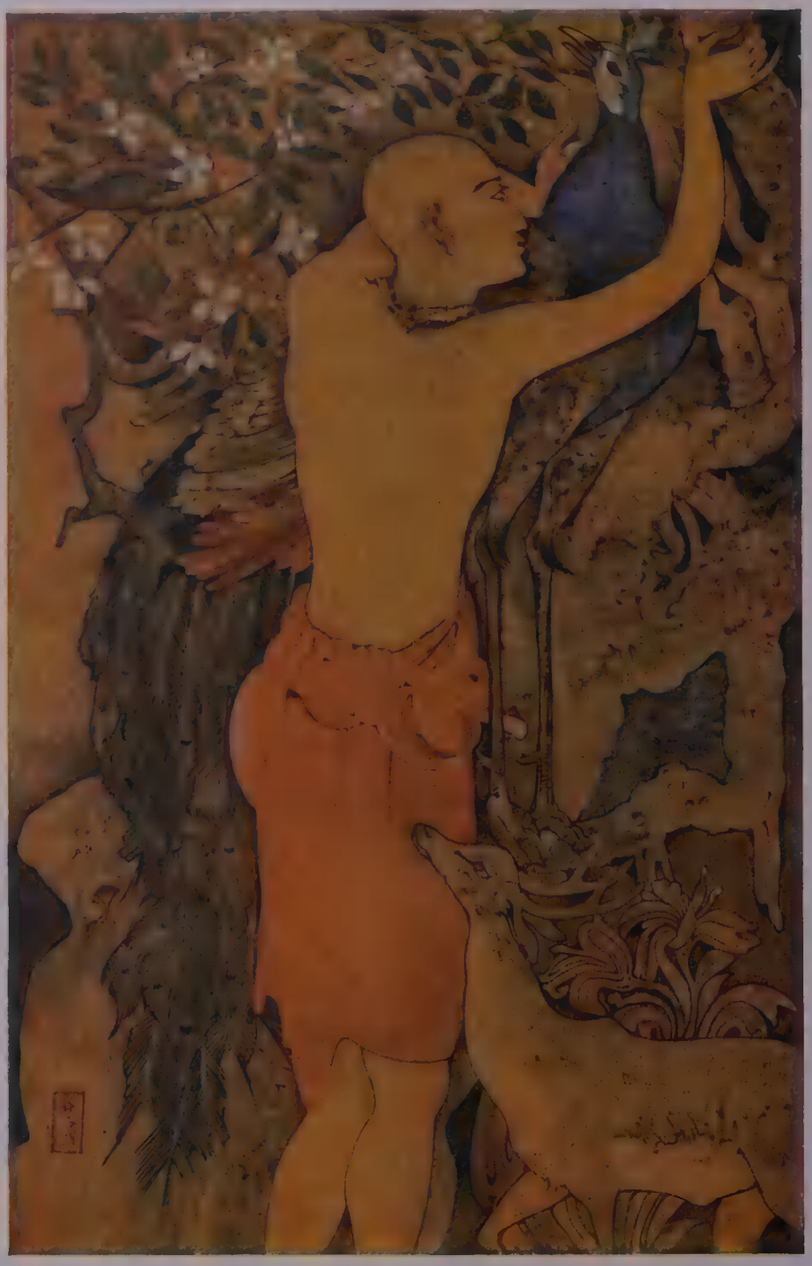
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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume LXXIX

Number 324

May 1924

MODERN INDIAN PAINTING

Under leadership of Tagore artists in India are creating a new art based on ancient traditions of the orient

O. C. GANGOLY

ALTHOUGH America was discovered in the name of India, one can never be a substitute for the other, so discordant are the divergences. Yet the psychology of the one civilization has not proved a barrier to the approach of the other. America has always cultivated an attitude of reverence to messages from India. To Vivekananda she listened with respect; to Tagore, the poet, she has offered her courtesy; to Gandhi, the spiritual politician, she has conveyed her appreciative tributes. To America belongs the unique distinction of housing the most representative collection of old Indian art (that of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts) under one roof. This liberality of outlook has qualified America to understand the message of Indian culture to a degree impossible in Europe where racial and political prejudices film the vision of esthetic judgment. Yet, strange to say, a phase of modern Indian life which has found appreciation in Paris, London and Berlin has not yet found votaries in New York or Boston. While the fame of Tagore, the poet, has penetrated to every nook and corner in cultured American circles, Tagore, the artist, is almost unknown. It is hoped that the traveling exhibition of modern Indian paintings organized under the auspices of the American Federation of Art will help to make America familiar with a modern aspect of an old spirituality for which India has never ceased to find new forms. During the last few years India has been evolving a modern consciousness. Her dreams of old had in many cases faded to emptiness and her spirituality had slept in stagnation. She has been investigating her old customs, rituals and formulas and under the debris of centuries has been discovering the true metal of her own

"AURANGZIB" BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE





"RADHA AND THE PORTRAIT OF KRISHNA" BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE

spirituality. She has been seeking, discovering and re-possessing her old inheritance and building a new life to regenerate the old. From the masterpieces of her antique art she has been deducing forms for a new expression. This orientation towards her ancient culture has been misunderstood by many as archaism or sentimentality. Young India has not sought to revive old forms, but to find materials from old quarries. The rich treasures of tradition which her past achievements offer were on the point of being lost to the race. The modern heir has sought to recover and assimilate them for new achievements. The programs that the official schools of art (modeled on that of South Kensington half a century ago) introduced for the training of artists in India overlooked the values of Indian tradition, notwithstanding the fact that the old schools of Indian painting and sculpture still lingered. But they found no place in the educational curriculum and an exotic school of painting and sculpture grew up, wholly cut off from the beauty and the standard of the art of the race. India for a time forgot her own language in art and tried to adopt a form of expression ill suited to her peculiar culture. But this orgy of foreignism was not destined to last. She soon realized the futility of adopting a European language for an intimate expression of her own self. She began to look for a vocabulary more suited to her needs and found it in her own neglected past. In this quest, Abanindra Nath Tagore, the nephew of the poet, has been the great pioneer. There were few artists in India who could rival his knowledge of Western art. Yet he turned away, for a time, from his European masterpieces and centered his attention on those of his own people. His collection today is the finest representation of old Indian art in all its branches in India. He began to study the technique and the form of old Rajput and Mughal paintings, and even turned to Persian and Japanese models to extract lessons that he desired. He was seeking to derive from the Eastern masterpieces of painting and sculpture materials for building up a modern language for modern Indian art. Many and strenuous were the experiments that he made for assembling his new vocabulary. Now he would copy a Persian illuminated manuscript, and now trace a Mughal drawing. The color schemes of modern Japanese artists engaged his attention for a time and the old Buddhist schools of India claimed their turn. In fact, all phases of Eastern paintings received his consideration. He moved on from lesson to lesson in an eclectic spirit, despising nothing that he thought useful and yet not imitating any manner for its own sake. He had to tarry longer than he thought with the Japanese, for their evanescent and delicate color harmonies enchanted his exploring eyes. But the

claims of old Rajput and Mughal art were never neglected and his aim has been from the very beginning to adopt and assimilate the best lessons from the Mughal masters on the one hand and the Buddhist illuminators on the other. His first serious original attempt was a fresco in the manner of the old Buddhist school. But his genius was too restless to be confined to one single form of expression and his experiments have taken him through an infinite variety of styles. It is difficult therefore to represent him by a few pictures. It is almost impossible to define what is quite "typical" in his art. In composition he has frankly borrowed from European models. At first sight his works are liable to be misunderstood because of their so-called European "influence."



"THE MAD MUSICIAN" BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE

In his attempt to revive the best traditions of Indian painting he has not been alone. Under his leadership and under his immediate guidance a group of young enthusiasts soon banded themselves together to formulate a new artistic language on the basis of the old masterpieces. They did not set out to "revive" the old forms but to carry the old threads into new patterns. The leader has been very careful not to impose his own style on his pupils. He has always endeavored to let each novice follow his own individual inclination and to help him devise a form peculiarly suited to his own temperament. Superficially there is nothing in the work of his first disciple and colleague, Nanda Lal Bose, to connect pupil and master. Bose went straight to old Indian sculptures, to Ellora and Mamallapuram, and created from a study of them a special form suited to his own expression. For many months Bose devoted himself to the task of making accurate copies of the Ajanta frescoes. Indeed there is hardly any living artist to whom the old frescoists have confided so many of their secrets as to this new votary. His remarkable decorative composition, "Heaven" (one of the "Three Worlds" of which the other two were "Earth" and "Water"), painted on the occasion of King Edward's visit to India, honors the best manner of the Ajanta frescoes without reproducing mechanically any of their formulas. He has successfully assimilated the spirit of the language and the peculiarity of its line-expression. This linear design, the power and the flourish of long and sweeping curves, Bose derived from his study of the old frescoes. This emphasis on line in its many modulations and possibilities Bose cultivates as his specialty. It is as well that Bose has devoted his attention to the development of the linear aspect of designs for it is the most characteristic phase of Eastern painting in general. Chiaroscuro and modeling have never been a feature of Oriental painting. The third dimension, depth and solidity, are carefully

avoided by Eastern masters and the flat decorative feeling of Oriental paintings is evidently derived from a two-dimensional and a linear representation. Not that space or perspective are ignored, but they are suggested by methods other than those used in the studios of the West. This has led the exponents of the methods of Eastern painting to concentrate their attention on the possibilities of line as the principal medium of expression. The introduction of color never submerges the authority of the line which holds the whole composition in the grip of its rhythmic balance. And the interpreters of the new movement in modern Indian painting have taken their stand on this fundamental character as the essence of Oriental painting. They found a complete



"RADHA ON THE BANKS OF JAUMNA" BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE

vocabulary of line-language in the masterpieces of the Indian Buddhist frescoes, in the old illuminated manuscripts, and in the miniatures of the Rajput, Kangra and other Pahari schools. The experiments that Bose made followed the style of the old frescoist and image-maker. This has lent to his designs a monumental character which is lacking in the works of his comrades and also in those of his master, Tagore. The latter, in spite of the infinite variety of his poetic imagination and the subtlety and charm of his technique, has remained from the very beginning a miniaturist. His "Aurangzib," one of his latest historical creations, notwithstanding its large size (it is one of the largest that he has ever painted) still retains all the character of a miniature painting. The details on the sword blade, the gold embroideries on the turban and on the shoes, and the general treatment of the delicate outlines follow faithfully the methods of the miniaturists. They are in the best manner of the Mughal painters of the sixteenth century modernized to the taste of the twentieth. The high quality of his performance is due to the great imaginative powers with which he conjures up a "true" picture of the last of the great Moguls without descending to the level of a portrait in the realistic sense. This suspicious, crafty monarch is symbolized in the characteristic stoop of the shoulder and in the attitude of the hands

"THE GIFT OF WATER" BY NANDA LAL BOSE





"THE JAVANESE DANCER" BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE

which grasp the Koran and the sword in a manner which suggests that the two were very often inextricably mixed up in his sanguinary reign. The artist adds a spiritual quality lacking in the works of the court painters of the Mughals.

In his "Mad Musician" we have another example of an attempt to develop the Indo-Persian manner. The spacing and the general feeling of the composition are, however, more reminiscent of the Far East than the Near East. He has never regarded the great schools of Eastern painting as divided into water-tight compartments, but has sought the fundamental unity of purpose and method in a variety of local expressions. Indeed it is difficult to attribute any ancestry to the method employed in the charming little composition "Radha and the Portrait of



"THE YOUNG BRIDE" BY NANDA LAL BOSE

Krishna." The subject is derived from the exquisite romantic poetry of the love of Radha and Krishna, of which there is a unique treasure in old Bengali literature. A friend brings a portrait of Krishna to Radha, the very sight of which invokes in the heroine a mystic passion, the story of which has inspired a volume of poetry unprecedented in any literature. To those unfamiliar with the beauty of this love poetry it is difficult to convey with what delicacy and charm the artist has caught the atmosphere of his subject. To the same group belongs his "Radha on the Banks of the Jamuna." Rhada has gone to the river's edge to fetch water in her little pitcher, which slips from her hands as the distant flute of her lover envelops her in a self-forgetful and mystic reverie. The tremor of her startled being is symbolized in the line of her *sari* and her agitation is conveyed in the ripples of the gold borders of the fabric. It must be apparent that this method of presentation is essentially subjective. More is suggested to the mind than is actually explicit in the picture. What is expressed is much less than what is only indicated to the imagination. The brink of the river is suggested by a line, with a plant in the foreground and one at the back, and although the background is practically empty it seems vibrant with emotion. The figure is derived from no living model, yet the gestures and attitude are invested with greater dramatic intensity because of this.

In the "Javanese Dancer" we have a somewhat different presentation. The thick deep shadows of the background throw the figure into bold relief, almost in the manner of European paintings. Yet on the whole the treatment is flat and frankly decorative, the modeling very spare but significant, and the attitudinized gesture catches the very flavor of the East. It is useful to remember the somewhat disconcerting fact that the artist has never been in Java nor seen a Javanese dancer. His picture is a wholly imaginary conception. This practice of drawing pictures "from the mind," so well known in Eastern traditions, is very popular with all of Tagore's disciples. Take for instance Nanda Lal Bose's picture, "Jalsatra" ("The Gift of Water"), whose subject is drawn from Bengali village life in the hot months when most householders take a vow to supply cool drinks to every thirsty pedestrian who passes their houses. The server sits in the shade with her cool waterpot from which water is poured into a bamboo pipe. Here the artist gives us a true memory picture of Indian life in a charming decorative setting which does not discount the actuality of the subject. The cumbrous expedient of "life sketches on the spot" is unknown to these young Indian painters. There are no preliminary sketches or studies from life; the full fledged composition emanates from

the head, from the storehouse of the artist's memory. The type of the "Kabuli Trader," also by Bose, drawn for an illustration of a short story by Dr. Rabindra Nath Tagore, is presented with all the characteristic features of his type without the intervention of any model. There is not much color in this dainty little miniature; its expressiveness lies in the delicate sensitive lines. For power of draughtsmanship there is hardly any modern Indian picture which can rival his *genre* study, the "Young Bride," which shows the newly married pair on the way to the husband's house. But Nanda Lal Bose is most at home in the mythic religious history of India and particularly in the legends of Siva, the cosmic dancer. To those unacquainted with Hindu religious thought his illustrations of the Siva legends are not likely to appeal. We have therefore selected here one of his own symbolic conceptions, "The Spirit of Autumn," personified as an Indian goddess standing on the lotus of life in a majestic pose, the rigidity of which is broken by the curves of the floating clouds. Such conceptions belong to a world far distant from sensual perceptions.



"THE SPIRIT OF AUTUMN" BY NANDA LAL BOSE

None of the disciples of Abanindra Nath Tagore is more at home in the realm of the imagination than his talented pupil Khitindra Nath Mazumdar. His brushes are dipped in the fantastic colors of an imaginary world which he pictures in exquisitely drawn designs in terms of a human type which can only harmonize with the supernatural. His works have been studied in a recent book, "Modern Indian Artists," from which we present here two color plates after his masterpieces, "Jamuna" and "Chaitanya and the Peacock." The first is a symbolical representation of a river of that name of legendary association which waters northwestern India. In this little miniature the black water of the river is pictured in the person of a girl whose dark skin is emphasized by the white *sari* and the profusion of quaint jewelry and decorations of flowers. The dividing branches of the tree offer the only background for the very beautifully posed meditative figure. In spite of the traditional halo which still adheres to this subject because of frequent treatment in old Indian architecture, the artist reveals an absolutely modern outlook, his vision is uninfluenced by the old masters who have repeatedly handled the same themes. It is in such examples that we can test the creative power of the artist's imagination. It is given to few artists to invest well-worn themes with the charm and freshness of a new conception. Indeed the subjects painted by Mazumdar have indeed a reality of their own, a reality beyond the obvious which calls for a high quality of poetic invention in the artist. To borrow the words of Ruskin, in the "holy awkwardness" of the drawing of his "figurative creatures" Mazumdar has given ample evidence



"THE WILDFLOWER" BY DEBIPROSAD ROY CHOWDHURY

of an inventive power which has not been stifled or limited by "studio models." This coining of types from the inner vision untrammeled by the limitations of a living model is a distinguishing feature of the works of these modern exponents of old Indian art. Even in such *genre* subjects as



"THE RIVER JAMUNA"

by

Khitindra Nath Mazumdar

Courtesy of Rupam

Debiprosad Roy Chowdhury's "Wild Flower," the type is not derived from real life but from the "actuality" of the artist's imagination. When these artists do condescend to portray the characteristics of actual types, as in the "Sonthali Flute Player," by D. C. Bhattacharya, the type is uplifted to the idealized level of a dream world. The aim is to emphasize the inner character of every subject. The actual physical picture is considered a real barrier to the expression of the artist. The physical retinal impression, passed through the medium of the artist's imagination, evolves in a spiritualized and subjective form which is very far removed from a mechanical, photographic verisimilitude. It is the subjective character of the presentation which is proclaimed in the works of these modern Indian painters, a quality which is the common heritage of all Eastern schools of painting. In these imaginative versions the artists present, not the thing itself, but the thoughts evoked by it. These thoughts assume by the method of their presentation conventional shapes which are colored by an unknown quality of beauty and are realized in artistic forms which are many degrees removed from the vulgarity of the actual or the triviality of the real. They have a reality of their own which is not the reality of appearances. They seek to render visible an inner reality which is implicit and not explicit in the objective appearances of things which we see reflected in "the mirror of nature." To Eastern artists the "mirror of nature" is the artist's own inner perception from which his pictures are projected on the canvas. It is evident that an abstract non-representative form could be the only appropriate medium for such ideals, ideals which abjure the portrayal of actual life and outward reality.



"SONTHALI FLUTE PLAYER" BY D. C. BHATTACHARYA

It was the fashion, not long ago, to regard the esthetic future of India through the colored spectacles of racial or political prejudice. The fashion, happily, is already out of date. The new movement in Indian painting has yet to complete its curve. To the exponents of modern European art, seeking ways for escape from the bondage of all forms of realistic, imitative and illustrative art, the works of the new Indian school of painting may offer fruitful suggestions. Though attacking the problem from different points of view, the moderns of Europe and those of Asia are bound for the same goal and have a kinship in identical creeds—notwithstanding wide divergences in practice. The only other difference lies in the fact that the ultra-moderns of Western art are rebels from their historical tradition, while the moderns of India are true to their ancient esthetic history. The old art of India has already sown seeds in the soil of modern Indian thought which will blossom in the art of tomorrow.

FAMOUS VENUS IN BRONZE

Once a portion of a royal gift, the masterpiece of Giovanni da Bologna has finally come to America

When, in the fall of 1923, Mr. K. W. Bachstitz, the collector and connoisseur of The Hague, brought part of his extensive collection over to New York in order to show it to his fellow collectors and art amateurs, there were, among the numerous Italian Renaissance bronzes which included works by Donatello, Riccio, Leonardo da Vinci (a horse of surpassing vigor and beauty) and Benvenuto Cellini (a statuette called "Vice," small in size but great in mastery), several statuettes by Giovanni da Bologna, who, with a certain pride, called himself "Belga," although he had been accepted by the Italians as one of their own and had become a member of the Florence Academy. The most beautiful of these works by him was undoubtedly the "Venus After Her Bath," a bronze, about thirteen and one-half inches in height, with a lovely golden brown patina, bearing, at the back of its base, the signature: Joannes Bologna Belga. It is reproduced on our cover and other illustrations show it from different angles. It is a famous work, which Dr. von Bode describes in his book *Italienische Bronze Statuetten der Renaissance,* Vol. III, p. 4, Pl. 193. It is also mentioned by Julius von Schlosser in his *Werke der Kleinplastik in der Sculpturensammlung des Allerhoechsten Kaiserhauses;* by Borglini in his *Il Riposo,* Edition of 1787; and by Dr. A. Ilg in his article entitled *Giovanni da Bologna und seine Beziehungen zum kaiserlichen Hofe* in the *Jahrbuch der Kunstsammlungen des Allerhoechsten Kaiserhauses, IV,* on pages thirty-eight and following. It represents the graceful figure of a nude woman who has just left girlhood behind and reached the most glorious and fascinating stage of womanhood. She is represented in the act of drying herself; her left leg, with the knee drawn up somewhat, rests on a rock, while her right leg bears the weight of her body. Her chest is slightly bent forward and her head also bent, down and to the side. She holds a cloth in her left hand, pressing it to her breast and with her right hand dries her left leg with a large towel or drapery. Her hair, knotted on the neck, is arranged with dainty elegance. Her face is oval in form, with refined, delicate features, and her expression is unconcerned, that of the goddess who, conscious of her own beauty, is above the fear of being observed.

The statuette, under the title "Figurina," together with the "Mercury," Bologna's most famous statue, and a relief, was sent in 1564, to the Emperor Maximilian II in order to win him over to the project of a marriage between the Archduchess Johanna of Austria and Prince Francesco dei Medici. There can not be any doubt about this statuette's having been done entirely by Giovanni da Bologna himself, whereas a number of less finely worked replicas in different, mostly public collections, can only be attributed to Bologna's workshop. The Emperor was so fascinated by these works that he, and later on his successor Rudolph II, urgently invited Giovanni to enter their service, but, although the artist was not at all well paid by the Florentine Grand Duke —his monthly emolument consisting of only thirteen and later on twenty-five ducats—he could not bring himself to leave Florence and his master for good, although he was, according to the custom of that age, "leased out" several times to clients outside Florence.

Although Vasari and others have written about Giovanni, and there is a biography in a large volume by A. Desjardin, published in 1883, not much is known about his life. But his works speak a clear enough language. He was an artist through and through. First meant for the law, he was soon tired of that dry-as-dust study, and managed to enter J. Dubroeucq's studio as a pupil. When his time of apprenticeship was over, he went to Rome where, it is said, he once showed one of his sketches to the old Michelangelo. The master completely changed the sketch and gave the young aspirant the advice "to try again." Giovanni heeded it and, for quite a time, he seems to have made only drawings and sketches. As, however, in Rome, there was no hope for his gaining a livelihood, reluctantly enough he decided to return to his own country. But when passing through Florence he made the acquaintance of old Bernardo Vecchietti who had good connection at the Grand-Ducal Court. It is said that it took the scoffing of the frequenters of old Vecchietti's beautiful villa Riposo near Florence to induce Giovanni at last to attempt not only a sketch but to finish a statue in marble, that of a Venus. But he had taken Michelangelo's advice so much to heart, that, later on, after the statue had been acquired by Francesco dei Medici who, connoisseur that he was, placed it in his bedroom, he asked to be

allowed to work it over again. But its happy owner refused the request. This statue was the first of the many graceful figures — female and male, although the former predominated —which Giovanni fashioned to the delight of princes and commons alike, and was the beginning of his fruitful connection with the house of Medici. More fruitful, however, for that noble house than for the artist, at least in point of pecuniary reward. But Giovanni, with the genuine artist's spirit, did not think much of money, although he did use the Emperor's invitation to try to get a rise in his more than modest salary from his patron the Grand Duke. And although he was one of the most industrious of artists and his works and those of his workshop were much sought after, he did not accumulate many of this world's riches. His nature was too large for that.

And yet, nothing is known about his attitude towards the "fair sex." Desjardin simply says that he was married to a certain Ricca, a Bolognese woman, who, after only a short married life, died in 1589 when Giovanni was already sixty-five years old. Desjardin, somewhat slyly, adds that she must have been a good wife because so little is known about her! So she can not have inspired Giovanni to his *Song of Songs* on the beauty and loveliness of woman! Yet, some person of real flesh and blood must have done it. It is true that, by generalizing the features of the face (the faces of all his female figures look very much alike, as was the case with other artists at that time), by using certain proportions, etc., he gave his figures greatness and universality, but as an artist he must have started from personal experience. An episode in his life



"VENUS" BY GIOVANNI DA BOLOGNA



"VENUS" BY GIOVANNI DA BOLOGNA

makes that certain. When in 1579, at about fifty-five years of age, he wanted to sum up all his knowledge and art in one supreme work, he contemplated a marble group in which he could combine, in a harmonizing whole, the angularity of age, the strength of youth and the loveliness of woman. This group was conceived by him quite in a general way as a woman carried off by the victor, but was afterwards named by the laiety who always want a well-sounding, antique or allegorical name, "The Rape of the Sabine Women." When he began to work at the figure of the youth, he could not proceed, for the inspiration of the moment, coming from personal experience alone, was lacking. In his difficulty, help came to him unexpectedly through his meeting a young man with an exceedingly beautiful figure, young Count Ginori, called *Il Bel Italiano*, who, with commendable broadmindedness, agreed to act as his model. So there must have been some living inspiration for his female figures, too. And judging from the love and the warm glow with which these figures were apparently created, a glow which only seems to be kept from springing into almost devastating flames by the earnest restraint of the artist bent on translating pulsing life into the language of his art, this inspiration can not have come from a mere model. To the creation of "The Girl Drying Herself" (for here too the archæological title of Venus was supplied by outsiders) the artist must have been driven by the lovely and perhaps quite accidental pose of the beloved whom he may have surprised, some morning, in this alluring attitude.

Photographs by courtesy of P. Jackson Higgs, American representative of the Bachstitz Gallery

EARLY AMERICAN CARVING

Earliest of imported crafts still stands as a notable example of well directed effort in decorative art

EDWARD B. ALLEN

CARVING, the cutting of designs on a plain surface to relieve its monotony, was one of the first crafts brought to the American Colonies and in richness of effect the work of this time has remained unequalled even by that in the manner of the Italian and French Renaissance and the less frequent Gothic which has been so popular with architects and interior decorators here in recent years. In the famous Colonial mansions that have come down to us this carving is one of the most irresistible appeals they make, and of those houses that have suffered most damage in the passing years the carving has been less injured than any of their decorative features. It appears everywhere in these structures — on the entrance doors, mantels and overmantels, on the staircases, interior pilasters, newel posts, balustrades and on those built-in and moveable corner-cabinets which were such charming features of the houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries along the Atlantic seaboard.



DOORWAY, DUMMER ACADEMY, BYFIELD. BUILT IN 1715

Colonial doorways are always attractive and artistic with an infinite variety of design. This is well illustrated in the portal of the famous Dummer Academy at Byfield, Massachusetts, originally built in 1715 as a private residence. It has garlands of grapes, leaves and stems on flat pilasters on either side, a curved pediment with modillions resting on double curved slender brackets carved with delicate acanthus leaves. There is a fine bit of carving belonging to the Adam period around a doorway in the Cook-Oliver house in Salem, Massachusetts (built in 1799), executed by Samuel McIntire, which is worthy of attention. Above the pilaster on the right side, which is incised in an odd style, is a flower rosette and over that is a festooned urn heaped with many fruits in high relief. Across the entablature is a graceful drapery, the hanging folds at the ends held up by a bow-knot. Just under the door-cap is an unusual fret, like a bow with double ends. The inside of the doorcasing is covered with slender reeding, the whole effect of the carving being unusually artistic and decorative.

Of the same period is another doorway, hand-carved, and attributed to the great Bulfinch. It is in the back parlor on the second floor of the Parker-Inches-Emery house at No. 40 Beacon Street, Boston, now the home of the Woman's City Club and built at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The general effect of this portal is one of greater boldness of design, the chief feature being the capital with its pronounced spirals above a row of shell-like figures covered with a leaf motive between which, within a circle, is a figure of scrolls with twisted ends. On the block above is a laurel wreath with looped stems while across the lintel extend block figures with foliated rosettes alternating with rectangles of Greek frets.

It is in the interiors of these houses, however, that we find the more varied pleasures in the fine carvings on nearly all moldings, cornices, chimney-pieces and mantels. In the Royall house in Medford, Massachusetts, which was built in 1730 and facetiously called "Hobgoblin Hall" after being



CAPITAL IN THE ROYALL HOUSE, MEDFORD. BUILT IN 1730

deserted by its owner at the beginning of the Revolution, are some rare examples of carved Corinthian capitals equally well finished on all sides, even those parts not readily seen. In the Ladd-Moffat house in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, dating from 1763 and now a museum conducted by the Colonial Dames, is a small panel, in the center of the frieze of a mantel, with roses and leaves carved in high relief, the large rose in the center of the festooned garland lacking only color to give it the appearance of a living flower. The entire mantel is believed to have been brought



DOOR-TRIM FROM COOK-OLIVER HOUSE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS. BUILT IN 1799

from the English home of the father of the builder, Captain John Moffat. The center panel is attributed to the famous English woodcarver, Grinling



DOOR-TRIM FROM THE PARKER-INCHES-EMERY HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. ATTRIBUTED TO THE ARCHITECT CHARLES BULFINCH



CARVED BALUSTRADE, ROSEWELL, VIRGINIA

Gibbons, although it is surmised that it belongs to the school of William Kent (1719–1748). The curved brackets supporting the shelf at either side are decorated with acanthus leaves and all the moldings are covered with minute tracery. Another bit of carving, also attributed to Gibbons, decorates the over-mantel in the parlor of the Lee mansion in Marblehead. This consists of foliated tracery and scrolls, hanging garlands with ribbons and bunches of grapes in profusion, its delicacy and naturalness showing the hand of a master.

In Maryland and Virginia the Colonial period left us some of the most superb and characteristic examples of the private houses of the time, the interiors of which are a constant delight to the student of woodcarving as applied to domestic architecture. Whitehall, a few miles from Annapolis, Maryland, and which was the home of Governor Horatio Sharpe, has a profusion of carving of the highest order, on doors, windows, cornices and in the dome of the hall. The designs consist chiefly of delicate foliated scrolls, with the tongue and dart motive and fine beading like seed pearls. The design of the window-casing is especially pleasing, ending in a wide oval at the bottom around which twines foliated scroll-work, beginning with a leaf figure at the center, around which it winds, and extends upward in graceful curves until lost in the narrower lines of molding above. The carving, so legend tells, was done by a young redemptioner sent to the Colony whose con-

STAIRWAY CARVING, INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA





NEWEL POST, TUCKAHOE HALL, VIRGINIA, BUILT ABOUT 1730



CARVED WALNUT FRIEZE AROUND A STAIR-WELL, FROM TUCKAHOE, VIRGINIA. BUILT ABOUT 1730

dition aroused the pity of the governor, who promised the youth his freedom if he would decorate the governor's new mansion. This he proceeded to do, working long and patiently until the house was transformed into a marvel of carved beauty in most perfect taste. When the work was done he died from a sudden illness so that Whitehall represents the lifework of this unfortunate young master carver, who remained unknown, for no one knew who he was or whence he came.

The grand staircase at Rosewell, Virginia, was enriched with a profusion of delicate carved designs executed in mahogany. The frieze of the balustrade at the upper landing is completely covered with a running design composed of foliated scrolls, branches of husks and tiny flowers in clusters of three. The small balusters have spiral grooves along the middle of the shaft, but the larger ones instead of grooves have the surface covered with the flowers, leaves and tendrils of the frieze, twining around its curved surface. This is an unusual style of baluster, probably the only other similar one being the newel post at Tuckahoe, where the same design is seen in larger proportion, with an added Corinthian capital on which rests the curving end of the hand rail. This unique style of baluster links these two houses with the Tudor period in England, because this pattern is practically identical with that carved on the chimney-piece in an Elizabethan mansion at Great Yarmouth, England, built in 1596. Over the frieze of the balustrade of the upper hall landing is a similar design with a woven basket of flowers for a centerpiece from which the scrolls, flowers and tendrils spread to the right and left. At a short distance the frieze has the appearance of a border of fine lace. The scrolled step-ends with rosettes and leaves are another enrichment, which carries the design of the frieze down the staircase, covering all exposed surfaces. At Tuckahoe the frieze of the upper balustrade is also covered with a foliated scroll design, with a woven basket holding a bouquet of various flowers for a centerpiece, from which the scrolls curve in bold circles to right and left. The stair brackets at Carter's Grove and Westover, Virginia, are also highly ornamented with thistle leaves, bell-shaped flowers or calyx, tiny star-like flowers, quatrefoil and spirals like those seen on the shells of snails, all gracefully combined. Another very decorative scroll design for step-ends is on the stairway in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

China cupboards, sometimes built into the walls of rooms, or as movable pieces of furniture, were an important feature in houses of the better class. Some had paneled doors enclosing the lower section, with shelves above for the china, with fluted pilasters at each side, the top being arched and having lines of fluting radiating from a figure at the back on a line with the base. These were sometimes made of pine but more often of mahogany, a variant from these being cabinets painted white, the lines and fluting being gilded. Even in rooms where the decoration was confined to plain moldings and panels, the scale and execution of their carving warrants attention. The simple panels were splendidly proportioned both as to size and depth of cut, and cornices, door and window trim and mantels, although unornamented, were well designed both in the relation of composing units and to the scale of the room.

These examples reveal how very decorative Colonial carving was, almost always showing the touch of a master hand in design and execution, but it was always only an accessory to the main architectural features, whether of mantel, window, doorway, staircase or merely a molding, each part graduated to its proper value wherever it was.



GARDEN OF MRS. WALTER S. BREWSTER, LAKE FOREST. EDITH BARRETT PARSONS, SCULPTOR

Sculpture in American Gardens

F. NEWLIN PRICE

THE JOY of seeing that area of color breaking against a shore of green forests, the luxurious banquet for the eyes in the gardens of our country, to move above the land suspended out of life, as if we had lived for ever or had parted from life to dwell in some glad dream of the spirit, then perchance to descend and cut the flowers from their fairy pedestals and carry them into the house to make the glory of a flower filled home, to a room that seems more full of faith and joy when you have placed your bouquets here and there, a childlike beauty strangely fragrant and romantic, making this place, your home, a better, holier cabinet for your soul! But now I write of gardens and garden statues, the sculpture of American artists, achieved and set down in the finest gardens in the land. Thanks and acknowledgment must be given to the Garden Club of America for its courteous assistance to the writer, and its extraordinary service to the country. It has built a knowledge and appreciation of good



GARDEN OF MRS. HAROLD I. PRATT, GLEN COVE. JANE T. SCUDDER, SCULPTOR

planting and design that is of inestimable value to its members, its members who also find within its magic circle people of taste and flower-love and love for beauty that is unequalled in any other organization. It is true that as yet the placing of statuary is only begun, but even today there rise from out the lawn and hedge great statues, fine fountains and sundials, birdbaths, and in and out there wind delightful pathways leading you on to vistas of beauty and color and fine marble tracery against the sky or valley woods.

Sculpture and the softened line of marble against the foliage of green and grey and purple,



GARDEN OF MRS. GARDINER McLANE, MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA. RECCHIA, SCULPTOR

and lifted high in pure Italian manner, a splendid silhouette against the sky, or perhaps a niche in an ivy grown brick wall, breaking the line and holding a little figure that sparkles crystals of shining water into a shadow pool, cheering the plantings near the foot. Such an installation is in the garden of Mrs. Phipps of the North Country Garden Club. It is passing beautiful, in size and line complete, and brings you the haunting beauty of every worthwhile work of art. Its treatment is pure and direct, a delight to all who observe. Here fall the sunlight or the moonbeams bright to show a fairy spot, where "vines are ever fruited and the weather ever fine." So simple and complete, so perfect that you must take with you a full

GARDEN OF
MRS. HAROLD I.
PRATT, GLEN COVE.
TRAVATINE STONE
FOUNTAIN
DESIGNED BY
WM. A. DELANO



GARDEN OF
W. K. JEWETT,
PASADENA,
CALIFORNIA



GARDEN OF ROBERT ALLERTON, MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS. GLYN PHILPOT, SCULPTOR



GARDEN OF MRS. FRANCIS C. FARWELL, LAKE FOREST. SYLVIA SHAW JUDSON, SCULPTOR

memory of the moment, full and pleasant and thankful. In Manchester-by-the-Sea lives the garden of Mrs. Gardner Lane, and here there is a corner of our world that gives delight. Recchia, a young sculptor of Boston, has modeled Pan with his pipes and the figure is beautifully placed in the corner fern bed. The base is neat and square, the figure fine in size and has something of eternal youth in and about it; perhaps a too modern Pan with his carefully combed and brushed effect. This corner of the garden is an esthetic event, comprehensible, beautiful, one feels he would like to be there, to have the fern bed Pan nearby, recalling to our present day the mischievous child of the Greeks who played for the dancing nymphs.

It is quite too grand for me to compass those gardens that seem manicured and barbered endlessly. To me the spot refined from the wilds calls out; yet recall the Gardens of Versailles, what grandeur, what stupendous overwhelming beauty, calm, majestic, thrilling and restive to degrees, that lead you on to see a statue near the mirror lake or deep in the forests the Pavilion d'Amour. To then look up on the palace superbly mounted, of perfect



GARDEN OF MRS. HAROLD I. PRATT, GLEN COVE. EDWARD McCARTAN, SCULPTOR

line and volume. There are such places in the gardens of our country. I can give you only a few instances. The garden of Mrs. Harold I. Pratt at Glen Cove where Edward McCartan's sundial beautifully placed in a square of lawn, to and from which lead paths through low hedges that confine a flood of blossoms. Roses, flax, delphinium, harebells, in each separate quarter with trees grown high to barricade the sky. Not all too near, for there is rhododendron hedge. This hedge is nearer to the young Diana by Janet Scudder, standing a short way off, and before the tapestry of trees that, reaching up, seem to look upon and shelter each guarded corner with its blessing. Again there is pleasure and great beauty in the *travatura* stone fountain by William A. Delano, that nestles to the wall of a summer house.

GARDEN OF
MRS. EDWARD HOLTER,
MT. KISCO, NEW YORK.
PAUL MANSHIP,
SCULPTOR

Photo by M. E. Hewitt



GARDEN OF MRS. ARTHUR H. SCRIBNER, MT. KISCO, NEW YORK. WALL FOUNTAIN

From Long Island to Pasadena. We might as easily have gone south or north. But see the approach to the fountain in the gardens of W. K. Jewett. Here might the ladies and courtiers of any time perform their minuet or stroll in the sunlight of their pleasure. Here high hedges and the cone-like columns make a temple out-of-doors in which to worship or to sing, to dance or dream. And then the stately gardens of Mrs. Oakleigh Thorne, with Nymph and Faun by Clio Bracken, a shadow pool, a hedge, some hand-wrought iron and velvet turf of green. It is the land of childhood, full of wonder and beautifully made. In another glorious garden in Monticello, Illinois, the garden of Mr. Robert Allerton, Glyn Philpot has two



GARDEN OF MRS. H. HARKNESS
FLAGLER, MILLBROOK.
LEAD FOUNTAIN



GARDEN OF MRS. HENRY B. REA, SEWICKLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

figures by the pathway, nicely placed, direct, strong and pleasing. In Lake Forest, Sylvia Shaw Judson has built a fountain for Mrs. Francis C. Farwell, the figure quite lovely and of flowerlike beauty, naïve and charming, a little baby bacchanalian faun that is delightful. The mounting perhaps a trifle unconsidered and too crude. Yet who can resist the little figure of the harvest. In this same Lake Forest, in the gardens of Mrs. Brewster, is a fountain by the woodside where birds may bathe and frolic, around which iris grows. The fountain is that inimitable Duck Baby by Edith Barrett Parsons who stands smiling out at you from the shelter of the trees. To me, such garden spots are life, with all its transient moods. There



GARDEN OF MRS. ALEXANDER LAUGHLIN, SEWICKLEY. ANNA COLEMAN LADD, SCULPTOR

could one isolate himself, set free his spirit, and in the music of the water recall old loves, old friends and meet glad promises of days to come.

Nor can I resist the including of the Boy and Panther Cub by Malvina Hoffman, set in a trefoil pool of lily pads and leaves, rustic, perfect in surprise; the boy lives, draws breath and stands ignoring you, enrapt in his attention to the pleasing little cub. I know no better installation where values are so well kept—the volume, the size and color, the line of the fountain pool are perfect. Of the same style is the garden of Mrs. Edward Holter of Mount Kisco with a sundial by Paul Manship, whose values fit and fill its unostentatious installation. It stands there, spirit of the East from centuries handed down, to tell you time, immutable, at ease, proud and beautiful. It must surprise and delight anew any bored beholder. Against a hillside in Mount Kisco in the gardens of Mrs. Arthur Scribner, there is a little wall fountain



GARDEN OF DR. EDWARD L. PARTRIDGE, STORM KING. MABEL CONKLING, SCULPTOR

with two figures in white against vines, and then a little pool of water into which falls a square sheet of water which in its design and beauty is entirely personal in its elaboration. So we may look at the wall fountain of Mrs. H. Harkness Flagler at Millbrook, that finds its medium in lead sculpture. It must be very beautiful in spring for the fountain is handsomely completed. I do not like the peacocks on the wall, too regular, too much, and yet why should Americans not model in lead? There is no quality so fine for gardens.

Of the gardens of Mrs. Henry R. Rea, Sewickley, Pennsylvania, probably the most interesting photograph is that of Mercury mounted high against the sky, that gorgeous figure on a Georgian fountain, on each side of which rise vine-covered pergolas, under which ceramic jars hold little trees, and lower still those beautifully shaped urns of long ago. This to be sure is not American sculpture but soon, if not now, American sculptors will be of the world, even as the Greeks gave beauty to all time. In Sewickley, also, in the gardens of Mrs. Alexander Loughlin, we find a beautiful statue called Allegra by Anna Coleman Ladd placed in a delicious corner of her garden, where one must follow little balustered walks to descend to the pool that lies irregular, half hidden by the planting, half formal and wholly beautiful spot, a nest of happiness, mirror of the skies and your delight. Nearer home on Storm King, up the Hudson, at the home of Dr. Edward L. Partridge, a little garden pool and by its side the Lotus Girl by Mabel Conklin, a lovely figure, half life size, holds a lotus flower from whose stem drip crystals of water. It is these little turnings of the way that reveal a human event. These count: to find at the turning of your road a surprise in beauty, the man-made thing placed there with care and scheming to be companion to the pageant of mother earth. Around its form climb vines quite richly fruited, fragrant if we but will it so. In Kingston is the garden of Mrs. Edward Coykendall, and in and through it you will find the true spirit of a garden. The sculpture seems diminutive, too low for those high monuments of cedar, too low for those walls, and yet a masterpiece among the American gardens.



GARDEN OF MRS. EDWARD COYKENDALL, KINGSTON, NEW YORK

If you feel that you have no more love or joy in you there is no better playmate than the flowers and children frolicking amid the splash of fountains. Surely soon we will have other than the Duck Baby, something of the melodic lyric quality. Manship and Diederich have touched the East, Frishmuth and Korbel find their song, and yet I feel convinced that the greater design values will be produced. No smug complacency of the accepted thing will satisfy for long. Better the vaunted "harmony of triangles" than the work without a tune. To look upon the average dwelling of the wealthy is to see built a marble mausoleum, true



GARDEN OF MRS. ROBERT BACON, OLD WESTBURY. JANET SCUDDER, SCULPTOR

to all accepted rules, subject to a sincere worship of the past, its builders all too thoroughly sincere, and yet times come when gay adventure makes for masterpieces. As an example of the intimate piece, I present the fountain, Janet Scudder, sculptor, of Mrs. Robert Bacon (back to Long Island as you see). Close to the windows of the dining-room it sings its song of splashing water, round it no mountainous trees, just flowers and hedges and an arbor. It is playful, refreshing and quite American. It seems to be glad in the close companionship. So we might speak of the boy Triton and Sea Horse fountain by Anna Hyatt Huntington, one at each end of a long pool that is a beautiful part of a Southampton garden. This statue has action and joy and abandon, and nestles in below a pergola. To reach it you must tread the path of flowers, and then you will find the pool, a fountain playing over waterlily pads and blossoms, a seductive secluded area of romance, quite charming.

So to conclude, they all have personality. How could so many days be spent, labor and love ceaselessly spent, without some part of the spirit taking up residence. I have felt in a house its master, though he was far away. So with a garden; into its paths and pools there goes a part of the builder. This we may say, that the personality of a garden varies even more than persons vary, for time without end the garden stands in reaction. Masters come and go, trees and plants mount to the skies, wild flowers creep in with their accidental notes, nooks and lovely spots sheltered and away become a wilderness of charm and rock piles find assembly with their creeper flower friends. For no mere mortals they perform, for us and then for others as they pass. Their pageant of the year keeps on sending a haunting perfume of delight, holding for long the memory of the builder.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

THE CHANGING OPERA

Modern stagecraft, exemplified by the work of Reinhardt and his associates, brings new spirit to operatic settings

SINCLAIR DUMBROW

AMERICA has moved far in stage technique in the last decade. The vagaries of a Gordon Craig are already become elementary tools for the modern producer. Tempo, rhythm, fusion of light, color and movement—these are but sober essentials for the awakened stage man. Productive unity, they call it. Ten years ago it was a cryptic term employed by dramatic theorists to hide their visions from an irreverent world. Today not even a George M. Cohan can escape its implications. Only the operatic stage remains tolerably free from the burden of it. For the gentlemen of the Metropolitan Opera House the painted props of the nineteenth century theatre retain a large measure of their venerable glory. "Aida" still burgeons forth each winter in the faded trappings of old Italian opera. And Radames with undiminished ardor sings his *O terr' adieu!* from a dungeon that looks prophetically like a subway kiosk.

In America the gap has always been wide between the stage technique of the spoken and musical dramas. Today the gap is measureably wider. Yet in that very extremity lies the greater hope for a quick arch to bridge the chasm. Our opera is an esoteric growth painfully guarded behind closed doors from the rude contacts of the popular consciousness. But even confirmed institutionalism can not afford to be left too far behind. Daily the growing processional of artistic unity sweeps against the closed doors; and it would be strange indeed if some trailing fringe were not left behind. Willi Pogani's colorful mountings to "Le Coq d'Or" and Josef Urban's majestic sets for "Parsifal" were both steps on the way. In Germany, however, the gap between opera and drama is less insistent. Both are national subsidies, often nurtured under a common directorate. And advances in stagecraft, born of the experimental stage, are reflected equally on the operatic stage, within the compass of libretto and mechanical facilities. Thus in Berlin the "expressionistic" innovations in stage design of the last decade (from which the new theatre movement in America draws a large measure of inspiration) are no less vital for the Deutsches Opernhaus than they are for the Deutsches Theater. "Lohengrin" at the Volksoper is as startling to the unprepared imagination as "Massemensch" at the Volksbuehne.

Fortunately America has had a recent opportunity to witness a phase of Germany's new methods in operatic stage design. When George Hartmann brought the German Opera Company to New York, he brought with him a new creative principle, the principle of simplicity. And it was assuredly a simplified, economized Wagner that he offered at the Manhattan Opera House, with but little left of the "Bayreuth tradition." Wagner's elaborate stage instructions, aiming at a labored realism, had been set aside for a quick, symbolic imagination. Instead of the intricate arrangements of painted wings and plastic masses, designed to build for the spectator a visual reality, Hartmann sought with light and color and a few symbolic lines to impress an emotional reality. A pillar and arch sufficed for a palace. An open space, broken by a single precipitate line without beginning or end, built to the eye the awe of some god-haunted height. A Gothic window struck the keynote for an interior church scene.

It is true that simplicity has not always been a principle with the German stage manager. It began in the poverty of the afterwar period as a tragic need. The mark and the theatrical production budget shrank simultaneously to piteous proportions. Realistic staging in anything like the old sense of the word was doomed. It remained only to find a cheaper substitute. And it was not long before the ingenious minds of the younger generation hit upon the expedient of the black-curtained cyclorama. Verily, they declared, if stage sets are costly and troublesome, why have them at all? It was an impregnable argument. But it had its perilous aspects. If then actors become costly and troublesome, shall they also be disposed of via the back door? And stage managers? Obviously a more moderate solution was desirable. And such a solution was found in simplicity. Simplicity which eliminated irrelevant detail to attain a higher emotional verity consonant with the mood and tempo of the dramatic theme. But a simplified stage design is not the only quality that the German music drama has absorbed from the experimental stage. Before the war the staging of an opera was effected without significant contact between the scenic designer and the stage director or *régisseur*. The former painted his sets from established models without serious reference to the activities of the *régisseur*.



SKETCH BY EMIL PIRCHAN FOR FRANZ SCHREKER'S OPERA "SCHATZGRAEBER"

Scene of the Prologue: A ceremonial chamber in the Palace of the King. The King seeks advice from his Fool



SKETCH BY EMIL PIRCHAN FOR FRANZ SCHREKER'S OPERA "SCHATZGRAEBER"

The gallows scene from the second act. All detail has been eliminated in order that the attention may be concentrated on the symbol of tragedy and foreboding—the gallows



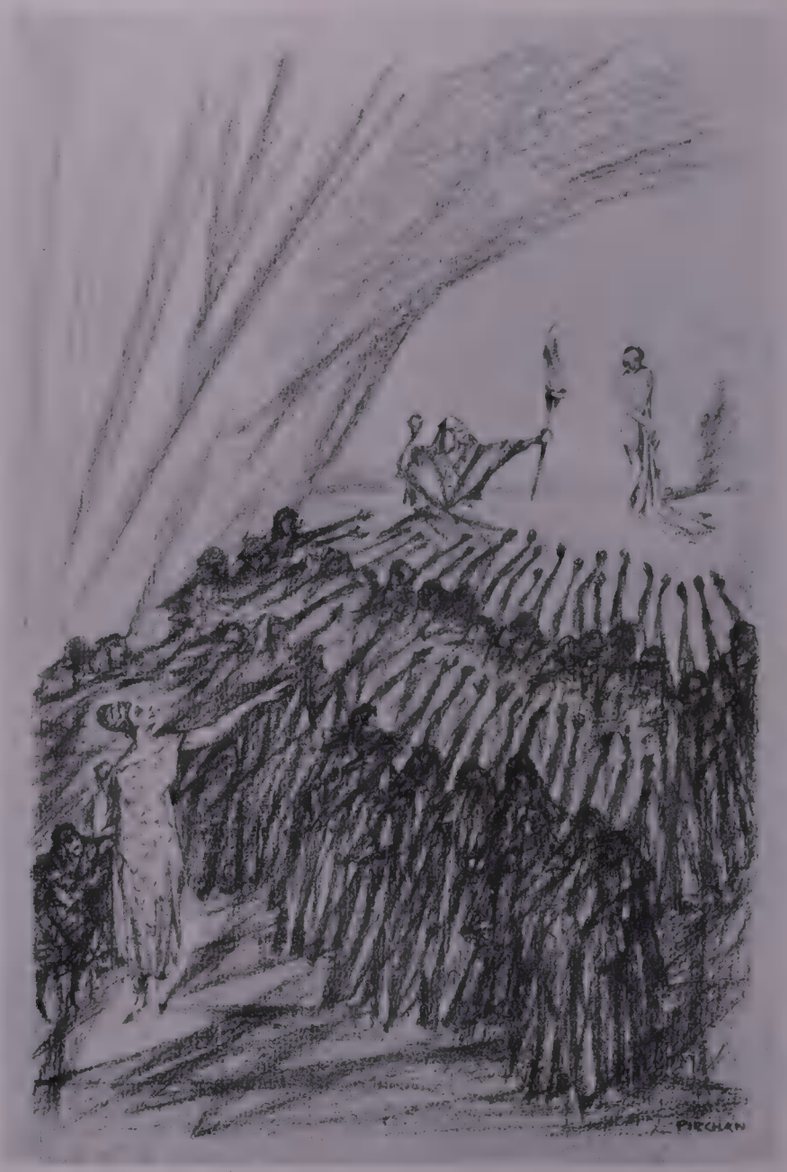
SKETCH BY EMIL PIRCHAN FOR STRAUSS' OPERA "JOSEFSLEGENDE"
A symbolical representation of the Trials of Joseph

As for the latter, it was not at all uncommon for that worthy to hold his final costume rehearsals on an unmounted stage and think no more about it. Such a thing is inconceivable in the better theatre now. That delectable juggling of the action and the *mise en scène* to strike a prescribed rhythm, so dear to the modern drama, is the very basis of the new operatic staging. Music, word, gesture—all are measured to a single pattern. And out of the synchronization of the whole springs that rare power to fuse the world of the spectator into the world of the composition.

Munich was first to apply the new decorative principles to the Wagnerian Ring. Its modification of the composer's pompous stagecraft has inspired Gatti-Casazza to some well conceived eliminations in his newer presentations of "Die Walkure." Fricka has left her goat carriage behind. And the cavortings of the Valkyries are left to the mercies of the music, without visual projection on a black cloth. But it has remained for the Staatsoper in Berlin to bring to the new technique the unrestrained reverence that it gave to the old; to make a simple, symbolic verity the touchstone of its producing machinery. In the last few years every opera in its repertory has been given a new frame and a new vesture, stylized within practicable limits to the tempo of the times. That is to say, the spiritual bias of each theme was sifted down to a preconceived convention or mode of approach to life. And in that mode or convention the work was recast. The approach to each problem was the same. To begin with, the director, in this case Dr. Franz Ludwig Hoerth, draws up for each scene initial plans, indicating to his stage designer what portion of the total stage area he may utilize for his sets. The latter amplifies these plans to show the nature, style and exact position of the pieces he proposes to mount. Whereupon the director, if he accepts without change his designer's proposals, proceeds to plot on the area remaining in his jurisdiction the position and movements of chorus and actors for every important stage of the action. At rehearsals the completed plan is rigorously tested, and a harmonious tempo of movement is sought, in consonance with the tempo of the music. Light, color, costumes complete the production.

Such a method places an inordinate responsibility on the shoulders of the superior director. But it has overwhelming advantages. By its insistence on a coördinated scheme of movement it checks the egotistic singer. Be he Faust or Mephistopheles he can not charge to the footlights at his own discretion, in defiance of lighting arrangements and dramatic symmetry. Emphasis is placed upon gesture and movement as well as upon singing. And the choral groups are taught to transfer at least one eye from the baton of the conductor to the anguish of the heroine or the wiles of the villainous count.

"But," you will say, "is the situation then radically different at our own Metropolitan Opera House?" The answer is yes, quite different. There, the leading singer, if he be popular enough, may disregard the instructions of the stage manager with impunity. If a level is raised at the rear of the stage for the procession of the saints, our hero will find occasion to pose upon it. If a window is set up at one end for the reveries of a Marguerita he is miserable unless he can be in the "picture." We have no gift for ensemble art. Ours is a star psychology. And should our favorite tenor take it into his head to stride to the footlights and hold an intimate communion with the audience, who shall say him nay? Our singers are for the greater part notoriously devoid of acting ability.



SKETCH BY EMIL PIRCHAN FOR STRAUSS' OPERA "JOSEFSLEGENDE"
The trials of Joseph

The Staatsoper, however, has no great singers to conceal its dramatic deficiencies. It was therefore in a sense compelled to seek compensation in a higher level of artistic verity. It has, moreover, another advantage in harboring almost under its own roof its organic colleague, the Staatliches Schauspielhaus or State Theatre. This organization, under the directorship of Leopold Jessner, represents today the consummation of modern stagecraft in Germany. Jessner is a matured disciple of Max Reinhardt, father of the stylized theatre and producer of "The Miracle" at the Century Theatre. And thereby hangs a tale. For Jessner's chief stage architect and designer, Emil Pirchan, is also stage designer for the Staatsoper. And this shy little man is mainly responsible for the Staatsoper's surrender to the principles of modern stage decoration. Emil Pirchan is known to American tourists largely for his Shakespeareian productions at the Schauspielhaus. But equally effective and more spectacular are his costumes and sets for Strauss' "Josefslegende" and Schreker's "Schatzgraeber," both annual musical events at the Staatsoper in Berlin. Particularly in his designs for the latter he has brought the stage of the spoken and musical drama close together. Franz Schreker, a comparatively young man, stands at the head of a school of composition in Austria and Germany which is moving away from the stern logicality and realism of Wagnerian opera to a frank illogicality and fantastic symbolism. His work is full of joyous bombast and pathetic probings into nothingness. And in "Schatzgraeber" he is declared by his followers to have added a masterpiece to the world's operatic literature. The story, too, is perfectly fitted for symbolic treatment. Its major theme is rooted in those deep-buried, demoniac forces of nature which drive humanity through filth and crime in pursuit of some far-flung ideal. A mythical treasure, the "jewels of the queen," gives supreme youth and beauty to its possessor. And in her passion to win this treasure, piece by piece, the beautiful Els, a Strindbergian figure, brings lover after lover to death. Until she meets Elis, in whom lives the power of deliverance through love to perfect spiritual beauty. The conflict between his spiritual offering and the tangible lure of the jewels leads



SKETCH BY WALTER REIMANN FOR "PARSIFAL." THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GRAIL

the story to a tragic close in the death of Els. Two of the accompanying sketches are reproduced from Mr. Pichan's "Schatzgraeber" designs.

The sketches from Strauss' "Josefslegende" are by the same artist, but whether the artist be Pirchan or Urban is no longer a matter of importance. Evolution of stage design is no longer to be read in terms of individuals. It is a function of the age. And as the spoken stage builds more and more surely the outlines of the stylized theatre in America, so will our operatic stage take on more slowly but no less surely the impress of its day. And it will be our very Herman Rosses and Lee Simonsons and Robert Edward Joneses and Norman-Bel Geddes, decorative arbiters of the theatre today, in whose hands the outlines will take shape.



"DIANE" BY MARIE LAURENCIN

A GARDEN OF DREAMS

Marie Laurencin peoples the strange world of her imagining with figures of eerie, exquisite beauty

LEO RANDOLE

EVERY time I see one of Marie Laurencin's pictures I am brought back to my childhood and the hours when breathlessly I stood before the windows of a candy shop. The display was tempting—yet instead of the multi-colored *berlingots*, *dragees* and *sucres d'orge* it was the pale colored fondants that held for me the strongest fascination. The palate craved for the numberless variety of chocolates but the final choice would always go to the fondants, and I used to play with the delicately colored bonbons before eating them. . . . I play with these colors again as I look at Marie Laurencin's pictures.

I wonder if it was the fondants that Anne Marie Laurencin loved most. The spotted hues of her paintings belong to the same scale that tinted those bonbons. All that Marie Laurencin paints is like a fairy tale, a fairy tale for little girls alone—for everything about them is as disturbing, inscrutable, perverse and candid as only the mysterious souls of little girls can be. To the fairyland belong her creatures, enraptured and ethereal, like phantoms of youth and voluptuousness. To each pensive face are most disquieting eyes that dart and await; to each body, slender and transparent, are lovely limbs of milky white. Who are these goddesses and nymphs? . . . Everything is a secret with Marie Laurencin.

For her exquisite oreads, dryads and sirens, Marie Laurencin has created an imaginative world of her own with flowers and plants that never grew anywhere. Petals and leaves are of blues and greens so tender that next to them her infinite variety of grays begins to live like positive colors. And all this is enfolded in an atmosphere as luminous and unreal as Marie Laurencin alone can paint. Few artists have ever been so delicate and bold at the same time, or created an art at



"LE LAVANDOU" BY MARIE LAURENCIN

once so ephemereal and important. Where does her art belong—to the epoch in which she lives, the era of Cubism, or to the Italian Primitives? Although Guillaume Apollinaire, André Salmon and Jean Cocteau crowned her first, she is more remote from Cubism than from any other school. With the Primitives she has in common two most precious qualities, candor and serenity. Serene is her art, and its rhythm is like a song from within. It has a measured cadence, and there lies the affinity between the pagan art of Marie Laurencin and the impassioned sermonizing of the Italian Primitives.

Infatuated as we are with the importance of our epoch we take it too much for granted that a Marie Laurencin belongs to our time. Yet she may appear as baffling to the generations after us. To them she will probably seem a wisp of ether in the era of volumes and geometry. When she exhibited for the first time in 1907 at the *Salon des Indépendants* many felt the shock of this contrast. "She is in bad company," said the adversaries of modern art. But rebellious youth claimed as its own a talent fresh, original and unadulterated by any contact. Thus she stands among the modernists as impenetrable and distant as the fairies she paints. She would retain, however, the same amount of distinction in any other epoch. As hard as one might try to trace her master, one can but feel confronted with a personality that has eluded influence. And its substance is even more than elusive; it is impalpable. Painters, even more than critics, muse and wonder before her works, for the means she employs puzzle even the professional. Her *coup de brosse* skips details, but includes the essence of beauty. With an unbroken but pliant line she follows the exquisite curve from the feminine shoulder to the slender wrist with the narrow hand and long fingers. One feels that there might have been a volatilized "Luc-Albert Moreau outline" to hold this *coup de brosse*, but not even the coldest modern analyst



"LES TROIS GRACES" BY MARIE LAURENCIN

would dare to pronounce the word *synthêse* before such immaterial proofs.

For once we can feel grateful for an art that defies all analysis and that entirely belongs to the imagination of an artist. If she leads us into her colorful and unreal dreamland it is only far enough to make us feel the existence of a very mysterious life that she alone shares with the beings she creates. Assuredly the most fascinating, the most precious attribute of this art is the secret of the artist herself.

Because she is a woman, the names of these other great women painters, Berthe Morisot and Jeanne Marval, are often mentioned with hers. Yet she can not be linked with any other women painters except that she shares with them—and



"JEUNE FILLE À L'ARC" BY MARIE LAURENCIN

many masculine artists, for that matter—a characteristic trait. She paints her own image into her pictures. Her fairies are no other than Marie Laurencin. She has a long oval face, a high forehead, hair that curls and eyes and lips shaped like those of Sarah Bernhardt when the latter was Marie Laurencin's age—in her early thirties. Her general aspect is a curious mixture of quaintness that flavors of the Second Empire and of fierce radicalism that can be traced from the Butte via Barcelona and Munich. She could be a thousand times more charming or eccentric but she could never fascinate us as the things she paints—for these have never had their like.

ON THE MEANING OF "MING"

Recent research enables the collector to identify, with reasonable certainty, the ceramics of this dynasty

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

THE TERM "Ming," as applied to Chinese ceramics, has been sorely overworked of recent years, for until comparatively lately small research had actually been made in this connection and there existed in consequence a tendency to ascribe to this important epoch (1368-1620) any such specimens of pottery or of porcelain as refused to accommodate themselves and their features under other and better defined headings. Scholarship has, however, now established the fact that a specific range and variety of styles and types can with accuracy be assigned to the Ming epoch and it is the aim of this article briefly to indicate certain classes of Ming ware which come well within the scope of the average collector interested in the products of this era. I have been privileged to select my examples from the comprehensive collection of Messrs. Bluett, of London.

The idea, prevalent until a fairly recent date, that Ming porcelain was for the most part crude and experimental and to be distinguished by its coarseness of style, owes its origin to a number of factors. First, few, if any, of the finer pieces produced by the imperial factories for the court and nobility ever left the Celestial Empire, export being strictly limited to examples made of a heavy, solid type to withstand the exigencies of travel. Again, it must be remembered that it is always the more delicate examples which perish while the less fragile survive, to convey, it may be, a misleading idea of the whole. And, perhaps most important of all, it must be borne in mind that it would be altogether erroneous to imagine that the Ming porcelain most freely exported to other countries covers by any means the entire range of production. Among the polychrome pieces intended for export the collector will discover that for the most part a certain stability, both of decoration, form and quality, prevails. Plates and beakers, covered jars, tea vessels and vases display, as a rule, designs carried out in enamels of green, yellow and aubergine with *rouge de fer* (a brownish-red) over a blue underglaze. Floral themes and naturalistic representations of birds on branches, deer and other animals, are common; so also are processions of figures, scenes of a social nature dealing with incidents of everyday intercourse. The thickness of the ware makes it extremely tough and durable.



ABOVE: STONEWARE JAR WITH DESIGNS OF PEONIES OUTLINED BY FILLETS OF CLAY
HEIGHT 6½ INCHES



GARDEN SEAT, THE UPPER AND LOWER BANDS DARK BLUE WITH BOSSES OF TURQUOISE

But with the specimens prepared either for the members or officials of the imperial house, or for the people themselves, we find in a number of directions a noticeable increase of delicacy. The pieces are smaller in size with thinner walls. Their form assumes a greater variety, while the subjects selected for the decoration tend to the religious and the symbolic. The symbolism varies naturally in accordance with the fashionable faith of the day; for

example, Taoist emblems will be found to prevail in the Ming porcelain produced under Chia-Ch'ing, a devout Taoist who occupied the throne from 1522–1567. As regards colors, the same range is manifest as among the export pieces, although the fashion in which these are arranged has its own peculiarities. This polychrome decoration forms one of the distinguishing features of the Ming period. It is often referred to, rather misleadingly, as "five-color" decoration, because roughly, this figure covers the tints most usually employed, namely, green, yellow, aubergine, *rouge de fer* and blue.

As early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we read of the export to England of Ming Celadon, the thick, soft, grey-green of whose glaze made as strong an appeal to the taste of the Virgin Queen as it did to that of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Celadon was the first Ming ware to reach Europe and so great was the appreciation accorded to it that other types of the pottery of this period soon followed in its train.

Comparisons of the late Sung pottery with the early Ming shows plainly how the potters sought, on their recovery from the Mongol tyranny, to recapture the arts which had languished under the Yuan oppression. The national spirit, rapidly strengthening under the more stable conditions of the new dynasty, expressed itself in a freer and more spontaneous type of art, in which the traditions of earlier days once more asserted themselves.



"POTICHE" SHAPED JAR, DECORATED IN UNDERGLAZE MOHAMMEDAN BLUE, CHIA-CH'ING PERIOD
HEIGHT 12 INCHES

From 1368 onwards one is able to trace under the imperial ægis a logical and constant evolution. Directly based on the Sung tradition was the Ming stoneware produced at the T'zu-Chou factories, which still continued their activities in the southern corner of Chihli in spite of the adverse conditions that obtained there during the early years of the fourteenth century. Thence emanated a large class of typical Ming, in which, under Persian influence, glazes of deep aubergine and turquoise blue predominated. The interesting stoneware jar shown herewith, though probably not actually produced at T'zu-Chou, shows unmistakable sings of having been inspired in style by the work prevalent there. The ground is of deepest turquoise, while its design is of peonies, outlined in fillets of clay in white, aubergine and yellow glazes. These features are indicative of the

WINE-JAR, DECORATION DEPICTING SHOU LAO AND HSIEN
HEIGHT 11 INCHES



JARDINIÉRE, DECORATED WITH THE FIVE-CLAWED DRAGON
HEIGHT 15 INCHES





LEFT: GOURD SHAPED VASE, CHIA CH'ING PERIOD, HEIGHT 7¾ INCHES. CENTRE: WINE-JAR IN FORM OF TWO DUCKS HEIGHT 5½ INCHES. RIGHT: INCENSE-BURNER WITH ELEPHANT HEAD HANDLES. HEIGHT 4 INCHES

close intercourse between China and Persia brought about by the great commercial activity existing between these two nations during the reign of Hsuan-te and even more particularly during that of Cheng-te (1506–1522).

The garden-seat in barrel form is typical of a later stage of development and both in design and treatment is characteristic of a large class of productions proper to the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Garden seats of this type abound at this period; they are made stout and tough to withstand weight and are either formed from a coarse, brownish medium, discernible at the base where the glaze has not been applied, or from a whitish clay of finer quality. Their interior is usually covered with a glaze of green or yellow and their decoration may take the form of open-work, of Taoist symbols or of flora and fauna.



TORTOISE-SHAPED INCENSE-BURNER. LENGTH 8 INCHES

In view of the cult which has been made of Chinese "blue-and-white" porcelain in other countries, the comparatively small value placed upon it in the land of its origin is distinctly curious. It existed primarily for every-day use among the people, and large quantities were produced for domestic and household utility. The seventeenth century witnessed a greatly increased output from the potteries in consequence of the extensive trade which developed with Holland. The "potiche" shaped jar of the Chia-Ch'ing period with its design of storks and fir-trees is decorated in the famous Mohammedan blue which owes its name to the fact that the cobalt used in its preparation was drawn from Persia and other countries where the faith of Mohammed prevailed. This blue is so deep that frequently it approaches purple. Its most brilliant examples belong to the period mentioned. The jardinière marked with the Chia-Ch'ing date and decorated with the imperial five-clawed dragon surrounded by flames is another splendid example of this category.

A precursor of the *famille verte* of the Kang-hsi period is the polychrome porcelain often referred to as "five-color," of which examples are given in the wine-jar, incense-burner and covered jar, of



PAIR OF RIDGE TILES, PROBABLY OF THE MING PERIOD
HEIGHT 17 INCHES

which the latter is a typical example of late Ming porcelain made for export. The high-shouldered, wide-mouthed wine-jar bears a Taoist decoration in which appears the god of longevity giving audience to his followers, a frequent theme in Ming ornament. The incense burner in the form of a tortoise (a hybrid beast who, to judge by his features, must have had blood relations among the Ky-lin!) provides an instance of the frequent use of the fantastic and grotesque in connection with pieces serving this purpose. Beast forms, imaginatively presented, appear frequently among incense-burners, altar ornaments and sacrificial vessels, the handles in particular affecting strange forms that are often reminiscent of our own medieval gargoyles and carvings. As an example, the elephant heads which form the handles of the smaller incense-burner illustrated here are typical. In this piece the decoration of the body is carried out in relief on a ground of deep blue. The duck-shaped vessel is for wine and was probably used during religious observances; its decoration is in underglaze blue and colored enamels. In the gourd-shaped vase, shown in the same illustration, the formal floral design is carried out on a green ground. It bears the mark of the Chia-Ch'ing period.

Another large class of stoneware, usually described as Ming, takes the form of architectural ornaments, such as ridge tiles and finials, in which a considerable variety of design is to be found. These are most frequently in the shape of horsemen, grotesque human figures and mythological animals. Our illustration shows a typical pair of ridge tiles in the forms of demons.

A description of Ming wares would indeed be incomplete without mention of that peculiarly exquisite cream-white porcelain made at Te-hua in the province of Fu-Kien, and commonly known as *blanc-de-chine*. Though experts may claim to assign dates and dynasties to individual specimens it is actually a matter of the purest conjecture to determine which pieces belong to the Ming and which to the Ch'ing period. The nature of the Fu-Kien clay, proved one peculiarly adaptable to modeling, and the goddess Kuan-yin was a favorite subject with the Fu-Kien potters. The figure illustrated herewith is a very fine specimen of this type, and the collector of Ming might well specialize in Fu-Kien presentments of Kuan-yin.



JAR AND COVER. A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE MING PORCELAIN MADE FOR EXPORT



PORCELAIN STATUETTE OF KUAN-YIN, IN FU-KIEN WHITE

Illustrations by courtesy of Messrs. Bluett & Sons, London, England

MAX BOHM, American Master

A painter whose life and work was, and will continue to be. an inspiration to high ideals and achievement

LULA MERRICK

ALTHOUGH the death of Max Bohm, in the fullness of his career, which occurred in Provincetown in September last has deprived the world of a great personality, a fine and cultivated mind and one of America's most capable artists, his work still lives, a credit to the country that is proud to claim him. And that it will endure, and take its place with that of other American masters, is a conclusion adhered to by his fellow artists and students of art, for it has the quality to make it permanent—it was the simple expression of a great and gifted soul. In his art as in his character, he stood alone; everything he painted had an individual style and dignity. He imitated no one, nor can he be imitated; he could not have copied his pictures himself, for each represented a unique emotion. He knew the fundamentals of his art so well that he could afford to ignore the hamperings of technicalities and allow his imagination and emotions free play.



MAX BOHM (1868–1923)

In studying the art of the men whose work has lived throughout the ages, searching for the qualities that have given it perpetual interest, the one attribute that invariably stands out beyond all others is the fact that the artist had a great idea to express, an emotion which he transmitted to canvas with truth and conviction, enabled to do so through long years of patient study. And, looking deeply into the art of Max Bohm the student will find that his abilities followed the same profound channels.

Max Bohm was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1868. He was one of the few artists who always made his living by his art. From boyhood he earned money through his drawings and painting. In his childhood he made pictures of boats, water and animals; at the age of eleven he was seriously studying at the Cleveland Art School and at sixteen was making a fair income by designing for a lithograph house. At nineteen he went to Europe accompanied by an aunt, also an artist, and studied for some years at the Louvre and at the *Académie Julien*. Then he began to teach and students came to him from all over the globe—from Japan, Hungary, Italy, Portugal and America. He was about twenty-seven when he made his first notable artistic success; his picture "En Mer" was given a place of honor in the Paris Salon and created a sensation. Everyone was talking about the young American genius who had won immediate recognition. "En Mer" later traveled about the world; it was shown in England, at San Francisco, Buffalo and Cleveland, and everywhere received a prize or medal. After that every painting he sent to the Salon was accepted and given prominence. The year he exhibited "The Family" and "Happy Hours" it was necessary for the authorities to place railings about the pictures to keep the crowds who thronged about them from injuring them. "The Family" was bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum. Although he gave the greater part of his time to painting, he did not lose sight of the fact that his physical being must also be developed for he believed that it was knowledge of various phases of life that made a well rounded character and so produced the best art. He became a sailor, for a time, on coasting vessels in European and



"THE FAMILY" *In the Luxembourg* BY MAX BOHM

American waters. He also learned to hunt and became adept at that sport. Yet with all he knew about nature he was not a realistic painter; his viewpoint was too broad and his vision too astute to copy mechanically the themes that interested him. His manner was to go out alone, not even carrying a sketch box, but spending hours in the study of light and shadow, color and form, then go back to his studio and paint the idea that had caught him, and with unfailing memory transmit to canvas the things in Nature that were necessary to express his inspiration, never thinking of the photographic reality. Nor did he permit himself to be a "slave to technique." He wanted no hesitation, or thinking of petty accessories. He believed in emotional painting only and declared once that "if a man did not have a sincere urge to paint a great thought there was no honest use in trying to 'carry on' by the mere exercise of paint and brushes." Nothing ever induced him to paint what might happen to be the "fashion" in art; he considered such weakness mere shallowness. And the heights to which he rose prove his contention that all good art is "creative force and personal expression," the only firm foundation upon which permanent recognition can be built.

Like his life, clean and simple, his art reflected his character. He had a fixed purpose regarding his work and he never swerved from the instinctive reverence he held for what appealed to him as beautiful in spirit. That he knew how to simplify was one of his greatest assets, and that he was able to keep the spirit, the inspiration and the emotions of his ideals plainly before his audience without betraying any effort was a noteworthy accomplishment. Full of the joy of life, having a fine sense of humor, a ready laugh and keen interest in everything that gave out happiness, he loved to paint the spirit of Spring, and he portrayed that season in various ways, always employing figures to express his

"SEA BABIES" BY MAX BOHM





"THE GLOAMING"

by

Max Bohm

Courtesy of the Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association



"CROSSING THE BAR" BY MAX BOHM

thoughts. A recent painting in this vein is a composition of a mother and babe, nude, in an out-of-door setting. The mother holds her child on her knee while he gleefully watches the play of water at their feet. In the distance is a group of young people, dimly seen, whose joyful actions add to the pleasure of the scene, and throughout the work the spiritual significance is strongly emphasized.

His decorations for the music room of Mrs. Mary Longyear's beautiful home in Brookline, Massachusetts, are said to be among the finest murals in this country. Four large panels compose the series; figures are again employed to express various forms of music and nothing that was ever painted more truly conveyed the purpose of its creator. When these panels, with several other of his finest paintings which are in Mrs. Longyear's collection, are shown publicly, they will be a revelation to art lovers as evidence of the talents of Max Bohm as a mural painter.

Max Bohm's origin was German; he was a descendant of the von Bohms of aristocratic lineage, associates of the German nobility. His grandfather was a prominent judge as well as a writer and poet; a friend of Goethe and Schiller, and his text books are used to this day in German schools and colleges. Nevertheless he resigned a lucrative practice and high position for political reasons, bringing his sons to America when they were children that they might not be "compelled to sacrifice their lives for a king." He saw that his sons grew up with proper respect and loyalty to American ideals and customs, and they in turn educated their children in like fashion. Max Bohm's father became a successful lumber merchant and another son became a justice of the Supreme Court in Cleveland where the first Bohm had settled. Max Bohm was first of all a staunch American, a firm believer in the ideals of his country and a forceful influence in the advancement of her art. His long years in Europe where he had studied political, social and artistic conditions, made him the more loyal to the land which he ever declared to be the best on earth. A friend of some of the most noted men and women of England and France, of members of the French Cabinet, Léon Bourgeois, Puvis de Chavannes, whom he considered the greatest decorator France had ever produced, Gauguin and other famous artists, he was in a position to judge. He affirmed many times that America would save the world for art and declared that the best pictures of the present time were painted here; that we had no need of European approbation, for "Europe," he said, "has gone into a decline while America is rising all the time." He said that our art schools were the best, our teachers the most sympathetically intelligent and the alertness of mind of our



"THE BEACH" *In the Metropolitan Museum of Art* BY MAX BOHM

artists a strong asset in the making of great painters. He did not consider it necessary for us "to harken back to what has been in art," and Europe, he found when he visited there two years ago to paint portraits, was leaning on America for art as well as for material necessities. Speaking his mind regarding America just a few days before he died, he said: "What we in America must have and develop is confidence in our own opinions, our own point of view, our own manners of thinking; to build on our own foundations such things as we love because they are our own very own and have been originated, thought out and grown up among us; to recognize and give credit to that which is best in the thought of this nation, without asking or taking the opinions of foreigners as a criterion."

"PORTRAIT" BY MAX BOHM



In 1917 he bought a delightful home in Bronxville and a summer residence at Provincetown. It was there that he was happiest and where he painted many of his best pictures. He was a full Academician, a member of the Salmagundi Club, the National Arts Club, the Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association and other art societies, in all of which he had hosts of friends, for he was a most lovable man, generous, big hearted and great minded, yet simple and sincere despite his many gifts.

A Painter Who Became a Potter

H. Varnum Poor applies the experience he gained at the easel in the decoration of his ceramic wares

HELEN GOMSTOCK

THOSE who know H. Varnum Poor personally are convinced that there is no one like him, while even those whose sole contact with him is through his pottery or his paintings are not long in recognizing his endowment of an unusual creativeness. It has become a glaring convention to attribute to all artists a modest aversion to publicity—even with the facts to the contrary—so that when a man appears who really possesses this rare quality the statement of it is received with a sizable grain of salt. Yet in writing about Mr. Poor this assertion must be made, for his disregard for "critics" and "articles" is one of his most pronounced characteristics. He not only refuses to talk about himself, his work, his ideas, but he even looks upon his interviewer with a profound dislike which extends to all those who "write," and the best he has to offer such a one is a kindly tolerance which takes the form of a patient but pained silence.



"STANDING FIGURE" PLATE BY H. VARNUM POOR

H. Varnum Poor is an unusual artist because of the extent of his capabilities beyond the field of his two main interests—painting and ceramics. He has built for himself a home near Haverstraw, about thirty-five miles from the city of New York, on the west bank of the Hudson. This home he has literally built, from the digging of the foundation to the laying of the slate for the roof. He hauled huge blocks of stone for the walls, cut them himself, and of them he also made his fireplace. He felled the trees and adzed the beams for the structure and he established a water system of his own devising. He also made his own furniture and carved much of it although the lines in the main are massive and simple. He used his own pottery for the doorknobs, making them rather large, and enriching them with conventional designs similar to those on his plates. He also hangs an occasional tile on the outside of the house, where its warm color and smooth texture provide a refreshing contrast to the stone. Incidentally, he has also made large tiles of which six or more fit together in a definite pattern to be set in the outside wall of a house or in a garden wall. Some of them have interesting possibilities as wall fountains. And he has done an overmantel decoration for a house which the actor, Rollo Peters, has recently built in the vicinity of Haverstraw. This makes use of a landscape design developed in the rich colors of underglaze painting, and set in a border with a conventionalized pattern.

The kilns, one large and one small, in which Mr. Poor has been making his experiments in pottery, he set up himself; the clay for his wares is mainly the native reddish variety although he has lately been importing some white. He constructed his own potter's wheel, and it is said that certain elements of a Ford car were assimilated in the process, which is a rare contribution for the twentieth century to make to a machine which is as old as the pyramids. However there is not a doubt but what his inventiveness would have overcome the lack of the Ford ingredients, so the credit belongs entirely to Mr. Poor after all. Some of the most interesting products which have recently found their way out of his kilns are the tiles which he made for the new home of E. Weyhe's book store and art gallery in New York. The façade, which is of a pinkish stucco, is set with a kind of checker-board pattern of red, blue and yellow tiles which affords a lively relief from the sombre survivals of the dark ages of New York architecture which hedge it in. However, the largest part of this potter's output has so far been

devoted to household use and for this purpose he makes plates, such as those shown here, and a variety of bowls, pitchers, vases, cups and other objects. Several specimens of these were purchased a year or so ago by the Metropolitan Museum. The pitchers, cups and bowls are generally undecorated except for their rich glazes of aubergine, apple green, cobalt blue or a pearly white. His plates usually bear a pattern of figures, plant or animal motives or conventional designs. In this decorating he approaches his work from an unusual angle—that of the artist turned craftsman. He is not a potter who first mastered the technique of the craft and then cast about him for some type of ornament which he gradually acquired skill in using. Mr. Poor reversed the process, being a draughtsman and painter of experience long accustomed to the problems of space-filling before he took up the technical difficulties of pottery making. He simply adapted his art to his new craft. His work is therefore entirely individual and it seems a more adequate expression of the spirit of today than that of our many contemporary potters—fine as their work is—who are devoted to the tradition of the past, emulating the white of old Italian majolica, or reviving the Persian and Egyptian blues, and striving after the high fire glazes of the Chinese. It is true that one sometimes finds some old piece of Italian majolica or one of the very early Dutch tiles—there is a sixteenth century piece in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam which comes to mind—which in their freedom of treatment and vitality of design affirm a certain kinship with Poor's work. But they are as indicative of their day as his are of modern times and this is the great and lasting value of each. His designs have their source in the so-called "modern" art, a phase in which Mr. Poor sees great possibilities for decoration. He advanced the following argument for it in a little pamphlet which explained his work in connection with his exhibition at the Montross Galleries in New York a little over a year ago:



"HEAD OF A WOMAN" PLATE BY H. VARNUM POOR

"The forms and simplifications of modern

painting are largely drawn from the forms and simplifications arrived at in other less suave materials than paint and canvas. The sharp color divisions of mosaics, the severe simplifications of early wood and stone carvings, have greatly influenced modern painters. Distortions, so disconcerting in an easel picture, have a sense of rightness when arrived at through the demands of proper space filling in decorative art. I believe that the natural development of modern art lies in a closer application to things more related to everyday usage. In this direction the artist escapes the devitalizing isolation of the studio and finds in the appropriate materials those inherent limitations and demands which give a sense of necessity and fitness to the completed form.

"Making clay into decorated pottery completes a cycle, a beginning and end, form and enrichment controlled by the artist. The method of the pottery shown in this exhibition, known as under-glaze decoration, is very simple. It allows the same subordination of technique that is shown in modern painting, and for the same reason—to keep clear the essential point of view, which is judgment of relations in color and form. Under-glaze decoration, on a white clay slip over a coarse pottery body, is the method of the old Persians, simple technically, yet bothersome and requiring a skill in manipulation which has made it long discarded in modern factory practice. The white slip is applied over the ware and fired. The decoration is then carried out on this ground in various metallic oxides which develop their color only when fused with the clear over-glaze. The work must be sure and swift as it can not be changed on the porous ground. The piece is completed in a second firing. The intense white heat at which this is carried out, while restricting the range of colors, imparts the depth and rich brilliance characteristic of this ceramic method."

The manner in which he has utilized his own style in the realm of painting in the decoration of pottery is illustrated here in the plates which have figure subjects. That which shows the stand-



"WOMAN AND DOGS" PLATE BY H. VARNUM POOR



DECORATED PLATE BY H. VARNUM POOR

ing figure of a nude woman justifies his observation that "distortions, so disconcerting in an easel picture, have a sense of rightness when arrived at through the demands of proper space filling in decorative art." Unfortunately the reproduction makes the shadows appear much denser than they really are but they do not obscure the beautiful way in which the figure is placed on a circular surface which is slightly depressed at the center. The curving horizon line and the converging lines of the drapery and the left leg are an adjustment to this depression. The curving unbroken line which sweeps from the right elbow to the head and only breaks slightly to follow down the arm clasping the bent leg is finely adapted to a circular space. After studying the plate a little one appreciates his use of the sharp lines of the drapery to make the final connection, for it not only performs this satisfactorily but its straight lines offer a variety from the curves of the figure. The head of a woman is also successful as the handling of a design in a circle and the two nude figures as well, while the feminine archer with her dogs, a Diana perhaps, presents a pattern of which the elements are seemingly loosely connected, but is all the more subtle on that account.

The only fault which can possibly be found with Mr. Poor's work is that there is so little of it, comparatively, although he spends a great amount of time at his kiln. This must always be the case with the individual artist, who is not engaged in "quantity production" and who makes no two pieces exactly alike. Of course the very limitations that surround him are the reasons for the fine quality of his wares. If he were to supervise a factory devoted to the reproduction of the types which he has so far created the results would be disastrous. The place of the worker who pursues his craft alone is appreciated even in these days of machinery and if a greater number of artists who are filling our art galleries to overflowing with examples of painting and sculpture would also make some application of their knowledge to objects of daily use the mediocre environments in which so many of us live might be transformed. Mr. Poor's own house is an excellent example of what may be done in this direction. Almost everything which it contains is the product of his own hands. The few things which are not of his own making are the productions of other skilled craftsmen. Another point to be considered is that artists who followed his example might find a readier market than is generally accorded the fine arts.

DECORATED PLATE BY H. VARNUM POOR



Photograph by courtesy of the Montross Gallery

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

FURNITURE *of Historic* TYPES

V. The Elizabethan and Jacobean Styles

The Renaissance in England developed forms less classic and more sturdy than those of Italy and France

Major Arthur De BLES

With the Gothic style in architecture and furniture at its full strength and popularity in the northern countries in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it is not surprising that so complete an antithesis as the classical mode should have considerably more difficulty in establishing itself on their soil that in Italy where, firstly, it was almost indigenous, and where, secondly, the Gothic spirit had never been thoroughly absorbed.



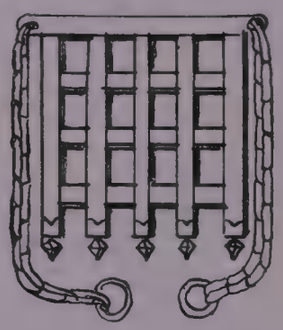
THE TUDOR ROSE

And so we find in England a sort of transitional mode which had its own independent following and is known as the Tudor style. It is the first cousin of Perpendicular Gothic but it has characteristics which distinguish it, such as the flat, wide arch—the Tudor arch—which is to be seen everywhere in the Colleges of Oxford, and which we see later, modified, and culminating in a very flat angle, in the typical Elizabethan fireplace opening. But, it is not to be thought that such an enlightened monarch as Henry VIII, even though his mind was much occupied with quite modern ideas on the divorce question, could let so universal a movement as the Renaissance pass him by without at least some of its dust lighting upon him. And his personal rivalry with Francis I of France was much too keen to allow him to concede without a struggle first place in art to the protector of Leonardo and Andrea del Sarto, even though Bluff King Hal had to accept second place in the arts of chivalry to the hero of Marignan, knighted by the great Bayard himself. Nevertheless, Francis got the pick of the basket among the Italian masters of the Renaissance while Henry had to be content with minor men, such as John of Padua, Pistacchio and Palladio and these men with Holbein who lived in England from 1526 to 1543 and brought with him German and Flemish Renaissance ideas, created the style later developed into the Elizabethan.



ELIZABETHAN REFECTORY TABLE WITH THE STRETCHERS ON THE GROUND AND THE CHARACTERISTIC "CUP-AND-COVER" MOTIVE OF EARLY EXAMPLES

As pointed out in my earlier articles, furniture styles are very susceptible to a number of social conditions, especially those of religion and costume. Now Henry VIII, who cast off his allegiance to Rome and declared himself the Defender of the Faith, thereby preparing the ground for the Reformation, was torn between two conflicting sentiments, a desire to abolish the Gothic mode because it had come to symbolize the Catholic Church, which for the time being the fickle monarch abominated, and a fear of giving the right of way to the Italian Renaissance because it was precisely the protégé of the very Popes with whom he was at loggerheads. And so the Tudor style combined the two by approximating the round arches of the Renaissance without completely effacing the Gothic spirit, and by borrowing from France such typical details as the low relief portrait medallions in a circle, of which I wrote in the last issue as being a distinctive feature of the Francis I mode. It was at this time also that the linenfold panel ornament came to England from Flanders and was used in many pieces of furniture in conjunction with pure Renaissance panels





PORTCULLIS MOTIVE USED IN ELIZABETHAN DECORATION

designed in the Italian spirit by the artists whom the king had brought to England.

But as the Tudor dynasty drew to its close with Elizabeth, the last of the line, the Renaissance feeling grew too strong for the moribund Gothic and took possession of all England, which reveled for a while in an age of decorative carving only equaled since its time by Thomas Chippendale at his best. And when we consider that the fine carving of the best Elizabethan cabinet work was executed in such a coarse-fibred wood as oak, instead of the finer walnut of the Italians and the French, we wonder at the beauty of the English workmanship at the same time understanding why it is always on more conventional patterns than the wood sculpture of the southern craftsmen and the Frenchmen of the schools of Hugues Sambin and Jacques du Cerceau. We find in Elizabethan furniture, in fact in any English furniture, practically no figure carving, its place being taken by classical or sometimes heraldic decorative motives, whereas in France and Italy these patterns were, so to speak, only the first steps of a child, who developed into a sculptor in wood upon reaching maturity. The cause of this difference lies probably in the fact that there were no English sculptors of significance at the time and therefore there was no school in England at which carvers of figures in wood could have learned greater skill in their trade.



DEBASED "CUP-AND-COVER"



FINIAL, ELIZABETHAN WAINSCOT CHAIR

An authority on English furniture has divided it into three main "ages" with a subdivision in the last one: the age of oak, through the Middle Ages up to the Restoration of Charles II in 1660, when walnut which up till then had been a semi-precious wood in England became the fashion; the age of walnut which lasted from 1660 to 1745; and third the age of mahogany and satinwood beginning in 1745 when Chippendale swung the fancy of the *élite* to mahogany. About 1780 satinwood became fashionable in the hands of Sheraton and sometimes of Heppelwhite. Thus the subject of this paper is almost entirely oak furniture, though that of the reign of Charles II and James II was mostly of walnut.



JACOBEAN PANEL, EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Now the Elizabethan style, with its Renaissance detail and elaborate carving had none of the grace and beauty of proportion of either the Italian or the French products. It was clumsy in form, generally speaking, short or low and stocky, while its characteristic ornaments were heavy and bore no relation to their structural functions. It was a period of carving for carving's sake, a sign of artistic decadence, in which Elizabethan furniture betrays the very slight hold the true Renaissance feeling ever gained on the English mind. The typical feature of Elizabethan pieces is the great bulbous legs, elaborately carved, generally with strongly detached gadroons, and a groove running 'round near the top of the bulb, from which this ornament has become known as the "cup and cover" motive. This bulbous support is used everywhere, as a single table-leg, or one of a pair running down the centre of a trestle table, or at the corners of a draw table or a long refectory table connected by heavy stretchers set on the ground, or as tester supports on the four-poster bedsteads of the period, or as "caryatids" at the corners of a court cupboard, upholding the cornice and frieze of the architectural superstructure. This feature, the cup-and-cover, is a very precious indicator of date in such pieces as comprise it in their decorative scheme, and at the same time it will serve to illustrate an important point in the dating of nearly all furniture. At first the bulbous ornament appeared in the reign of Henry VIII as a smooth round ball in the middle of the table leg and was called a "melon-bulb." Then as carving became better and also the fashion, someone, in all probability by accident, discovered the effect of a cover to a cup that a gouged groove near the top would give, and from that the idea took root and for a time was distinctly a "portrait" of a covered goblet. Or it may be that the idea originated from the chalices of Italian workmanship which abounded in England at the time. Then as time went on, and copyists succeeded each other, each later one lost sight more and more of the meaning of the ornament he was carving till it lost its character as shown in the small illustration of a bulbous leg, and in the Jacobean form thereof where it has become purely an ornament without resemblance to anything in

particular. We have already seen, in the first article of this series, how the linen-fold ornament grew further and further away from a semblance to the form it had originally represented until its character had been lost. And throughout the whole field of art we find the same phenomenon, due always to the same reason, viz.: that the copyist works like a machine reproducing simply what his eyes see, without seeking for the significance of the various forms. The acanthus leaf lost its meaning in the rococo period in France, the Este spread-eagle, in its conventionalized form became unrecognizable in the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, and even the semi-sacred Ju-i sceptre head of longevity in Chinese art was distorted almost out of recognition in some of the later porcelains of the reigns of Chien Lung and Tao Kuang. The bulbous leg suffered a steady decline until it became a shapeless mass with some slight strap carving upon it and about 1620 died out altogether and gave place to the uninterestingly plain turned leg. This support did not last long and soon was superseded by spirally-turned legs while the arms of Cromwellian chairs were treated in the same manner. Then came the Indian twist, then the scroll leg, first turned straight to the front, then, an incipient cabriole leg, cornerwise.



HANDSOMELY CARVED ELIZABETHAN COURT CUPBOARD
Note the "cup and cover" and Renaissance details

But before going into these points let us return a moment to Elizabethan ornament. The low squat arch with stocky pilasters and with a vase of flowers—a Persian motive passed to us by Italy—and a row or series of rows of lozenges in a squeezed chequer board pattern, inlaid in bog oak and holly are as typical of true Elizabethan furniture as the bulbous support. The Tudor Rose and the Portcullis were two other favorite motives. Also in large pieces, as court cupboards and four-poster beds, the classical entablature of architecture is almost invariably reproduced. When I say large pieces I refer to pieces other than chairs and tables. But court and press-cupboards were both very small, much more so than their architectural, imposing lines make them look in an illustration. Few of them are more than five feet in height. A press-cupboard can be distinguished from a court cupboard by the former being closed with doors in both the upper and the lower sections whereas the latter was open below, as illustrated here. Hence the name, for court in this case does not signify that it had anything to do with St. James' or some other palace, but was simply the French word *court*, for "short." It was shorter than the press-cupboard.

With the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, James VI of Scotland ascended the throne of England under the title of James I of England, thus forming the third and last political union of the separate countries of the British Isles. Wales was the second country to become united to England, during the Gothic period in the thirteenth century. For a few years there was but little change in furniture design as far as contour went, but in the decoration the Italianate flowing motives of

TWO EARLY TYPES OF WAINSCOT CHAIRS. THE ONE ON THE LEFT DATES ABOUT 1625, WHILE THAT ON THE RIGHT IS OF ABOUT 1605-1610

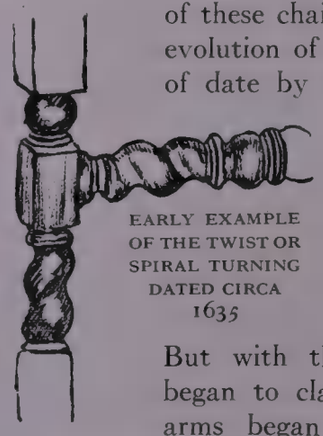


Elizabethan carving yielded to those rugged, somewhat crude patterns which more nearly expressed the sturdy, independent character of the seventeenth century Englishman than the more fanciful designs imported from southern Europe. The principal motives employed in the Jacobean period proper were the rows of half-circles, the egg-and-dart pattern, the guilloche, a rosette, arising out of the Tudor Rose, and numerous combinations of a sort of long, narrow "S," arranged in pairs, or by fours.



TABLE SHOWING ORIENTAL TWIST POPULAR AFTER 1660

Now during Elizabethan times, another chair came into fashion and replaced the Varangian "thrown" chairs described in our first article, and the Gothic stall-chair, of which it is undoubtedly a child. This was the wainscot chair which is just as popular today for paneled dining rooms as it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and was so called from the type of paneling that served as a back. The name "wainscot" is derived from the Dutch words *wagen* and *schot*, meaning a carriage and a panel, respectively. *Wagenschot* as a term was used in the old bills of lading of lumber cargoes imported in Dutch vessels for a particularly fine quality of oak suitable for delicate coach-work. The name became corrupted in the wharfside counting-houses to *weynscot*, originally pronounced *winescot*, but gradually "wainscot" was evolved. Now all early chairs in the north of Europe had full panel backs, on account of the ill-fitting doors and the resulting draughtiness of the living-halls, and the wainscot chair retained its vogue right up to the last two decades of the seventeenth century. Here again we have a very interesting example of evolution in design and the importance of being able to "read" it in studying art forms. We have seen that the Elizabethan style was the English form of the Italian Renaissance. Now one of the features of the Italian chair is its finials, at the summit of the two back uprights. In the purest Elizabethan wainscot chair the *cresting* lies between the uprights, as finials, as in the detail of the wainscot chair shown on page 140. Very shortly, however, the decay of the original meaning set in, and a cresting composed of two flat "S" scrolls of Flemish origin, and joined in such a way as to form a flat pediment, cut off these finials and lay right across the two uprights, as in the left hand chair of the pair shown together. The evolution continued and presently the pediment or cresting extended far beyond the outside edge of the uprights. And as this left an ugly angle on the outside it was filled by ornamental pieces running down the sides. These were called *backets* or *ear-pieces*, and as will be understood from the above indicate a late date. The wainscot chair illustrated here is dated in the upper panel, 1662. In nearly all of these chairs and, in fact, in all furniture, the evolution of the design is corroborated in point of date by other features. As chairs in early days were, as stated in the first article, more of a throne than a seat for comfort, the dignity of the occupant was the controlling factor in its design. Therefore the arms were either straight or slightly curved, but always horizontal or nearly so. But with the passing of the years, comfort began to claim its share in the plan and the arms began to slope downwards, more and more. Again the position of the stretcher is worthy of notice in fixing the relative and even the exact date of many chairs. In the earliest days of the Tudor regime and the first Stuart monarch, James I, "who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," the floors were deeply "bedded down" with straw, and as that material is very warm for the feet, the stretcher was either touching the ground or very close to it. In the reign of the more refined and highly artistic Charles I, whose collection of drawings by the old masters was one of the finest ever assembled, and is now mostly in the Louvre,



EARLY EXAMPLE OF THE TWIST OR SPIRAL TURNING DATED CIRCA 1635

Persian rugs became very popular, and in less wealthy houses rush-mats replaced the dirty, loose straw. The draughts then had freer reign and the feet were raised off the ground. The Elizabethan chair illustrated here is an exception. In the same reign the handsomely carved Carolean chairs had a stretcher placed very high in front in order that not even the heel of the great *bon* riding boots of the day could be set up it, in detriment to the fine, delicate carving.



JACOBEAN GATE LEG TABLE, THE TURNED LEGS WITH SQUARE TOPS AND BASES FIX THE DATE AS ABOUT 1610

Another type of chair which came in later in the Jacobean period was the Derbyshire chair of which one is illustrated here. It is clearly of Italian origin, and the use of the crescent points more precisely to Venice, for that port was the great connecting link "'twixt East and West" during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The drop in the crescent represented the star in the "Star and Crescent" of the Turkish emblem. The split spindles attached to the uprights are very characteristic of Jacobean pieces from 1650 onwards. This chair is fairly late Jacobean, about 1650–1660, as the high turned front stretcher shows. The scroll finials terminating the uprights also show Italian inspiration. Many of these chairs have arcades of turned pillars instead of the crescent, traverses, or flat bars, and such chairs are nearer to their pure Italian origin.



DERBYSHIRE CHAIR WHICH SHOWS THE VENETIAN INFLUENCE

With the Commonwealth, chairs became more numerous, for the old distinction between nobles and bourgeois falling temporarily into abeyance under the mock democratic rule of the Lord Protector (!), all were allowed to use chairs, instead of the great alone. Cromwellian chairs in their breadth and stockiness again reflect those pale days of unadorned buff jerkins, great leather boots, cropped heads and plumeless hats, which certain so-called reformers are trying so hard to restore in this country. As Miss Candee says, in her book on Jacobean furniture, it would be hard to imagine a Dean Hook or a Cromwell or an Ironside seated upon a dainty chair of Sheraton or Heppelwhite, but the so-called Cromwellian chair, with its low back, its heavily-carved spiral legs, its low arms and high seat, upholstered either in plain leather or in dark crimson velvet and a fringe (this latter type used by the ladies) undoubtedly suited the manners and customs of the day. There is a very close resemblance between the Cromwellian chair and that of Louis XIII of France, and also a type of Italian chair, but a close inspection will generally tell which is which. Firstly, the English chairs are of oak as a rule, while the others are walnut. Then the full length figures in contemporary court costume which served as supports for the chair-arms in Louis XIII and Charles I, died out in England in 1649, for they were contrary to all Roundhead ideals. Again needlework is usual on English chairs and verdure tapestries on French ones. Italian chairs of this type have a pair of closely set bobbin-turned stretchers in front.

But the Protectorate or Commonwealth only lasted eleven years, from 1649 to 1660, when the people of England went mad with joy at the restoration of the monarchy under the gay Charles II. The repression of the Puritan period only served to heighten the desire of nobles and people alike for luxury and amusement—wherein the present-day reformers might read a lesson—and the carving which had been the glory of early Jacobean furniture came back again, after a temporary lapse into mediocrity, though this time in an entirely different form. The straight lines of early Jacobean pieces and their plain geometric patterns gave place to curves, and elaborate carvings of flowers, swags as they were called, and fruits in baskets and garlands, while twisted

uprights, scroll legs, cane backs and seats, the frameworks of both of which were often incised, low carving and cherub heads made Carolean backward. Tables of the Jacobean period went through as many changes as chairs, but one form, differently decorated in each change of style, has



A TYPICAL CROMWELLIAN CHAIR OF THE TYPE KNOWN AS "FARTHINGALE" CHAIRS WHEN ARMLESS. THESE CHAIRS WERE ALMOST ALWAYS UPHOLSTERED IN NEEDLEWORK OR VELVET

chairs the most charmingly elaborate among the many styles of old English furniture. The Oriental twist which became so popular after the Restoration and which must not be confused with the spiral turning of Charles I and Cromwell and Louis XIII in France, came to England with the Portuguese queen of Charles II, Catherine of Braganza, who brought Bombay to the English crown as part of her dowry. The difference between the machine-turned spiral and the hand-cut effect will be seen clearly from our two illustrations.

In regard to the shape of the chairs, the earlier models had no rake at all. The back uprights were perfectly vertical and in one line from the ground to the top of the panel, as befitted a seat of dignity, but towards the end of James II's reign the back sloped slightly



RESTORATION OR CAROLEAN WALNUT CHAIR, DATING BETWEEN 1660 AND 1665

Note the numerous crowns by which joy at the return of the Monarchy after the Puritan regime was expressed

kept its popularity up to the present day. I refer to the useful gate-leg table, with one or two swinging legs, more or less gate-like, to support the folding leaves. A very early gate-leg table had the characteristic bulb-turned legs and other typical carvings of the very commencement of the Stuart or Jacobean period. In this early specimen, dating from about 1610, the leaf folds upwards and lies on the top of the other half, whereas in later pieces it swings downward, and when folded hangs alongside the legs. This latter table has two leaves and gate-legs, carved in a square design of unknown origin which became fairly popular in the early Anglo-Dutch period. The styles of this period being influenced very greatly by a Frenchman, Daniel Marot, our next article will deal with the Louis XIV style.



"THE LAGOON" (1921) BY MARY LOCKE BREWER

The Art of Mary Locke Brewer

Her brilliancy attained, formerly through Pointillism, now by means of pure color applied in flat masses

It is a truism that can not be too often repeated in the world of art that one style of painting is succeeded by another and greatly differing style just as surely as one day succeeds another. The history of painting throughout the ages is that of a succession of revolutions and reactions. It is merely a matter of psychology. A style, still in the heyday of its fashion, begins to pall upon a few artists of the younger generation; they cast about and begin to express themselves in a manner as different from the prevailing vogue as they can find. The world of art is opposed to them; consequently they form a circle, or party, if you wish, and by combining their efforts compel the world's attention, even though that attention be hostile. Then certain of the cognoscenti, after seeing the new, begin to find that the old style is palling on them, too. They form a party of revolt in the ranks of the connoisseurs, just as the artists a little before had formed a party of revolt in the ranks of the painters. Constantly reinforced, they continue the fight until the new becomes the vogue, and the old takes its place in the history of art—not discredited, but as a recognized phase that has produced its masters and contributed its share.

It is easier for the public to change its attitude and to accept new styles in art than it is for painters. This may readily be understood, for the method of the artist becomes a part of him, and the older he is the more tenacious he becomes in clinging to it; hence the bitterness that is too often felt by painters of an established school against those who have dared to do things in a different way. Seldom is it that a painter who has passed the prime of life changes his style. Such a thing becomes unthinkable to him, and if force of cir-



"THE SEINE BOAT" (1922) BY MARY LOCKE BREWER

cumstances drives him to it, as occasionally has happened, the spectacle more often than not becomes pitiful. Fragonard, who achieved the pinnacle of fame (it later became immortality) under the *ancien regime*, was a tragic figure when, in a world turned upside down, he tried to eke out a living painting in the classic style of David to please the Revolution. But with the young it is the natural thing, the "progressive" thing, to which youth is ever keyed. Evolution then works, not with units, but within the unit.

An instance of this is the art of Mary Locke Brewer, who turned, within the span of just two years, from Impressionism in its most advanced form, in which atmosphere meant everything, to a style diametrically opposite, in which objects, expressed in flat masses, became the mode to express beauty. The evolution of her art from the most pronounced Impressionism to a modified form of Post-Impressionism is most interesting. The pictures reproduced here, all painted within two years of one another, show just what happened within the brain of Miss Brewer. Nothing at all happened within her heart, because she expressed in the first of them precisely the same message of beauty that she proclaims in the latest canvases that have come from her easel; it is the form alone that has changed, not the spirit. It might even be hard to say whether her older impressionist pictures are less, or more, pleasing than her new ones. It depends upon the beholder's own vision.

In the case of Miss Brewer, within a small space of time, one is able to observe intimately the very trend that has been taking place over a longer period of years among artists generally—the turning from "atmosphere" to "form." She took up the study of art in Rome, in the winter of 1911, under Signor Tanni, and laid the foundation of her Impressionism. She now displays a little picture called "The Ilex Tree," painted in 1912, the subject being the monarch of the Borghese Gardens, which is done in the style of pure Pointillism, that

"HIGH AND DRY" (1922) BY MARY LOCKE BREWER





"THE SUN DIAL" (1923) BY MARY LOCKE BREWER

extreme flower of Impressionism in which the object is indicated with little dabs of color so juxtaposed as to produce at a distance a shimmering effect of atmosphere. This was the method of Signac and Sidaner, and it was later developed by Miss Brewer until it became the facile means of her expression. She studied later in Paris under those present-day masters of Impressionism, Henri Martin and Ernest Laurent. During the war she painted at St. Ives, Cornwall, and at Salso Maggiore, Italy. In 1921 she was producing in this pointillist manner such delightful subjects as "The Lagoon," which reveals a corner of Jackson Park, Chicago, with the stately bulk of the Fine Arts Palace casting a reflection on the water in a way that would have delighted Sidaner.

At this time Impressionism began to pall on Miss Brewer and she began to turn away from it. Her evolution took place at Provincetown. Evolution is a word that is used advisedly, because the change in her style was gradual. There was no sudden desertion of pointillist dabs for Post-Impressionist flat surfaces. In "The Seine Boat," painted early in the summer of 1922, one is able to make out distinctly the little dashes of broken color that give a scintillating atmosphere, but at the same time one can observe an objectivity not seen in "The Lagoon"—a disposition to speak in terms of surface and form. This has definitely attained ascendency in "High and Dry," painted late in the summer of the same year. In this work there is hardly a trace of Pointillism. The earlier style disappears absolutely from "The Sun Dial," which is a product of last summer. This work is "modern" in every sense. Miss Brewer was never influenced directly by the work of Cézanne, but one can not suppress the thought while standing in front of this canvas, that it never could have been painted had not the father of Post-Impressionism raised the banner of revolt.

Coming through Impressionism Miss Brewer has avoided certain deadening characteristics of the academic, and has attained brilliancy, first in the use of broken color and then in pure pigment applied in masses. Many of her Impressionist works are beautiful in the extreme, full of poetry and mood, and her new pictures have a decorative value that has already won them high esteem.

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY C. EGLINGTON

THE TROUBLE with art begins with a capital letter. Let me explain. I have been re-reading, on the occasion of Alfred Stieglitz's third exhibition of photographs at the Anderson Galleries, the issue of *Manuscripts* which is devoted to the *question* of photography. And here I take leave to anticipate two notes of interrogation. *Manuscripts*, for those who have not yet made its acquaintance, is a now-and-then publication put out (I avoid the word "edited" by design) by Alfred Stieglitz, and paid for by the contributors. Its purpose is to provide artists and writers with a vehicle which will present their views unimproved by the editorial scissors and paste-pot. The *question* of photography (or should we rather say of photographers?) discussed in Number Four is: Can a photograph have the significance of art?

A typical twentieth century discussion, as you will see. And you will see too, I hope, why I say that the trouble with art begins with a capital letter. In another place I have written of art as a hoodoo, standing behind the painter at his easel, telling him what he may put in and what he shall leave out; above all, how he shall see. It is the same hoodoo that bends over his pillow at night and whispers: "Are you an artist? Or merely an illustrator?" till the poor man can not sleep for puzzling the question.

How did a word get such power? Art—it is more than half an exclamation, as we are moved to cry bravo when the coloratura has ended her aria, or as we are moved to silence at the end of a Bach choral. At best it is a concept, of value to the critic and historian of the arts; to the artist, qua artist, of none. The artist is concerned with making things. Yet, exclamation or concept, the word has power, power even to impel and direct action. There must be something in its sound or appearance. Poetry, as contrasted with "mere verse," has it to a lesser degree. Music and literature, thank God, not at all. Yet, if words have meaning, to say that a thing is literature means every whit as much as to say that it is art. Critics use the word daily and no harm done. Does Dreiser, or Cabell, or Sherwood Anderson, or Sinclair Lewis ever stop to wonder whether he is writing literature or merely stories? They would smile at the thought. They write as well as they know how, and let it go at that. Time will judge. In any case the odds are always ten thousand to one against survival and wise men don't bet against such odds.

The artist is concerned with making things, a thing on canvas, a thing in stone, a thing on paper. The question is not, Can stone be art or paper be art? but, What is the nature of stone, what is the nature of paper? And above all what is the nature of the tool, what is the nature of the camera?

No one knows that better than Alfred Stieglitz and it might well be his boast that, as Hutchins writes in this number of *MSS.*, he "was interested neither in art nor artists . . . didn't care whether photography was art or not. . . . He was interested in persons and in their release in expression." Thus far Stieglitz the artist, for these persons, as we shall see, were his raw material. Stieglitz the preacher was interested even more vitally in craftsmanship, in respect for and understanding of the medium. In the first place he saw, and was the first to proclaim, that the photograph was no poor relation to the picture, was in fact no relation at all. All so-called artistic effects, from the furthest limit in the hand-colored abortions once so dear to the semi-genteel to the sfumato or smoke screen variety that is still "good taste" on Fifth Avenue, stood thus condemned as prostituting the craft of photography. The machine, camera, he said, sees things thus and so. To tamper with its vision, or attempt to beautify the record which it makes in accordance with the prevailing fashion in painting, etching, mezzotint or lithography, is to stultify it. In the limitations of the machine lies also its strength, in its essential difference from any other medium its value. And he might have added that the reason why a daguerreotype still stands on its feet, still gives pleasure, while an artistic photograph is an unbearable eyesore after a few weeks, is just that the maker of the daguerreotype was *forced* to respect his medium. The later photographer, ashamed of his medium, used his greater control over it to abuse it.

But the achievements of Stieglitz are not to be explained by his respect for the medium. There is also his understanding of it to be considered. The camera sees everything that is put before it. In the instant that the shutter is open, every detail within the range of the camera's vision, provided the light be evenly distributed, is recorded. The result is a document, interesting or not as the subject, presented in outline, flat, without light and shade, has interest. But as nothing in nature has any life so seen, the value of the document will be purely scientific, and the role of the camera man a purely scientific role. In order to render life the camera man, since the camera

will record accurately everything that is put before it, must work on the subject itself. He must eliminate all that is not pertinent, provide by his play of light the accents which convey the impression of life. If he can not regulate that light, as in the case of outdoor subjects, he must wait until the sun stands in exactly that portion of the sky so that its rays, exactly of the needed strength, will knit together his composition. Above all, as we shall see later, he must be able to see with the eye of the camera. It follows then that the best subject for the camera is the one which is most susceptible to regulation by the camera man, in the case of Stieglitz the human body. "The work of Stieglitz," writes Waldo Frank in this same issue of *MSS.*, "is more than half upon his subject. . . By talk, atmosphere, suggestion and the momentum of a personal relationship, Stieglitz lifts the features and body of his subject into a unitary design which his plate records." One might go further. Indeed, no one who has seen that amazing gallery of portraits, which Mr. Bourgeois has aptly called the new *Comédie Humaine*, can resist the thought that the psychologist in Stieglitz is even stronger than the artist. He has a genius for making people reveal themselves. His sitters are, as often as not, at once public prosecutor, jury and judge. Stieglitz, at the camera, plays the part of executioner.

The moment then that Stieglitz leaves the human body for an inanimate subject, as a still life, a landscape, or, his latest and furthest venture, a cloud composition, he cuts out his greatest gift, his psychological insight, his power over people. Relinquishing voluntarily control over his subject, he is forced to rely on his only other trump card, that of waiting until the subject presents itself in the guise he desires. At the same time the problem of camera sight grows more and more complex. At least one-half of our seeing is knowing. The eye sees what the brain knows to be there. Not only does it not see everything that is, strictly speaking, visible, but it imagines to the point of actually seeing things invisible which the brain knows to be structurally or otherwise necessary. Finally it distorts elements, giving each its relative importance, as conceived by the brain. An instantaneous process of elimination, addition and distortion is thus inherent in the power of seeing, a process which the photographer must be able, as instantaneously, to reverse.

In the case of the human body this reversal is, partially at least, conceivable. However widely one body may differ from another, the elements remain the same. Differentiation arises through changed proportion, or, more subtly, through change of emphasis. Knowledge, therefore, of what the camera actually saw in past experiments may help towards an accurate prediction of what it will see this time. With the number of compositional elements limited, and these elements familiar through long study, a divorce between brain and eye, which is what camera sight is, becomes possible. The same is true of the still life since here the elements can be arbitrarily limited and arbitrarily disposed. They can not, however, be *composed*, since this is a purely mental process. The brain perceives relationships which the eye of the camera will not see. In painting this relationship is conveyed through distortion, either linear, or through play of light. In photography it must be conveyed through light and texture. Line can at best be a fingerpost, since line as expression is purely an artistic convention, having no place in nature. With the landscape the elements become so numerous and so little susceptible of intensive study that the problem becomes almost hopeless. A city scene, skyscrapers, railroad yards, these are still possible, for at least the main structure is stable, has an individual existence, can be isolated and analyzed. But a hillside is composed of a million elements, not one of which can be isolated or indeed has any existence apart from the light that plays on it, and this changes every moment. If the painter is able to render that hillside it is by virtue of his power of synthesis. Deciding upon his main focal plane, he makes all others subordinate to it. But this very power the photographer must reject.

And finally clouds. . . . I shall not soon forget my amazement when, some months ago, Stieglitz showed me the series of cloud pictures to the making of which he devoted last summer. They were, it goes without saying, superior to anything that I had ever seen or dreamed was possible. I had not believed that such rendering of values, whites, greys, blues, stormy black shot with orange, and the deep blue beyond, was possible to the camera. And, listening to Stieglitz, I tried to read into these studies something of what, according to his own confession, he had wished to express. It was hopeless. The more I looked, the more I admired, the more persistent rang the question, Why, Why, Why? . . . What perverse impulse drives an artist of Stieglitz's calibre to spend a precious year making—with consummate mastery—valueless documents? It seemed little short of tragic.

And then I thought of *MSS.* and its challenge: "Can a photograph have the significance of art?" So the old hoodoo has gotten Stieglitz at last. Stieglitz who cared nothing for art or

artists. Stieglitz, admittedly the greatest force in modern still photography, wants the label ART tacked on to his prints. The rebel longs at last for respectability. It is the old story of William Shakespeare, Gentleman, all over again.

What does it matter, Stieglitz? The camera is a medium, like any other. All that matters is to control that medium. Put it this way: The painter composes his picture in his brain. Between the moment that the thing is visualized complete in the brain and its transference onto canvas time has elapsed. That time is the painter's margin of imperfection. The photographer watches the picture compose before his eyes. In the second before he opens the shutter, the brain, no longer to be held in check, achieves the final necessary synthesis. That second is the photographer's margin of imperfection.

"You pays your money and you takes your choice." And along some fine day will come a man who knows nothing of Alfred Stieglitz, and cares less, and he will look at the print and will look at the picture and seeing one, no matter which, will exclaim "Art," and seeing the other, yawn. Well . . . ?

Meanwhile the issue of *MSS.* is a profoundly interesting document, for in it such writers as Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank, Gilbert Cannan and Carl Sandburg; musicians—Ernest Bloch and Leo Ornstein; sculptors—Alfeo Faggi and Gaston Lachaise; painters—Benton, Bluemner, Demuth, Dove, Duchamp, Marin, Miller, Of, O'Keeffe and Sheeler attempt to define what they conceive to be the nature of art. Here are one or two snatches:

Carl Zigrosser: "One might define a work of art as something that wears well; it has been endowed, as it were, with a life of its own."

Carl Sandburg: ". . . murmur and writhe with the elusive quality of life. . . ."

Leon Stein: "Nothing more is necessary to constitute something a work of art, in the limited and habitual sense of the word, than that we should have a feeling of stability in the contemplation of it."

Gaston Lachaise: "Art is the inexact. Inexact by unlimited variations. A reaction to the exact in which races or individuals personalize themselves. . . . Where amplification begins, there begins also the creation of art—good or bad."

Kenneth Hayes Miller: "The evocation of form arises in the sensory intuition of substance, weight and motion. It is founded in the body's knowledge of itself."

J. B. Kerfoot: "Great works . . . all show that their creators were possessed by a passionate love of three things: (1) The outer reality that inspired them. (2) The inner reality thus brought into being. (3) The plastic material itself in which they sought to express the second in terms of the first."

Ernest Bloch: ". . . imperious necessity. . . ."

Incidentally, no one discussed the esthetic of the moving picture, undoubtedly the finest medium invented in modern times. Here one can set over against imperfect control the whole realm of movement, now for the first time conquered.

The Weir Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum is, as are all comprehensive exhibitions, something of a surprise. One is not disappointed. Nor is one delighted. One is surprised. It is different from what one had expected. In the first place, the characteristic Weir landscape, with its delicate pattern of shadow on grass, is not present in large quantities. Nor are the ladies all as ladylike as might have been expected. On the contrary Weir's trouble would seem to have been that he was willing, like Jurgen, to try everything once. Indeed he was not averse to employing in the same picture two mutually exclusive techniques. Thus in the canvas entitled "In the Sun" (1899) he draws every hair on a little girl's head with meticulous accuracy and then proceeds to paint the dress in the broadest fashion. The result is, to say the least, queer. Even at the end of his life we find him painting nocturnes *à la* Whistler and in the "Portrait of Col. H. C. Weir" (1910–19) the hands bear the unmistakeable Bellows copyright.

What saved the day for Weir was the discovery of the long thin brushstroke, slightly reminiscent of Pissarro, though exaggerated in length, laid on in parallel lines. It appears first in a canvas dated '93 (?), but he does not appear to have realized its value, not only as a hallmark, but also as a medium for rendering his somewhat feminine universe, until the beginning of the century. With its aid he occasionally achieved landscapes like the fine "Back Lots" (1910–19) and, to a lesser degree, "Upland Pasture" (1905), which have a sense of spaciousness and swing. But the medium, too freely used, is having its revenge. Drawing was not, latterly, Weir's strong point, yet he boldly cast outline overboard, relying for his structure on subtle gradations of tone. Now his color is going back on him and a picture like "Nassau—Bahamas" (1914) is already formless. Even "Back Lots" is spoiled by a later overpainting at the centre of the composition, which has turned a horrible slate blue, quite out of key.

Incidentally, the tenacity with which Weir adhered to his landscape medium, once he had discovered it, is astonishing. Sky, sunlight and shadow could be matched in a dozen pictures with greater accuracy than a shopper could snatch a colored silk from the same roll.

Of the earlier canvases I am inclined to think that Mr. Duncan Phillips owns one of the finest, "The Alsatian Girl" (1890–99). The line of the shoulder is very beautifully seen, and the whole bust, apart from some uncertainty in the modeling of the breasts, realized in the round. The head I found too personal. Another good canvas, though uneven, is "The Donkey Ride" (1899). If one could forget the donkeys—the second seems to have been forgotten and been put in as an afterthought—and the rather fussy landscape, the result would be wholly admirable. "Baby Cora" has good points, too. The lusty baby is especially good. But I confess that the canvas which gave me most pleasure in the whole exhibition was the "Portrait of a Child," painted in 1887, when Weir was either a student in Paris or had just returned thence. It was a prize picture evidently and like most prize pictures neither new nor startling. But I have yet to find a Weir figure that stands so solidly on its feet, arms that are so round and firm, hands strong to grasp and hold and a head so impersonal and full of dignity.

And now I am going to make an experiment. Here is a portrait. I will not say whom it is by, nor whom it is of. It is by an American painter. What do you think of it? Does it interest you? Does it hold you? Do you know any American portrait painter capable of painting a head so full of power?



MODEL of H.M.S. CORONATION

Superb example of the finest period of English ship model building follows its sister ships to America

William B. M'GORMICK

ONE BY ONE and sometimes by twos and threes, or even in a still more numerous group, as in the case of the Cuckfield collection, England is losing many of her famous ship models to amateur collectors in the United States. Much stress has been laid in recent years on the acquisition by Americans of great British paintings and books from distinguished British libraries. But through the regrettable anomaly in our national thought that we pay little attention to the sea and ships, in spite of the wealth and fame accruing to us from both, small notice has been given in print to the coming to our shores of these English ship models. This anomaly is easily understood if we perceive our limitations regarding the recognition of economics in relation to social as well as political history. If this recognition were more general, particularly in the weighing of what is "news," it might be seen that in these English ship models we had the representations, of the sources of the fortunes that enabled many Britons to assemble great art collections and great libraries, of Britain's great sea-carrying trade, and of Britain's security on the sea.

Ship model building, as studied through old models, is a fascinating and recondite art. It will require none of this, however, for anyone to appreciate the grace, the beauty of the ship itself, and the application of the carver's and gilder's crafts to the latest one of these models to reach the

VIEW FROM THE SIDE OF THE MODEL OF H.M.S. CORONATION

Courtesy of Charles of London



United States, that of H.M.S. *Coronation*, on exhibition in the New York gallery of Charles of London. To place the warship historically it must be mentioned that she was built at Portsmouth in 1685 by Isaac Betts, she was of 1366 tons, carried ninety guns, and was the flagship of Sir Ralph Deleval who commanded the rear division of the combined British and Dutch fleet which was defeated by the French under Tourville in the battle of Beachy Head, fought June 30, 1690. The *Coronation* ended her career in 1691 when she was wrecked near Plymouth. The model, which is now in America, was formerly the property of James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, who subsequently became James II of England.

As the model stands in its glass case it is a veritable gem of seventeenth-century model making, an era when ornamentation was lavished on navy ships. From waterline to rail, from figure-head to poop lanterns, carving and gilding was used unsparingly on these warships. This model shows traces of Mediterranean influences in hull and rigging in the low bow with its magnificent figure-head and other ornamentations of carving and gilding, its high stern with the quarter and stern galleries carved, painted and gilded with Renaissance gorgeousness, its lateen yard on the mainmast, sprit topmast, and its three poop lanterns which here are distinctly bulbous. Gilded carvings and paint sparkle along the hull and on the upper decks. The gun ports along the upper decks are encircled with exquisitely carved and gilded wreaths, the opened port shutters below have lions' heads painted against scarlet backgrounds, the entry-ports are solid masses of gilded carving, and the "breaks" of both the poop and quarter-decks are masses of heavy carved woodwork gilded to the point that the surfaces still twinkle under artificial light. As was the custom in the making of these models a considerable part of the hull below the waterline was left unplanked to enable the frame construction to be seen and much of the deck was left in the same condition. The rigging of this model of the *Coronation* is faultless, the round "tops," characteristic of the period, being notable for their perfect proportions. England has lost to us few such exquisite specimens of the ship model builder's craft as is this one of H.M.S. *Coronation*.





ABOVE AND BELOW: STERN AND BOW VIEWS OF THE MODEL OF H.M.S. CORONATION *Courtesy of Charles of London*

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

HISTORY OF ART. *By Elie Faure. Translated from the French by Walter Pach. Four Volumes. Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, $7.50 each.*

GALLIC traditions, Gallic conventions, even the language of France itself have so dominated the writer of these four impressive looking volumes that they have imposed the limitations of the first two qualifications and inundated the text with the rhetorical element in the third on a "History of Art" which gives only thirty-five pages to England out of approximately fifteen hundred pages, ignores the United States of America completely except for the mention of Sargent's name and a casual reference to our architecture, makes no reference to our Indian aboriginal art, and classes Whistler, whom it calls the "prince of amateurs," among the few Britons mentioned.

If a student of the history of art prefers tradition and convention to research and its fruits he may be prepared to accept the general tone of this text in which specific dates, to point out a minor irritation, have no place. But if he expects to find some note of recent discoveries by archæologists, such as have thrilled the world with tales from Egypt and more particularly from lower Mesopotamia, he will probably raise his eyebrows unconsciously over the statement "it is possible that Chaldea has nothing more to reveal to us" and equally high over the dictum that "Assyrian society . . . was interested only in adventures of war or of hunting." If anyone wishes to test this last statement let him read the final chapters of our own Olmstead's recent *Assyrian History* to learn how tradition and convention have overridden the facts of Assyrian life.

In common with most histories of art, this one also overlooks completely the extraordinary spectacle presented by Ireland in carrying alight the torch of art through a period of European history where it had been quenched almost everywhere else, as its era-name of the Dark Ages shows, and kept it alight through such marvellous and exquisite forms. Spanish art also receives only the most casual treatment at this historian's hands, meaning for him only a few painters, while any Briton who still remembers the Boer wars will question the statement here that only in North Africa has the white man played any part in that continent. There are many interesting pictures in the four volumes but it may be assumed that it was deliberate wilfulness of a not very kindly order which prompted the selection of a grain elevator to represent American architecture.

A HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING. *By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Price, $3.50.*

IT IS not often that a writer tells a well-worn story with so much freshness and enthusiasm as that with which Dr. Mather invests this history of four centuries of Italian painting. That he would be capable of making such a history singularly vital might naturally be expected from the author of *Estimates in Art* and *A History of Italian Painting in the Renaissance*, but in the present volume a longer and more continuous thread was to be sustained. Prosperous, liberty-loving Florence, dreamy, romantic Siena and splendid, commercial Venice become strangely close and comprehensible, filled with living men and women. Individual painters are no longer names but stand out as real personalities. One feels the immensity of Giotto's problem, the discontent with which Masaccio viewed the formalism of his predecessors, and Botticelli's sad longing for classical antiquity. Dr. Mather's style is simple and luminous, engaging in its colloquialisms, conversational but not discursive—for he confines so broad a subject to a single volume of five hundred pages. The illustrations are small but numerous, being more than three hundred.

AN INTRODUCTION TO INDIAN ART. *By Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswami. The Theosophical Press, 826 Oakdale Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Price, $1.35.*

THERE are numerous books for students of Indian art, but Dr. Coomaraswami's little volume should make a place for itself because of its simplicity and directness. In a little more than one hundred pages he presents an art which is inextricably involved with religious thought, one in which the personal inventiveness of the artist was obliterated before the traditions of a race. The book traces the development of this art from its early Vedic origins in the seventh century before Christ to the Rajput paintings contemporary with our own Renaissance. A bibliography of twelve pages is included. Dr. Coomaraswami is Keeper of Mohammedan and Indian art in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and has written extensively on Oriental art. The present volume is part of *The Asian Library* of the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

MAX REINHARDT AND HIS THEATRE. *Edited by Oliver M. Sayler. Brentano's, New York. Price, $7.50.*

IT IS DIFFICULT to say exactly when what may be termed the Belasco tradition in the American theater began to be suspected of clay feet. It is probable that the most general awakening to other possibilities came with the advent of the Russian ballet, but it was long after that before it was thought that such exotic presentations might be applied to other forms than the purely spectacular. Gordon Craig, except to the enlightened, was a name only, and the out-of-door performances such as Caliban were looked upon as rather a new form of circus, to be referred to with a knowing air as "Greek." Recent productions, *Johannes Kreisler, Roger Bloomer, The Adding Machine*, were "queer things," but not enough so, apparently, to win them much success at the box office. There were prophets in the land, crying in the wilderness, but without great honor. Then came *The Miracle*. The prophets are remembered now. Everyone assures his neighbor that he has appreciated the new movement in the theater for years. It has remained for Reinhardt, in one production great enough to open the eyes of the blind, to clear the way for a new era in the American theater.

This present book, written by many hands, is more than a biography and appreciation of the famous producer, valuable though that is. It is a record and an explanation of the new art of the theater, an art that is bound to play a great part in American life and thought. It is a book too long and too varied for proper review in limited space. It should be enough to say that a great subject is adequately

presented, both as to text and illustration. It is undoubtedly one of the most important books on art or the theater of the year.

JOHN MARTIN, PAINTER: His Life and Times. *By Mary L. Pendered. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, $6.*

Outside of England the name of John Martin has been almost unknown in the records of art although many of the illustrated Bibles in use in this country have reproductions of some of his best known canvases, particularly his "Belshazzar's Feast" which, when it was first shown at the British Institution exhibition of 1821 in London created a furore. Recently there has been a revival of interest in the life and work of this painter who was born in 1789, eventually became one of the most discussed English artists of his time, and in later life (he died in 1854) became intensely interested in the improvement of London, making plans and spending his own money to call attention to what would now be called town-planning for the British metropolis. Interest in his large Biblical paintings was so great that Martin taught himself to engrave them and his prints were sold in enormous numbers, few houses being without them. He was a man of much social charm and his London home knew as familiars most of the leading artists and authors of his time. Miss Pendered tells the story of his life in a very agreeable fashion combining with Martin's career a running series of pictures of late Georgian and early Victorial social England.

A PRIMER OF MODERN ART. *By Sheldon Cheney. Boni & Liveright, New York. Price, $6.*

The criticism of presumption which Mr. Cheney's title seems intended to disarm will probably never be directed against a book so intelligent in its analyses. It is wise for an author not to claim the final word on a contemporary subject—the future is jealous of that right—but it is a question whether or not the record of personal reactions at the time is not of equal value with the pronouncements of the future. In his introductory chapters Mr. Cheney has a somewhat controversial air, as though he were conscious of talking to some one prejudiced against modern art. Fortunately he loses this, sails into his subject with an engaging unselfconsciousness, and passes the moderns of all nations under his intellectual microscope. He occasionally reaches far back into the past for kinships with modern art, to "the Egyptians, the Cretans, several phases of Oriental art, the early Gothic sculptors and architects, El Greco and the Negro carvers," and finds these the blood brothers of the Post-Impressionists.

Since the modern spirit has animated all the arts, he has a chapter on architecture, one on the stage, another on the art of mobile color (the color organ) and two on Cubistic and Expressionistic sculpture. There is an illustration for almost every page, admirably chosen and well reproduced.

FINE PRINTS OF THE YEAR. *Edited by Malcolm C. Salaman. Halton & Truscott Smith, Ltd., London. Price, 30 shillings.*

First volumes are always interesting; any experiment in the field of art is worth careful consideration. In this book, the first of what is intended to be an annual review of contemporary etching and engraving, the editor presents a collection, not of all the fine prints of the year, but of some of them. Altogether there are nearly two hundred etchings, wood engravings, metal engravings and lithographs reproduced. The examples have been chosen from Great Britain, Holland, France, Germany, Canada, Australia and America, with Great Britain strongly in the lead as to numerical advantage. Doubtless the ready availability of British material and the difficulty of securing a larger selection from abroad has influenced the editor quite as much as the quality of the work, for certainly we have seen many prints in New York during the past year that are finer than several of British etchings and lithographs which he has included. In only one or two examples has Mr. Salaman departed from the strictly academic, a fact greatly to be regretted, since a review of this sort should tend to encourage worth-while experiment.

EARLY CHINESE JADES. *By Una Pope-Hennessy. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price, $25.*

Jade is a pivotal point in Chinese art and thought, being valued not only for its material beauty but for its less tangible virtues. In spite of its importance in relation to the study of Chinese art little has been written on the subject. Dr. Berthold Laufer's *Jade, A Study in Chinese Archæology and Religion* is the authority on the subject but his interests are ethnological rather than artistic. Dr. G. Gieseler has written a number of monographs but they are not easily accessible. The present book considers only the historical and artistic aspect of jade, and in addition to a very complete and readable text there is a wealth of illustrations, eleven in color and many half-tones. The author's subjects are: the sources of jade, its significance in Chinese life, the forms it was given for ritual use either sacrificial or funerary, and also its use in court ceremonial. There is a chapter on animal forms and one on the human figure, in jade. The author has succeeded in illuminating a broad field for the collector and student.

ADAMANT. *By Nicholas K. Roerich. Corona Mundi: International Art Center. New York.*

THE WORLD OF ROERICH. *By Nina Selivanova. Corona Mundi: International Art Center, New York.*

In these two books anyone interested in the career and philosophy of the Russian painter Roerich will find complete records of the one and what may be assumed as a full statement of the other, the one thing lacking being illustrative material to show those who have never seen his paintings the basis of his distinction as an artist. Miss Selivanova sets down the story of Roerich's life in admirable detail, with lists of his paintings and a bibliography that are satisfactorily complete. Her enthusiasm for her subject is decidedly cloying, exalted adjectives being used unsparingly whenever and wherever Roerich's work is mentioned. In *Adamant* is presented what is described as a series of extracts from Roerich's letters, ecstatic outbursts on art beginning with the statement, "to the sacred ideals of nations in our days the watch-words Art and Knowledge have been added with special imperativeness," the first extract, bearing the same title as that of the book, ending with the phrase, "but adamant-like stands Beauty." Roerich understands little of the sacred ideals of Great Britain, the United States and the South American republics, for examples, if he believes that art and knowledge are among their sacred ideals.

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

THE WEAVING and dyeing of fabrics belong to the earliest eras of craftsmanship. Occasionally one meets with a craftsman living today whose imagination is fired with the desire to revive some art that helped to glorify a particular age, known to us as the Middle Ages or the Renaissance. In an island on the Adriatic near Venice, an industry for weaving and dyeing fabrics, reminiscent of Medieval and Renaissance traditions and methods, is being carried on under the directorship of a Spaniard, Mariano Fortuny. He has devoted a lifetime to studying ancient dyes and fabrics—to tracing the origin and analyzing their structure and finding how they were used throughout the ages by the different races. He selects certain fabrics best fitted for some particular purpose and through knowing so well their basic qualities, treats them skillfully with dyes that give them great individuality.



COPY OF AN OLD BROCADE, FROM THE FORTUNY SHOPS

One glimpses the tremendous labor and knowledge that underlie the production of such fabrics, which are intended for all decorative purposes—for hangings, scarfs, robes and enticing negligées. They are exhibited in a little shop bearing the Fortuny name.

The patterns of the brocades are inspired by, or copied from, old Italian designs, and the secret of applying gold and silver upon velvets, silks and the most delicate chiffons and grenadines is accomplished without affecting in any way the soft and lustrous texture of the fabrics. Mr. Fortuny also uses Egyptian cottons which he prints with hand-blocks, and the essence of art lies in the free execution and the limpid handling of color in these materials, which could never be accomplished by a purely mechanical process.

The color notes, especially in the silks and chiffons, are not always reminiscent of the old; they are more often the presentment of the magic hues caught from a living, vibrant environment of brilliant sea and luminous sky which have been translated into terms of art.

WE HAVE come to realize that much of the nation's progress will depend upon the development of the industrial arts, not only as a form of esthetic expression, but as an asset in advancing the commercial life of the country. So far, we have not developed a distinct style of our own. Taste is so divergent that it welcomes the various forms of handicrafts that our very cosmopolitan population is able to furnish. Each of these crafts keep the particular characteristics that so sharply define the work of different nationalities, and yet it is these very differences and variations that contrive to leave their impress on our own productions.

From Czechoslovakia we see in the Art Studio of that name contributions in the form of pottery and embroideries which reveal the fresh, vivid coloring and simple designs employed and happily expressed by the peasants of that far-off land. Embroideries have always decked the dress and household linens of this people, and possessing as they do a real decorative quality, they are now being adapted to the more sophisticated requirements of our own modern style and fashions.

We have up to now always been rather afraid of color. Perhaps we have not known how to use it, or perhaps it has just never been with us a really spontaneous art expression. At any rate, we have now learned to know something of the exhilarating effect it can exert upon the mental outlook, affecting in turn the physical state, and we are beginning to crave and appreciate the joyousness of more brilliant and explicit hues.

The pottery which is made from native clay and is of the simplest form is decorated in over-glaze from designs that have much the same character as the embroideries. Sometimes the rendering is very crude and again it has the touch of real craftsmanship. The designs, which show conventionalized arrangements of natural forms, have far more spirit and import than those which attempt a realistic portrayal of flowers and foliage. This pottery is well adapted for use in a country house or for informal living.

FROM VIEWING the delightful modern productions of Fortuny, it is not only interesting but extremely instructive to turn to examples of ancient fabrics that have been the inspiration of recent creations. One can not with fairness compare the two, for the old stuffs are ever tinged with the glamor of romance, with the persuasive appeal of antiquity, and the beauty that is heightened by a quality which only the passing years cangive.



HANGING AND CHAIR FROM THE SHOP OF CARVALHO BROTHERS

And yet we realize that, fascinating as these old materials are, their supply is necessarily limited, and their contribution to the world's progress is therefore constructive rather than productive. But their very rarity, of course, adds to the desire for possession.

In the significant collection of old velvets, brocades, damasks and brocatelles from Spain, Italy, Portugal and France, gathered together by the Carvalho Brothers, one wonders where so many old things come from, and if the supply is not almost exhausted. For answer, one has only to call to mind those feudal times when the products of the hand and loom represented the tangible wealth of the overlord whose rank and position depended upon the substantiality of his possessions. Moveable things, then, had far more value than homes or castles. They could be gathered together and carried away at short notice when the enemy proved too powerful. They were kept guarded and hidden away except on great fêtes and festivals when these gorgeous stuffs flung out their colors from balconies and windows, making the scene a fantasy of bewildering hues, each nobleman vying with the other in the presentation of the most impressive display. And on these high holidays, too, the tall columns and pilasters of churches were gaily embellished with yards and yards of flaming velvets and brocades. Even the horses were gaily caparisoned.

Civilization has banished most of these old customs, and feudalism has gone its way, and we, today, are heirs of yesterday's glories. The spoils of war and the cherished possessions of churches and palaces yield treasures, with which we, in turn, deck our walls, dress our furniture and embellish our homes.

The study of fabrics is a fascinating one—first of all their designs, then the special techniques which produced different cloth, the varied materials used in their making, and the use of one or a combination of colors. All the secrets of dyeing and weaving were known hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when all the mechanical processes were accomplished by hand.

Then the advent of the machine. There are those who believe that the machine and the purely mechanical processes can never produce real objects of art, that they can never equal those that were so beautifully produced in the past. But great progress has already been made, and if the time ever comes when the artist and the mechanical expert work in perfect unison, the results will be worthy of the name of art. But before this can be attained, the artist must be well versed in the large possibilities of mechanical production and the technician must be entirely sympathetic with the aims of the artist.

BEFORE the war, Russia was not content merely to continue the pursuit of a traditional art, but told us of its struggles, its privations, its need for freedom through the medium of a new esthetic expression. Russia was actively creative because its art expressed the life, the hopes of a people. The Russian Handicraft Shop, in a truly democratic way, presents alike the work of peasant, noble and refugee. The peasant, with dogged patience and skill, has produced linens, woven by hand, that possess a fine decorative feeling. Though the thread is rather fine, it is loosely woven, making the texture soft and flexible, splendidly adapted for table covers, bed spreads and hangings. The designs for the embroidery are very interesting and many variations of the characteristic Russian stitch are used, worked out in contrasting, harmonious colors. But these pieces pale before the hand-worked tapestries. These depict figures fully life size, modeled and painted with a skill so great that it is hard to believe that they have been achieved by so simple an instrument as the needle. Other panels of geometric design include the use of semi-precious or imitation stones and inserts of old brocades and velvets and gold and silver embroidery. These are all extremely decorative and distinctly national in feeling and design.



METAL COFFRET, INLAID AND ENAMELED FROM THE RUSSIAN HANDICRAFT SHOP

These simple folk also make furniture and boxes that are beautifully lacquered and toys that are unique and ingenious. Members of the nobility who must resort to craftsmanship as a means of livelihood are working in metals. They have reproduced ancient coffers, boxes and receptacles of all kinds which were made from brass, copper, silver and gold, studded with precious or semi-precious stones, with inlays of fine old brocades. They are hammered, decorated and welded by hand—the designs copied from old pieces produced in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

THE PRESENT craze for "old things" has created a new interest in pewter. It is one of the crafts that belongs to those unhurried days when things were beautiful because their simple forms, though often fashioned from unpretentious materials, were shaped lovingly by hand. Though modest and reticent in their appeal, the soft silvery tones of these pewter pieces became harmonious details in a room, and not only were they of value because of their utility, but because they also possessed a distinctly decorative quality. For this latter asset old pieces are being sought today.

We are apt to think of pewter, however, as emanating from metals so lowly that they are only appropriately housed when seen in some old farmhouse, but as a matter of interest, pewter was made and used for ecclesiastical purposes even before it was utilized for purely utilitarian objects. At this early time it was the exclusive property of the nobility. Gradually, however, the metal itself, having no intrinsic value, was brought within the means of everyone, and all conceivable household utensils were fashioned from it. There were platters, bowls, mugs, tankards, pitchers, spoons, forks, lamps, candlesticks—indeed too many things to enumerate.



PEWTER FROM THE ROYAL COPENHAGEN SHOP OF PORCELAINS AND DANISH ARTS

Now a few craftsmen are reviving the art of working in pewter in such a way that it has become of real significance. The Royal Copenhagen Shop of Porcelains and Danish Arts is showing the pewter of Just Anderson, a Dane who, until now, has been most widely known as a silversmith. He has discovered a process by which pewter never tarnishes, but keeps the beauty of its silvery tone and velvety texture almost indefinitely. The shapes of his tea sets, jugs, bowls and platters closely follow the forms he employs when creating his delightful silverware.

As in the best eras of pewter making, these shapes are simple and sturdy, yet they reveal a refinement of line and a certain delicacy of contour that is not always found in the robust designs of far north countries. He uses little decoration except when he wishes to accentuate a beautiful line or to increase the importance of some particular part of an object. This is usually done in repoussé and the designs typify his love and understanding of the natural forms of native plants and flowers. He presents his designs in a conventionalized rather than in a too naturalistic form which enhances their decorative effect.

Pewter, however well done, will never rank either in beauty or quality with beautiful silverware, yet there is a real place for it in the home, provided it possesses artistic value. There are a number of pewter makers both in England and in the United States who have revived some of the old forms and are making reproductions which compare favorably with the originals. Such a revival will do much towards stimulating a new interest in an old craft and will possibly create a greater demand for its production.

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

When the great exhibition of French Primitives was held in 1904 at the Louvre two masterpieces which until that time had adorned the hospice of the old Carthusian monastery at Villeneuve-lés-Avignon were lent by that ancient town to the nation. One was Charonton's "Coronation of the Virgin," concerning which Guy C. Eglington contributed a most interesting article in the March number. The other was a "Pietà," by an unknown Avignon painter of the fourteenth century. The latter caused such a sensation in Paris that the society calling itself the Friends of the Louvre decided to buy it. Against the protests of the people of Villeneuve, the masterpiece was acquired and presented to the Louvre, where it dominates the rooms devoted to French Primitives. Villeneuve ever since has spoken bitterly of the painting as the "stolen" Pietà. The work is one of the outstanding pictures of all time, and Mr. Eglington writes about it most entertainingly in the June number. His article is illustrated with several reproductions of the Pietà and its details.

Eighteenth century Staffordshire pottery has passed through the vicissitudes common to many art objects possible of being imitated cheaply and in quantity. That is, while originally and deservedly held in high esteem, it became vulgarized through reproduction, fell into the category of "old fashioned;" yet, more than a century later, it enjoyed a resurrection through critical appreciation and the vogue of eighteenth century English domestic art. Until Frank Partridge acquired and further developed the Stoner collection, England had no really fine or even partially complete assemblage of these charming potteries which now have been called the "English Ming." Laura Gordon-Stables will tell about the Partridge collection and the potters who made most of the pieces, in a charmingly illustrated article in the June number.

In awarding to Arthur Lee the Widener Gold Medal, the Pennsylvania Academy, in its most recent exhibition, conferred the honor on a sculptor whose work, although less generally known than that of several others in America, is nevertheless one of the most significant contributions to the art of this country. He is a man who has worked slowly and painstakingly; his production has not been great in quantity, for his sensitiveness is so keen and his striving for perfection so sincere that he is seldom content to let a figure go from his studio as complete. Only a few of his sculptures have been exhibited. Whenever his work has been seen, however, it has created a profound sensation. Readers of International Studio will have the pleasure, either of an introduction or of renewing acquaintance with Lee and his work, in the forthcoming issue. Jean Paul Slusser has written an article which has caught the spirit in which Lee works and, in combination with the illustrations, this will be a feature of unusual interest.

Out of the many tapestry designs credited to Peter Paul Rubens four are definitely known to be his. Least known of these is one set which he designed in 1621–22 for a French tapestry factory at the order of Louis XIII, his twelve original oil sketches in panels being listed in an inventory of the factory made about 1630. The set illustrated "The Life of Constantine the Great" and examples of it are very rare, five pieces being in a private collection in France and one partial set, of six pieces, in a London collection. It is this latter one which is described by Phyllis Ackerman who also tells the history of their making in an article in the June number, with photographs of each of the six tapestries illustrating her authoritative text.

"I dream of a magnificent country, with a sumptuous scene of great mountains in simple lines, peopled by beings superior, noble and beautiful, untrammeled by the passions. Robust men, generous women, laughing children. Dignified attitudes that only powerful sonorities, grave and gentle accords, may transpose. In a word the paradise of Poussin and Claude Lorrain." This is a quotation from the French painter, Jules-Émile Zingg, taken from the article, which will appear in the June number, by Louise Gebhard Cann. This painter, whose art is tempered by modernism, is a direct descendent of the grand tradition of French art. He is an idealist and a romanticist. Mrs. Cann's article is illustrated with some typical reproductions of his work.

Although Rodin never finished his "Gates of Hell," the massive doors in high relief which were intended for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, this gigantic work served as the source of "The Thinker," "The Kiss," "Adam," and others of his masterpieces. Esther E. Baldwin, in an article in next month's International Studio, traces these as they emerge from the parent work (which was suggested by Dante's *Inferno*) into separate entities—"The Kiss" from the "Paolo and Francesca" of the "Gates" and the "Adam" from the three figures that crown the top of it. "The Thinker" is the only one of these artistic offspring that appears practically unchanged in the earliest and final form of the "Gates of Hell," which today is to be seen in the permanent collection of the sculptor's works at the Hotel Biron.

The history of aviation is longer than we are accustomed to think it. Men have tried to fly almost since they learned to walk. One of the interesting by-products has been the drawings and paintings of aeronautical subjects, some of them serious, many of them humorous or satiric. In an article which she calls "Art and Aircraft" Rose Henderson has told a little of the story of aviation in the last three centuries, and of the appeal which it has made to the artist. Several of the old prints of early balloon ascensions will be reproduced as illustrations.

The artist has made a contribution to Californian architecture. In several of the finest houses that have recently been built there tall studio windows, suggestive, some of them, of the great gates and casements of medieval castles, have been incorporated in the design. The combination of these and the traditional Spanish forms has added a new and extremely beautiful motive to domestic architecture. In an article in the June number, splendidly illustrated by pen sketches of several of the most striking windows, Henriette Boeckman describes these and their settings, and tells a little, enough to give a background, about the windows in the studios of the masters of the past.

Peyton Boswell



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The chintz shown here is an American adaptation from an old English chintz which is still being made from the original blocks. It is very typical of the designs made in great profusion during the second quarter of the XIX century. English chintzes are often glazed. But the old glaze made them very stiff and awkward for hangings. The new semi-glaze gives the chintz a glazed finish but retains the softness necessary for successful draping.

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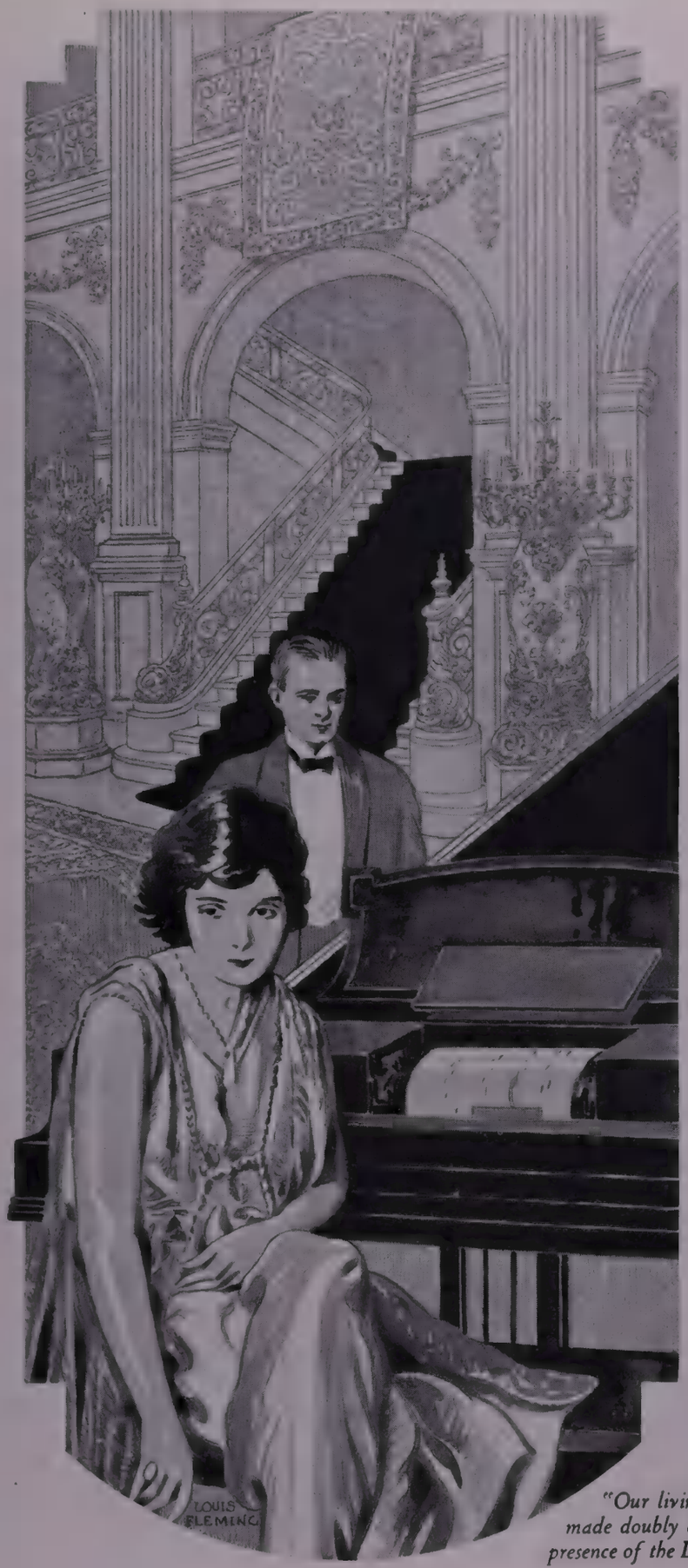


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The picture is that referred to in the Diary of the 11th June, 1662. In the back of the frame is a facsimile of the petition in Pepys' own handwriting countersigned by James II a few days previous to his flight from England, that the arrears of £28,000 odd, sterling due to Mr. Pepys from the then government, should be paid to him. The debt is still outstanding.

The medallion signed on the back, J. Cavalier fecit A.D. 1683, is inscribed round the rim as follows SAM. PEPYS. CAR. ET. JAC. ANGL. REGIB. A. SECRETIS, ADMIRALIAE.

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June 3	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg	United States	Republic
June 3	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United-American	Cleveland
June 4	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
June 4	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
June 4	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland
June 5	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Mongolia
June 5	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Belgenland
June 5	New York	Copenhagen	Christiansand, Christiania	Scandinavian-American	United States
June 6	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Athenia
June 6	New York	Gothenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Kungsholm
June 6	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
June 6	New York	Christiania	Christiansand, Bergen, Stav	Norwegian-American	Bergensfjord
June 6	Boston	Copenhagen	Christiania, Christiansand	Scandinavian-American	United States
June 7	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
June 7	Philadelphia	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Columbia
June 7	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Anchor	Andania
June 7	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Anchor	Laconia
June 7	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
June 7	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
June 7	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Doric
June 7	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
June 7	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	Geo. Washington
June 7	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Rotterdam
June 7	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
June 7	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orbita
June 8	New Orleans	Havre	Canary Islands, Vigo, Havana	French	Niagara
June 10	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Samaria
June 10	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Pittsburg
June 10	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United-American	Resolute
June 11	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
June 11	New York	Gothenburg		Swedish-American	Drottningholm
June 11	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
June 11	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita
June 12	Quebec	Liverpool	Belfast	Cunard	Caronia
June 12	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Roosevelt
June 12	Quebec	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
June 13	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Cassandra
June 13	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
June 14	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
June 14	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
June 14	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Megantic
June 14	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
June 14	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Volendam
June 14	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United-American	Mount Clay
June 16	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg	United States	America
June 17	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillon
June 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
June 18	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
June 18	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
June 19	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Lapland
June 19	New York	Liverpool	Boston, Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
June 19	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
June 19	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania, Christiansand	Scandinavian-American	Hellig Olav
June 20	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Saturnia
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June 21	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orca
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June 24	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Harding
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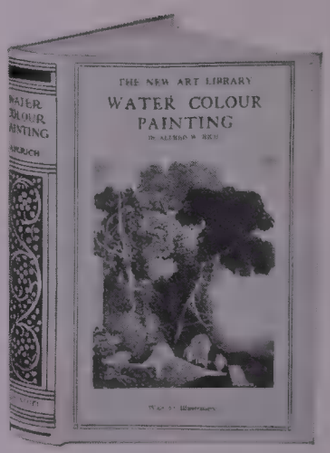
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ASSISTANT
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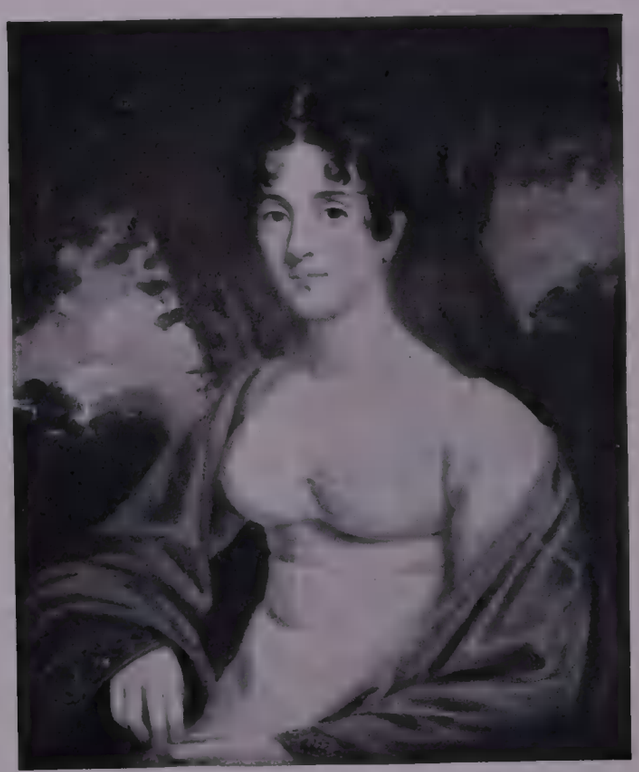
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"SEATED STAG"

Eighteenth Century Staffordshire Pottery

Courtesy of Frank Partridge, of London

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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STAFFORDSHIRE—"English Ming"

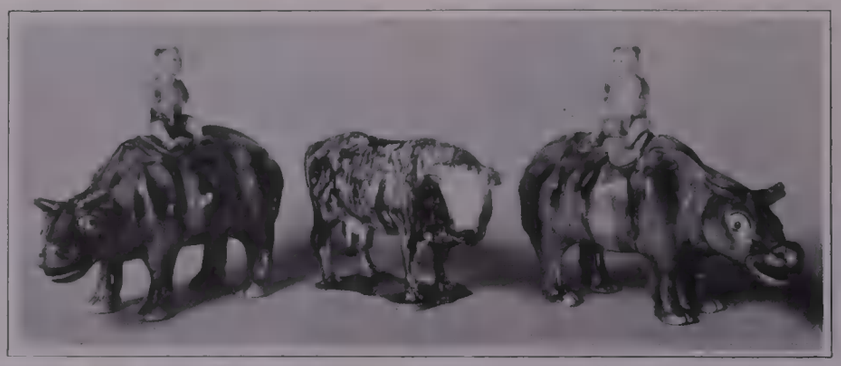
Fashion made, unmade and is remaking the vogue of this charming ware represented in the Partridge collection

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

WHENEVER a work of art is capable of being produced at a small price it inevitably suffers the risk of being accounted so negligible in value that no matter what its merits few specimens survive. This is specially true of the small animal and figure pieces made in the Staffordshire kilns in their heyday, that is to say under the two branches of the family of Wood, under Thomas Whieldon and John Astbury. The museums of Great Britain, though they contain many interesting specimens, lack any comprehensive collection. It was not until the summer of 1923, when Frank Partridge exhibited in London a large collection that the student was enabled to form a clear idea of the quality and scope of the output. In glaze, coloring and modeling this pottery gives such clear indication of Chinese influence that it has been called "English Ming." One is struck by the resemblance in such pieces as the "Reclining Deer," "Seated Stag," shown



"RECLINING DEER," STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY COLORED BROWN ON A GREEN BASE *In the Victoria and Albert Museum*



RIGHT AND LEFT: "RHINOCEROSES WITH FIGURES." CENTRE: "BULL" WHIELDON STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY *In the Frank Partridge Collection*

in a color reproduction, and in the Whieldon rhinoceroses, bull, elephants and fox from the same source. The device of a Chinese figure seated on the back of the rhinoceros is an expedient which Whieldon likewise adopted in certain models of buffaloes, using here too the splashed effect which he so often employed, which was obtained by the use of manganese. Mottled also is the grey and brown bull on the green plinth, Whieldon being noted for those wares, classed as "variegated," the beginnings of which date to certain Staffordshire potters who preceded him. Especially in the important model of the seated stag and in that of the deer is the true oriental appreciation of the animal nature to be noted. By simple and direct means the potter has achieved a lifelike character that embraces the essentials of each animal where methods of greater sophistication and elaboration would have been found wanting.



LEFT: "THE FLUTE PLAYER;" RIGHT: "THE BIRD CAGE," BOTH CHARACTERISTIC OF RALPH WOOD, SENIOR. CENTRE: "SAVOYARD PLAYING A TRIANGLE" STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES *In the Frank Partridge Collection*

As in so many cases where enthusiasm has led to imitation the copyist has "gone one better" than the original. In certain of their tints, Whieldon, the Woods and Astbury actually improved on those which they were emulating. Take, for example, the green which is so splendidly exemplified in Enoch Wood's bust of the Rev. George Whitefield, in which eyes, gown and shaped pedestal are all carried out in a peculiarly soft, fresh tone of this color, the rest of the bust being all of an even creamy white. This, like his famous bust of John Wesley (a later work produced in 1781) is a wonderful specimen of portraiture in pottery, as it is also an outstanding piece of smooth and brilliant glaze. Considering the simplification of coloring, the vitality of expression and general dignity of style are remarkable. This example, which bears on the back a white oval tablet with the inscription, "The Rev. George Whitfield (sic) died 30th Sept, 1770, aged 56—Enoch Wood, Sculp, Burslem"—is the only one known to be still extant. The Woods, artists that they were, are credited with being the first English potters to sign their wares. Ralph Wood, father of Aaron and Ralph Wood the younger, usually marked his pieces "R. Wood." Ralph, the son, placed upon his products the legend, "Ra Wood, Burslem," or used the rebus of a wood and its trees, a device also employed by his own son, Ralph, and his cousin Aaron. Roughly

"ELEPHANTS" AND "FOX" WHIELDON STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY *In the Frank Partridge Collection*



speaking, Ralph Wood worked at this type of production between 1735 and 1740. Aaron, the eldest son, set up for himself in 1750 and his son, Enoch, took over management in 1770, the year of the Whitefield bust.

A great many of the Staffordshire pieces were placed in the kiln unmarked, or else impressed only with the number of the mould. Thus the "Hurdy Gurdy Man" of our illustration is marked with the number of Impressed Mould 66 and is no doubt the work of Ralph Wood, senior, who was also responsible for the figures of Admiral Van Tromp in the act of drawing his sword, works which were probably imitated from the representation of Hudibras. He, too, was the author of the figure of Alderman Beckford, modeled from the statue in the Guildhall. Beckford was Lord Mayor of London in 1763 and again in 1770, and only two examples of his statuette are known to have survived. It appears to have been one of the last works executed by Wood, senoir, though some critics are of the opinion that Whieldon was the modeler, while Wood actually made it. This duality of role often renders accurate attribution complicated.



LEFT: "THE HURDY-GURDY MAN." CENTRE AND RIGHT: "ADMIRAL VAN TROMP" STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY, PROBABLY BY RALPH WOOD, SENIOR
In the Frank Partridge Collection



EQUESTRIAN GROUP, "THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AS A ROMAN EMPEROR." STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY, PROBABLY BY VOYEZ *In the Frank Partridge Collection*

Particularly interesting to the American connoisseur is the statuette of Benjamin Franklin, standing upon a pedestal enriched with portrait medallions. Very characteristic of the period is the coloring employed, namely the brown coat in conjunction with the cloak of manganese purple, the green lining and the yellow breeches worn with white stockings. Though unmarked, it is no doubt the work of Ralph Wood, junior, an artist in pottery, who, although possibly he boasted slightly less originality than his father, yet possessed in a marked degree a flair for characterization and artistic effect. By Ralph Wood, junior, also is the group of "St. George and the Dragon," of which two illustrations are given—one from the Victoria and Albert Museum, the other from the Partridge collection. Cast in the identical mould it is interesting to contrast the different use of light and dark in the tinting, produced both by under- and over-glaze colors. This work, originated by Ralph 2d, was



"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON." STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY BY RALPH WOOD, JUNIOR. COLORING AND SLIGHT CHANGES IN POSTURE OF FIGURE DISTINGUISH IT FROM THAT AT RIGHT

In the Victoria and Albert Museum



"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON." STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY FROM THE SAME MOULD AS THAT AT LEFT

In the Frank Partridge Collection

afterwards imitated by Enoch. Both father and son produced, from the same mould, many copies of the famous "Vicar and Moses," of which the example in the Victoria and Albert Museum is illustrated here. This is notable as an outstanding example of that simple type of humor which is a feature of the Staffordshire potters. The contrast between the slumbering cleric and the all-unconscious preacher is irresistible in its naïve appeal. The piece is carried out in brilliantly colored glaze and enamel.

"LION" STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY, PROBABLY BY VOYEZ

In the Frank Partridge Collection



When one comes across a Staffordshire figure that is pseudo-classic in style, it is fairly safe to conjecture that it was modeled by the Frenchman Voyez who, after a split with his earlier employer Josiah Wedgwood, went over to the Wood family and with them produced a great number of pieces frankly influenced by the antique. The "Equestrian Group" of the Duke of Cumberland, now extremely rare, suggests, in the Roman emperor's garb of toga and scarf and the heroic treatment of the steed, that it is from his hand. It is interesting to note in this specimen the similarity in the decoration of the base to that



"MOTHER AND CHILD"

Eighteenth Century Staffordshire Pottery

Courtesy of Frank Partridge, of London



"TWO GENTLEMEN"

Eighteenth Century Staffordshire Pottery

Courtesy of Frank Partridge, of London

on the base of the "Seated Stag." The pedestal decoration, as well as the general characteristics of the "Lion" with his left front paw resting upon a ball, again suggest the classicist Voyez. His, against branches of trees growing out of rustic bases. Later on in his career when he became involved in serious trouble owing to the forgeries he had made of some of Wedgwood's classic



"THE VICAR AND MOSES" STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY
In the Victoria and Albert Museum

too, are the two plaques modeled in high relief that represent respectively "Innocence" and "Grooms Carousing." Voyez excelled also in animal studies and by him in all probability are the animated "Stag" and "Hind" standing cameos, he forsook his modeling after the antique and also his studies of animals for little rustic groups and adopted altogether a more naturalistic style. The groups illustrated of "The Flute Player" and the "Bird Cage" are not however



LEFT TO RIGHT: "NEPTUNE." "CHARITY," IMPRESSED "E. WOOD." "OLD AGE," IMPRESSED "R. WOOD." "FEMALE FIGURE." "APHRODITE AND CUPID." STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES *In the Frank Partridge Collection*

by him but by Ralph Wood, senior, of whose human, appealing touch they bear a clear imprint.

There is a suggestion of the classic in the small figures of "Neptune" and of "Aphrodite with Cupid," to the rustic bases of which are added square pedestals of white. The same spirit animates the two versions of "Charity" with her children. This theme of a woman cherishing her little ones was, in various guises, one much favored by these eighteenth-century modelers. It appears again in homelier, more intimate form in the group illustrated in color, wherein the maternal idea is still further developed in the sow and pigs posed about the woman's feet. A splashed treatment has been chosen for the beasts while the female figure is simply draped in a gown of blue. As an example of the prices originally charged it is interesting to quote from an invoice furnished by Ralph Wood to Wedgwood in 1783, wherein he quotes "George and Dragons" at two shillings and "Venuses with purple linings" as low as fifteen pence. An "Apollow" could be supplied for as little as ten pence, but if extra gilding was required it would cost five pence each more! It is still further illuminating as proving that one master-potter was not above drawing upon another when his own resources ran out.

The most experienced of experts is not always reliable in his attributions of Staffordshire figures to the various potters referred to here though a developed acquaintance with the ware usually enables the collector to determine fairly accurately the authorship. Whieldon paste is peculiarly crisp and hard and he glazed the underneath of his figures more frequently than did his colleagues. The Woods glazed the underneath less frequently, allowing the biscuit-colored clay to make its appearance freely. The figures are mostly on a small scale and highly glazed. This early maker does not seem to have signed or marked his wares at any period so that attribution of his work must remain more or less conjectural.

AT LEFT: "INNOCENCE RIDING ON A LION." AT RIGHT: "GROOMS CAROUSING." STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES BY VOYEZ *In the Frank Partridge Collection*

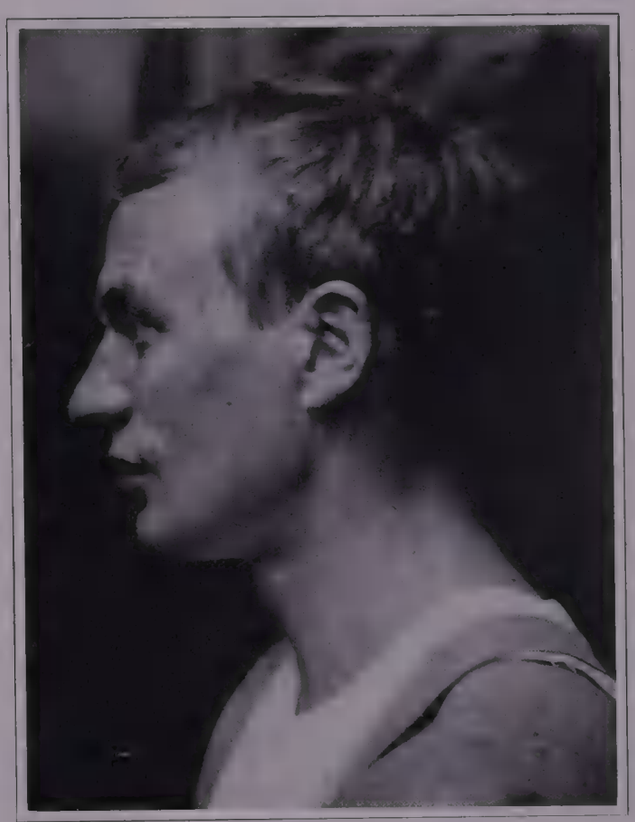


A NOTE ON ARTHUR LEE

Sculptor who has just been awarded the Widener Gold Medal is a significant figure in American art

JEAN PAUL SLUSSER

THE HIGHEST official honor, the award of the Widener Memorial Gold Medal, at the Pennsylvania Academy, has just been paid to the art of Arthur Lee. It is a well deserved award, and in making it the Pennsylvania Academy honored itself, for seldom has it gone to an artist who has worked more purely for the love of his art, and less for recognition and reward. It will add no jot to his artistic stature with those who already know his work, but it may bring his name and artistic quality to the attention of a wider public, and this is perhaps the ideal function of any official recognition.



ARTHUR LEE

It is too commonly believed that the artist who works primarily for the love of his art can not or does not exist in America, that an artist here must commercialize his talent in order to live. There are examples enough on every hand, it must be said, of men who have sold themselves for a quick success, and much spiritless work could be conveniently explained upon this hypothesis. It does indeed seem probable that the artist class in this country is laboring under a misconception, perhaps is struggling to live up to a false ideal. There is no clear line of demarcation here between the artist and other men: the American obsession for success and its corollary, the mania for living and looking like everybody else, and that everybody else a banker or successful business man, have actually made little more than business men out of some of our potential artists. Poverty, unconventionality of dress or surroundings, the age-old prerogatives of the artist, are not understood or tolerated in America, except in the occasional cases where they are adopted as an affectation, and are carried to such extremes as to approach charlatanism. And too many potential artists under the urge of this misdirected social pressure have accepted ideals not their own or those belonging to their rightful class, and have bartered their souls for the things that other men have—houses, clothes, motors—the visible ear-marks of success and respectability.

The true artist does not surrender his soul for such goods. It is not that he is stronger in his power of self-denial than other men. It is simply that he does not crave or require possessions beyond those necessary to his work. It is a case of not wishing to surrender the greater treasure for the less, nor of being willing to surrender a birthright for a mess of pottage. The true artist has a different set of values, and is not interested in having and in being seen to have the things that other men live by. He is a man who like Saint Paul has seen a great light, and henceforth is not as other men. Such men are rare in any age and in any country, but they exist despite adversity and in almost any surroundings—in America as well as elsewhere. It is a happy occurrence when one of them, and even before middle life, is given official recognition and encouragement.

Arthur Lee was twelve years old when he saw the great light that changed the world for him. He was fonder even than most boys of outdoor sports and games, and very early discovered a great interest in the conformation of his own body and those of his fellows at play. Like most boys he lost no opportunity for going swimming, and it was at the swimming-hole that he one day suddenly and for the first time in his life had a complete and conscious realization of the meaning of



"DAWN" BY ARTHUR LEE

beauty. It was at sight of the white, perfectly muscled body of a powerful grain handler from the mills nearby. "I thought I had seen God" is his expression for the way he felt. He found himself after this going swimming not so much for the sport of it as for the chance it gave him furtively to study the physical forms of his companions. The human body became and henceforward was to him the sum and symbol of all beauty and all divinity.

And when not much later a copy of Bulfinch's *Age of Fable* fell into his hands and he saw, even in its dry line renderings, representations of the nude human figure, and read its tales of gods and heroes, emasculated renderings from Ovid though they were, new worlds of the spirit opened before him. He nourished his newfound passion on reproductions of Greek sculpture in the public library, until finally the chance reading of an article in a boys' weekly on the education of an artist gave him the stimulus that wrenched him loose from his prosaic middle-western environment, and with forty-six dollars in his pocket he





ABOVE AND AT LEFT: "VOLUPTÉ," BY ARTHUR LEE

Widener Gold Medal, Pennsylvania Academy, 1924

came on to New York twenty-one years old, totally without experience, and never in his life having seen even the plaster cast of a great work of sculpture.

The chief point of remark about Lee's early New York days is that his devotion to his boyhood patron, who, attracted by the boy's earnestness and intelligence, offered to pay his expenses through four years of study in Paris.

How Arthur Lee came unscathed through three years at the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris is further matter for astonishment, but he received,



A CORNER OF ARTHUR LEE'S STUDIO IN PARIS

passion carried him triumphantly through all the shocks, discouragements and disappointing half-realizations that deaden the souls of young idealists in their first encounters with the great city. Always the athlete, he discovered when utter poverty assailed him that he could earn a living as a model, and there followed a period of arduous but not unprofitable slavery in the studios, in which the eager youth absorbed much of artists and their lore while continuing his studies in drawing at night. Then the unbelievable occurred in the appearance on the scene of a patron, who, attracted by the boy's earnestness and intelligence, offered to pay his expenses through four years of study in Paris.

How Arthur Lee came unscathed through three years at the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris is further matter for astonishment, but he received, at any rate, a more than thorough academic grounding, while the museums and the constant study from life in the *croquis* saved his soul artistically. He fairly haunted the museums, till he knew the classic marbles, as he did the casts in New York, by heart. Metropolitan Museum attendants still remember the boy who got down on his knees to study the casts as they had never seen anyone else study them. And when at last he came to London before that greatest spoil of the antique world, the Parthenon frieze and the Elgin Marbles, and visited the museums of the

antique in Italy, he entered finally into regions which from his boyhood had formed the background of his dream.

It is frequently said of Lee's sculpture that it is Greek, but it would be much more to the point to say that it is classic, in the true sense of that word. There is a text of the Chinese sage of the sixth century, Hsieh Ho, which says of a work of art that it "exhibits the fusion of the rhythm of the spirit with the movement of living things." With the addition perhaps of the word "form," to make it read "form and movement of living things" we have a suggestive definition for classic art. It is the primitives of any art movement who are usually most completely engrossed with the rhythms of the spirit. In these their work is rich, but it is likely to be correspondingly poor in its expressiveness of the form and movement of living things. The decadents of a period seem inclined to miss the rhythms of the spirit in their concern with presenting the form and movements of life, in other words, the illusion of reality. There is a moment between when certain artists find it possible to achieve a nearly perfect fusion between the two, when inward rhythm is completed by outward form, and there is a balance between the qualities of design and those of representation. Such a moment came in Greek art in the fourth



THREE SCULPTURES IN AN EXHIBITION OF ARTHUR LEE'S WORK



"TORSO OF A BOY" BY ARTHUR LEE

century B.C., and in Italian art in the late thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries of the Christian era. An artist of such a type is Arthur Lee, and he occurs curiously enough at a time of general breaking up and change, of crossing and intercrossing of artistic influences. Rodin, the greatest of all decadents, an artist who carried modeling, the rendering of the surfaces of living things, further perhaps than it has ever been carried before, is barely dead, and a whole school of modern primitives is conducting laboratory experiments in the attempt to isolate the rhythms of the spirit and to build with them a non-representative art patterned on a sense of the inner truth of living things and not on their outward form and movement.

In an artist like Lee there is an astonishing balance struck—an intense emotion for life is married to a profound feeling for form, in a way that has seldom occurred in modern times except among the French. There is a fine fusion of pure abstract design drawn from his intuitions of the deepest rhythms of the spirit as it has its being in living things, and of forms representative of life as it presents itself more directly to the senses. Idea and form are harmoniously and indivisibly one, as they are in classic art whenever and wherever it appears. Apparently realistic, his sculptures are yet very far from imitating life; they are copies, rather, of a plastic idea born of the artist's contemplation of life and rendered in terms of the forms and movements of living things. There is no over-insistence upon design of and for itself, as in the work of some of the ultra-moderns, and there is no emphasis on realism of modeling as in most of the academic decadents. There is simply the fine balance of design and modeling that brings this work nearer in spirit to that of the Greeks than that of most modern sculptors. The balance, emphatically be it said, is struck from within, is a product of the artist's experience with life plus his understanding of the language of art. His passion is always for truth—"*amant sur tout du vrai, no voyant le beau que dans le vrai*" as Ingres has it; "living form" is Lee's own statement of his ideal. His actual achievement to date has been small in quantity but very high in quality. Though much of his work is fragmentary, it is even so more significant, as being part of a greater whole, than the larger output of lesser men. In Arthur Lee we have among us, once more, in short, a sculptor in the grand manner.



"LA HALTE" BY JULES ÉMILE ZINGG

ZINGG, SANE MODERNIST

An artist lover of earth who combines the sombre simplicity of the Primitives with the vision of Poussin

Louise Gebhard GANN

THE LIFE of today, as reflected in the *Salon d'Automne* and the exhibits of the *Indépendants*, is complex and tormented. The thousands of artists swarming on Montmartre and on the *rive gauche* suffer the pain of acute competition unrewarded materially. A nervous disequilibrium prevails, and one concludes frequently that artists are made of gunpowder. The mention of a name, of a movement, causes a flash and a report. Distortion of form is the language of the exacerbated. The galleries groan and stifle with the savage disdain, morbid naïveté, defiance and sensuality crowding their walls. A notable painting by one of the leaders—a sensibility of acid gray against dull gray, quickened to a harsh drama by a stubborn, scorching red—expresses, characteristically in the terms of a *nature-morte* composed of dead flowers, the cold discontent of the present generation. And though these bitter utterances move us, for at their best they are art as Baudelaire is art, the discovery of a calm soul amid all this revolt is an unusual delight.

Jules-Émile Zingg is undoubtedly one of the noblest of the modern decorators. Few under forty are so sure of direction and means, so rich in actual accomplishment. This is to take him on the whole. The first impression of the "Halte," in the *Salon d'Automne*, 1922, might provoke in the casual spectator a sensation of the grotesque, especially if the entire range of this artist be unknown; but these Homeric oxen in their deep bovine repose, the broad and genial child with her corn-flowers—one of the delicious color-accents of this sombre painting — the heavy peasant so well related to his cattle and the uncompromising mountains that enclose him, his church and village, his beasts and his fields, finally take hold of the imagination. We perceive a new reading of earth. The response is to balance, harmony, singleness of aim—a mood of serene joy. And when we relate this bucolic to the entire work of Zingg, the strangely attractive snow scenes, the pastorals with the nude in landscape, the resplendent interiors, we are quite willing to believe with Robert Rey that we have here a great decorator.

Zingg is not Parisian. Born at Montbéliard, on the head waters of the Doubs, his sympathies naturally turn to the rugged. Perhaps it counts



"THE MAN WITH THE CELLO" BY JULES ÉMILE ZINGG

that his ancestry was Swiss, a race of climbers, breathing pure air and scanning broad horizons. From them comes the large sweep of his art. In opposition is the sensation of valleys, remote, briefly touched by sun, where people labor and seem to partake of the nature of the rocks that hem them in. He says himself: "I dream of a magnificent country, with a sumptuous scene of great mountains in simple lines, peopled by beings superior, noble and beautiful, untrammeled by the passions. Robust men, generous women, laughing children. Dignified attitudes that only powerful sonorities, grave and gentle accords, may transpose. . . . In a word, the Paradise of Poussin and Claude Lorrain." We have here the properties and the protagonists of the *Grande École*, and when one reflects on the history of the arts in France, especially the drama, one perceives a racial aspiration for the refined and stately that among the Latins takes its place beside the homelike and the familiar. On the other hand, this native of the Vosges is a temperament that like Shelley responds completely to nature. "It is nature with its forms, colors and movements that made me paint." Trees, the blue sky, a humanity close to earth pass through his imagination and reappear in a Golden Age. Toil becomes a symbol of man's union with the planet and the elements that nourish him; tragedy, like the tragedies of the ancient Greeks, is a dithyramb to the seasons. This is to see Zingg with his own eyes. He is unconscious, it seems, that often he paints humoresques—grim troll dances that evoke Peer Gynt. He creates, from any point of view, Escape . . . from subways, congested traffic, the fever of cities.

Gauguin attempted to realize this escape in his life; he attained it only in his art. Zingg is more fortunate. His art even in its most decorative mode bears witness to his family ties, his friendships, his undisturbed attachment to a region. He has the unusual faculty of employing immediately the commonplace, which, by the alchemy of love and vision, he lifts to a sphere of ideal grandeur or idyllic beauty. Is it not true that many artists are animated by fury and hate? Do we not feel it in Forain, Lautrec, the vitriolic greens of Cézanne's portraits? And is it not present in much of the tormented work of the group to which Zingg adheres? His acceptance of life is extraordinary in this age of revolt.

One of the ambitions of the present generation of French painters is to return to the classics. We saw* how this aim modified the radicalism of Jean Marchand, and we observe even more directly how it simplifies the decorative issue for Zingg.

*INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, July, 1922

"LA FOIRE DE SAINT-SATURNIN" BY JULES ÉMILE ZINGG



The case of the latter, unlike that of Marchand, is one of predestination rather than choice. For when at eighteen he showed his first painting to the connoisseurs of Montbéliard they exclaimed, "That is vieux Breughel!" "Old Breughel!" The youth had never before heard of him. So when these same art lovers obtained for him a purse with which to emigrate to Paris to study at the *École des Beaux Arts*, he resolved to go there to find out what Breughel the Elder was like. The natural sympathy between himself and the painter of kermesses led him almost immediately to rebel against the methods of instruction prevailing in the school, and like so many others of his day he went to the Louvre to discover the principles of the old masters. What interested him was how they obtained their harmonies. In this he showed the trait that was later to dominate his technique. Apart from Breughel (who indicated to him the way in which to depict these market-days of the Auvergne and the Franche-Comté, these harvests of golden wheat, with the festivals of the threshing and the vintage) he studied Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, Rubens and the Flemings, with the French classicists and the painters of 1830. A visit to his studio amid the quiet gardens of Villa Brune tells the whole story of the influences so ardently undergone.

In his first painting, carefully preserved in a corner of the big *atelier*, we see the low broad cart, the heavy horse, the squat driver that prevision the earth-gripping shapes of the "Halte." The umbers, greens and reds then hesitating towards Impressionism, have now resolved themselves into the simple palette of ochers, gray, black, with green and blue—the palette of a primitive as understood by Gauguin. Here is a large panel, a Millet on whom Cézanne has begun to encroach—the scandal of the *Artistes Français* immediately preceding the war. Follows a cacophony of rebellion: Cubisms in the oils; in the water-colors so celebrated and ultimately so rich, strong and personal, we see, at the beginning, Hiroshige in the rhythm of a crowd, or, where hills rise in crests, Hokusai. There are wood-blocks in color, in black and white, amusing essays, or pages of consummate skill in which we have freshness and exquisite sensibility. We come to the large decorations of the post-war period such as "The Man with the Cello," a calm pastoral in a magnificent harmony of earth-colors, an evocation of a world that invites to rest. The animated "Foire de Saint-Saturnin," seen in last year's *Nationale*, is also here. One could write a book about this canvas, so significant it is of the new age. A most personal work by its distortion of form, its robust unhesitating composition and its daring contrasts of strong simple colors related to a fundamental opaque gray; it shows the curiously international artistic family to which its author belongs. The *kermesse* of Brueghel, the Tokaido of Hiroshige, are in solution with Poussin in a work that summarizes with singular verity the entire modern movement. Without Cubism, Cézanne, Gauguin, the research of the *jeunes*, it could not have existed, nor could it have been what it is, an individual expression of a scene in a region remarkable for its character, had not these universal and historic influences been assimilated and turned into new vitality by the painter. It represents in plastic form the philosophy of Zingg, who says, "If you are sincerely and intensely individual you necessarily attain universality." This is the meaning of modern art: it does not limit itself to national or racial sources. Its investigations and attractions include all history and the entire planet; but the mentality of the contemporary artist at his best is so ardent and omniverous that this vast vocabulary is for him the fundamental of a new language by which he defines and illumines himself. Though Zingg has illustrated this spirit, he is by no means alone. It writes its message on the *Salon d'Automne*, the *Indépendants*, and even on the *Nationale*. The medieval yet Japanese landscapes of Waroquier are in point. The basis of the brevity of Henri Matisse is without doubt exotic. Many names could be cited.

Zingg's work is distributed in the public museums of France and in private collections. Most Americans who visit Paris know his splendid panel, "Le Son de Musique," in the *Salle Moderne* of the Luxembourg, not a banality discoverable in the succinctly organized surface. "La Petite Rue," which was purchased by the French government, hangs in the *Jeu de Paume*, the annex of the Luxembourg. In the Loiseau collection we find the "Mere et Enfant" in a small but perhaps the most perfect of this artist's oils.

But Zingg has many sides. The "Moisson d'Or," owned by M. Delaroche, is a glorious hymn to life in which his ochers obtain resonance against the deep emerald of the hills. That the painting is flanked by works from Zorn and Daumier does not diminish its vigor, or the serious happy quality of the emotion it exacts from us. In the decoration of the dining-room of M. Coste there is a panel four metres long. It is intimate and amusing. The scene is a summer day at Auxerre, M. Coste's home, with M. and Mme. Coste, baby Coste nursing his bottle. The family dog, animated and expectant, is on one side, and Mme. Loiseau and M. Loiseau on the other. Peasants



"MERE ET ENFANT" BY JULES ÉMILE ZINGG

with their horses and plows move in the distance. We distinguish a church, gardens, the Cathedral.

Gray weaves this painter's destiny. It is this eye for gray in its varied gamut that has enabled him to paint snow with exceptional distinction. But he perceives the pearl hues of midday in burning summer. For this mysterious and sombre ambience his reds exist. His color springs from it and returns to it. His so vigorous line ordering the sullen masses is one with this vision.

Zingg is a scrupulous and hard-working artist whose approach to life is humble and passionate. He spends much of his time in Auvergne and the French Jura, although actually his home is in Paris. But the nervous acerbity engendered by this city, which, as they say, "devours the young and the merely talented," has not affected him. He stands out against his background, a sturdy, red-haired countryman, whose blue eyes might designate him Irish were it not for the expression of his straight, well-planted nose. In conversation one is impressed by his alert, seeking, mentality. He comments on the civilization of the Orient. The United States "is the country of the future, fabulous in its possibilities on account of its freedom from tradition." He is somewhat painfully sensible of the opposition to the new in France, and one remembers that his escape from the *Artistes Français* has made him the *bete-noire* of the Society of Bursaries of which he was formerly a star. But, "people leave the school not because they are getting weak but because they are growing." He thinks if America really understood Cézanne and Gauguin, especially the latter, it would understand the present generation of French painters—that is to say, those who are part of the "Movement."

One feels in this slight grave man that he is urged to express a force unknown, latent, rising out of the mountains and the stubborn land of the Puy-de-Dome and the Swiss border. It formed his ancestors to the soil and it finds symbolic articulation in his art. It is, indeed, this "Daemon of Place" that made him a painter. Its spirit is in all he does from the most Japanesque woodblock in color to the "Chamber Music" of the Luxembourg. There are others who have been molded and driven to speech by the soul of a region, among them, quite notably, the Morvan, Louis Charlot; but few have been able to establish on the canvas itself with more convincing probity the truth, which Zingg might paraphrase from the diary of Henri-Edmond Cross, "This tree, this mountain, these peasants, are myself."



THE "PIETÀ" OF VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON "O VOS OMNES, QUI TRANSITIS PER VIAM, ATTENDITE, VIDETE, SICUT EST DOLOR, SICUT DOLOR MEUS"

THE "PIETÀ" OF VILLENEUVE

Both the painter and date uncertain, the panel is one of the great masterpieces of medieval art

GUY G. EGLINGTON

IN AN EARLIER article on Enguerrand Charonton's "Coronation of the Virgin" I tried to evoke something of the ruined splendor of that forgotten city, Villeneuve. I took the reader to the summit of the Rocher des Doms at Avignon, whence we looked for thirty miles over the plain of Venaissin. Below us the Rhone, turbulent and untameable as in the days when it divided kingdom from empire, flung itself still at the piles of Little Benet's bridge, as though in rage that man should have had the temerity to span it. There, where we stood, was papal ground, once the last outpost of the empire. Beyond the river, France, and a tower of Philip's fort still standing for a sign. French king and Avignon pope faced each other here for near on a century, straddled both across the high road from Italy to the north. Between them the Pont St. Bénézet, commanded at one end by the Rocher des Doms, at the other by Philip's fort, provided the only crossing.

"Sur le pont d'Avignon
l'on y danse, l'on y danse"

goes the song. But there was more than dancing on the bridge of Avignon. Armies, crusades, pilgrims, popes, cardinals, legates, kings, emperors passed now in solemn procession, now swaying in battle, back and forth. Could a man but see that procession in the mind's eye, two centuries of history were enacted before him. He would witness the rise and fall of Avignon, from the day when Bénézet the Shepherd heard a voice from heaven saying: *Fieou Mieou, aus la vos de Jesu Christ* [My Son, hear the voice of Jesus Christ], and received command to bridge the impassable Rhône; through the days of Avignon's greatness, when it

**The little book on Avignon in the series of* Mediæval Towns, *published by Dutton, tells the story delightfully. A book well worth owning. The bridge was started in 1177.*



"HEAD OF CHRIST," DETAIL FROM THE "PIETÀ" OF VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

was the political, no less than the spiritual centre of Christendom; to that evil day when Pedro de Luna, last of the Avignon popes, beleaguered, destroyed the bridge in self-defense. For with the passing of the bridge passed also the greatness of Avignon. From the mighty Rocher des Doms we looked further and saw, clustered round a hill northwest of the bridge, the sometime magnificence of Villeneuve. And there, I fear, words failed me.

It is easy to celebrate the greatness of Avignon. Centuries of historians have recorded, centuries of poets sung it, until its very name is music. One has but to say "Avignon" and a chord is struck which in its turn evokes a symphony of images. But Villeneuve is less fortunate. One sings the name, but no responsive chord is struck, no image evoked. History, perverse as ever, is silent. And as for poetry—why, even Petrarch, who should have conferred immortality upon it for its beauty, grudges its splendor as stolen from Rome. "While the roofs of the Apostles and the temples of the Saints at Rome are in ruins," he cries, "magnificent palaces are rising on the Rhone, glittering with gold, menacing heaven with their proud towers."

"Magnificent palaces, glittering with gold," "proud towers!" The gold is gone and the pride is humbled. But there is surely enough of majesty yet to tempt the historian. One can not walk through the dusty street without being overpowered by the sense of it. Mean hovels attempt vainly to obscure the grandeur of spacious courtyards. Isolated portals—destruction must be absolute to do its work—bring vivid and actual before the eyes the palaces to which they but served as prologue. Here lived the Conti, there the Cardinal Pierre de Thury. Arnaud de Via built the church. These ruins housed the Most Happy Pierre de Luxembourg, Cardinal of St. Gregory of the Golden Veil, who died in an odor of sanctity, already an object of pilgrimage, at the age of eighteen years. Villeneuve is populous with the spirits of its builders and their successors. It was at once the anteroom to the pope's chamber and the vantage point for the pope's aggressors. It housed the unhappy Joan of Naples and Louis of Taranto, her husband; Philip of Valois, King of France, and the great Tribune, Rienzi. Philip the Fair stationed there a garrison to command the bridge head and hold Pope Clement V in check. The dukes of Orleans, Burgundy and Berry and their magnificent embassy whose mis-



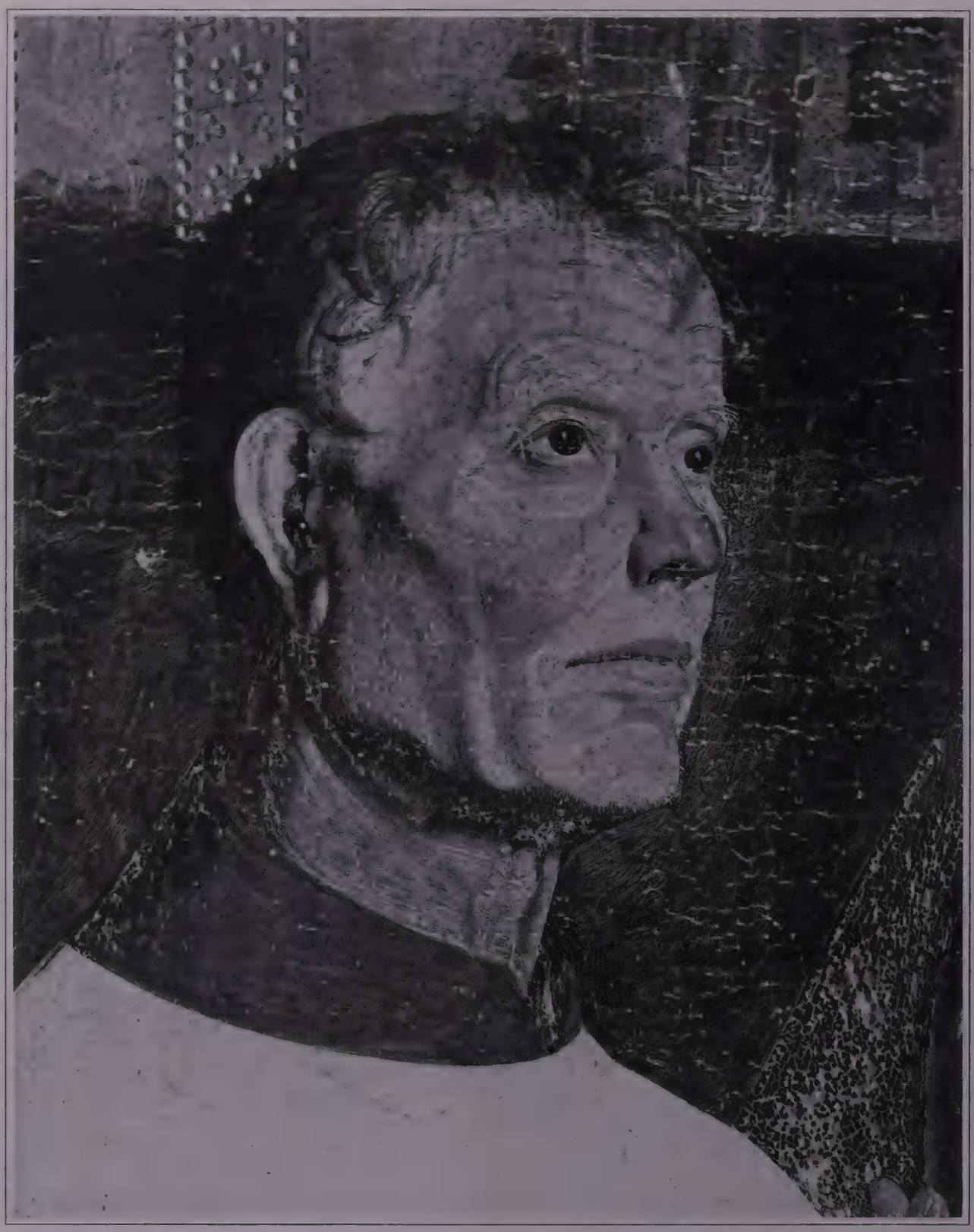
"HEAD OF THE MAGDALEN," DETAIL FROM THE "PIETÀ" OF VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

sion it was to persuade Pedro de Luna to resign the papal tiara withdrew thither when that mission had failed, and the greater part of the papal court followed them. Thence Boucicault directed his fruitless siege. Thence finally Randon, Seigneur de Joyeuse, commanded the second siege which ended the Great Schism.

One might pile name on great name and yet fail to evoke one fraction of the undefinable emotion which assails the student as, wholly unprepared, he treads the dust of Villeneuve. The historian of Villeneuve will have need to be, not historian only, but archæologist, artist and something of a poet, too. Out of the lists of names, chronicles of events, fragments of architecture of every century from the twelfth to the seventeenth, fragments of fresco, altarpieces and the like, he must rebuild the city which Petrarch saw and envied, swing the world back on its axis until the bridge of Avignon be again its centre, and people Villeneuve with the great of every race in Christendom. Then and then only will justice be done, as well to history as to ourselves.

Meanwhile—as always—art achieves what historians and chroniclers are powerless to effect. If Villeneuve is known today, it is not because Philip, King of France, deigned to stay there, but because a certain obscure artist, named Enguerrand Charonton, painted a "Coronation of the Virgin" for the Carthusian monastery; another, whose very name is lost, a frescoed story of the life of St. John the Baptist for the chapel of the same monastery; yet a third, and he is most obscure of all, this "Pietà."

You will remember that I described the "Coronation" as hanging in a long gallery in the Hospice. There too this picture hung till some twenty years ago, when, so the Sister will tell you, it was *stolen* by the Louvre. I can not vouch for the accuracy of her version of the story, but it seems that both the "Coronation" and the "Pietà" were lent to the Louvre for the *Exhibition of French Primitives* in 1904. The former was duly returned. Not so the "Pietà." After long negotiation, and against the strenuous protests of the Villeneuve authorities, it was finally bought by the *Société des Amis du Louvre*, and presented by them to the Louvre, where it now hangs in the hall of the French Primitives. By way of compensation the citizens of Villeneuve were permitted to have a copy made, which hangs now by the side of the "Coronation." It may be sentimentality,



"HEAD OF THE DONOR," DETAIL FROM THE "PIETÀ" OF VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

but I can not help feeling sorry at the "theft." Not only is Villeneuve robbed thereby of one of its glories, but the "Pietà" itself is torn from its proper setting. Seen against the ruins of Villeneuve, one senses a harmony, a kinship almost, between them and it. Much that is unclear in the picture the ruins help to explain, and they in turn draw life from it.

It is for that reason that I have attempted to evoke an image of Villeneuve, as it is and was. To stumble across the "Pietà" in its new setting in the Louvre is to experience a profound shock. It is as though a giant had strayed by mischance into a nursery and upset the children's castle of painted brick. Stupefaction reigns. Even the French critics, so little afflicted with diffidence, begin to



"HEAD OF THE VIRGIN," DETAIL FROM THE "PIETÀ" OF VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

stutter when they speak of it. "Heavy and barbaric," says M. Dimier, though he admits a "surprising vigor of execution." And others, less Parisian, are no less incommoded by it. As to its authorship, it has been fathered on every known French painter, from Nicolas Froment down. None of the attributions will hold water, none indeed can be seriously meant. There is, in point of fact, no known French painter either of the fourteenth or fifteenth century who could, under any possible circumstances, be its author. One has only to glance from it to the pictures which

hang around it to be conscious that a great gulf separates them from it. Indeed the simplest outline drawing would show it plainly. Where else, in Northern painting, be it French or Flemish, school there were in France no true archaics, no men such as Giotto and Masaccio to take art back to first essentials in the endeavor to build thereon a new tradition of figure construction. Inheriting



"HEAD OF JOHN," DETAIL FROM THE "PIETÀ" OF VILLENEUVE-LÈS-AVIGNON

will you find a composition that is based on the flattened arc of a circle? Such breadth and boldness are not found there.

For early French painting, in so far as it was indigenous, had its source in the school of illumination, and it is a commonplace to remark that even when working on a large scale the painter was unable completely to shed his miniaturist technique. In contradistinction to the Italian a rich tradition of miniature painting, an untold wealth of illuminated manuscripts and figured tapestries and all that the *imagiers* of the great cathedrals had left in the sculptured façades of Moissac, Vézèlay, Chartres, Rheims and the rest —possessing this, a wealth of art such as no other country in Europe (if we except Roman architecture and sculpture in Italy) could boast, and a *living* tradition already long freed from the Byzan-

tine, the French artist, so far from experiencing any need to start afresh and learn how to construct, how to convey movement and a sense of spaciousness, was inclined rather to regard himself as the master. With delight he saw Florentine ladies adopt his fashions in costume, noted the eagerness with which certain Italian artists studied and copied his miniatures, saw everywhere reflections of his own influence—and was not even conscious that beyond the Alps a new school was slowly and painfully coming to birth, a school that in a short hundred years would dominate European art and send his sons into century-long tutelage.

The simple truth is that French art was already, before the end of the thirteenth century, in a state of decadence. I have referred in a former article to the album of Villard de Honnecourt, which contains a page of drawings, constructed on geometrical plans. It is an astonishing thought that already in de Honnecourt's day (he died before the end of the thirteenth century) figure drawing had been reduced to a recipe. What wonder that though in architecture and sculpture France remained until late in the fourteenth century supreme, in painting no great school emerged and the early miniaturists marked for centuries the high-water line.

All this is not from a desire to depreciate, but merely to explain why it is that our "Pietà" stands in such vivid contrast with its neighbors. For the "Pietà," whatever be its virtues or defects, has nothing in common with miniature painting. It is conceived, as we have seen, in broad sweeping lines. At the base of the composition and its determining factor is the flattened half-circle formed by the body of the dead Christ that lies across the Virgin's knees. The feet rest on the ground, the head lies in the Evangelist's left hand. Growing out of this at the right of the composition the Magdalen is seen half kneeling, her body rising in a steeper, but still gentle curve. Answering at the left is the Evangelist, full on his knees, his head bowed. At the centre, finally, the Virgin. It is a composition of long unbroken curves that describe ever widening arcs. There is almost no gesture. No violent grief distorts the faces. All the poignancy and the pain is expressed through modulations of the line, suffering in the sudden fall and rise over the sunken stomach and tortured chest of the Christ and in the long stiff arm that falls to the ground, sorrow in the gentle curves that rise to fall again like low lamentations.

But the author of this picture was more than a suave linearist. Eschewing theatricality, he used his line to envelop and soften the cruelty of his detail. Look closely at the way he has modeled the chest of the Christ, drawing the skin tight over the tortured bones. Look at the left hand, cramped still with suffering, or the pitiful upturned palm and fingers of the right hand. See the strained stiffness of the right arm, torn almost from the body. Look—in the detail—at the head, the heavy eyes not fully closed, the protruding lower lip. The artist has not shrunk from the uttermost realization of physical agony. But—and herein lies a portion of his greatness—he has permitted himself no comment upon it. He has set down remorselessly, but with none of that hysterical violence which even then was invading religious painting, the fact of suffering and the fact of grief, translating both into the terms of his medium. With line and form he has made both actual, and on a scale which merges both in grandeur.

It is just this grandeur of conception that sets the "Pietà" apart from its northern neighbors, making it appear, as I ventured to express it, like a giant strayed into a nursery. These neighbors are delicate, graceful, courtly, dainty almost, constructed perpendicularly with small fine brushstrokes of bright color, that betray in every detail the precision of the illuminator. But the "Pietà" is sombre, rich and resonant in color; the lines of its composition rise and fall in long undulating waves; a half light surrounds its figures set in a flat plain and seen against a luminous sky. What wonder if in contrast it appears "barbaric." But not only in the north is the "Pietà" an outcast; even in Avignon there is no painting that stands near to it. The label, *School of Avignon*, which it bears is quite misleading if it encourages us to look there for family traits. There was in truth, at the time when this was painted, no school of Avignon in the proper sense of the word. Avignon and Villeneuve were, as I have tried to show, essentially cosmopolitan cities, neither wholly French in character, though in the days of the Schism the French element may have predominated, nor yet Italian. The church drew its servants from all races. There were German cardinals at Villeneuve no less than French, Hungarian no less than Italian. The last of the Avignon popes was a Spaniard and his bodyguard who sustained the long siege were Catalans. In the centuries of rule by papal legate which followed the return of the papacy to Rome conditions were hardly otherwise. Foreign legates brought ever new elements into the city; the population remained a changing one.

In these circumstances the growth of an indigenous school was almost out of the question. By the seventeenth century, it is true, a style had so far formed that the word school begins to have a

meaning, but before that date all that one can say of a given picture is that it would seem probable, from documentary or other evidence, that it was painted at Avignon. The closest study of the work itself would hardly reveal the fact. There were in Avignon northern painters like Charonton, who came from Laon, southerners, like Froment, from Uzès, Sienese, like Lippo Memmi, Spaniards, like Bartolommeo Bermejo. It is possible that minute study might reveal interaction. But since no one has yet dreamed of devoting to early French painting even a semblance of that patient research and analytical study which even the least of Italian pictures receives as its due, any label whatever is meaningless.

The only picture which can at the present moment be even plausibly linked with the "Pietà" is a "Resurrection" at Boulbon, a small town in the neighborhood of Avignon. And this only in one particular. There is a certain family resemblance between the "donor" in the "Resurrection" and the donor (kneeling in the left foreground) of the "Pietà." (Here I invite you to admire this magnificent piece of portraiture, sadly damaged though it is by overpainting.) Note the simplicity of the draperies, and the more than a hint of corporeal structure beneath. Above all, note the power and directness of the head, strongly individualized yet not lacking in nobility. Perhaps the highest praise that one could bestow were to point out that despite its size—the days of modest donors were over—it does not distract from, but even heightens, the impressive quality of the central subject. The resemblance between the two donors is not so great as to make one suspect identity of authorship (both have the curiously exaggerated lobe of the ear; on the other hand the hands are in both mechanically painted, but quite differently), but sufficient to justify the supposition that both painters worked at the same time and in the same part of the country, and that both followed the same fashion in portraiture. In every other respect the pictures are utterly different. The Christ in the "Pietà" is immeasurably superior to the Christ in the "Resurrection" and the whole tonality of the latter suggests, no less than the view from the window (showing village street and church spire), a Flemish authorship.

If then the "Pietà" was painted at Avignon, it was not, I think, by a Frenchman, nor yet by an Italian, but most probably by a Catalan or Spaniard. We know that there were Spanish painters in Avignon; the name of Bartolommeo Bermejo has already been mentioned. But even apart from this knowledge the entire conception, the unflinching stoicism in the depiction of physical suffering, the brooding melancholy of the figures, the sombre grandeur of the scene, all suggest Spain. For the Spaniard, almost alone of Western peoples, accepts pain, accepts the fact of death, with neither fear nor flattery. One might point to details too; to the heavy cowl of the Virgin; the overlong, overheavy, unrelieved draperies; to the minaret-like towers of the cathedral, glimpsed on the horizon, behind the Donor and the Evangelist.

But differing most widely from anything that we find in France is the body of the Christ. Look at any "Crucifixion," "Resurrection" or "Pietà" that comes to mind and you will find that the flesh is treated with the utmost lovingness. It is made soft and the light allowed to play on it. But here one is less conscious of flesh than of the bones beneath. In this it reminds one of those wood sculptures, "Crucifixions," "Pietàs" and the like, which they made throughout Catalonia and which are still to be found in many of the churches. I recall especially a "Crucifixion" at Perpignan in which the ribs protrude so strongly that the Christ has the appearance of a skeleton. Examining the Christ in the "Pietà" one would almost be tempted to say that the artist took one of these groups for a model, or was perhaps himself a sculptor in wood. The body of the Christ has the feel of wood, as have also the head, neck and hands of the Magdalen.

These are conjectures. Before one could be certain of anything concerning the authorship of this picture one would need to have the modern paint which covers all but the luminous gold ground removed. Perhaps the Louvre will undertake this. Perhaps—even better—they will encourage critics to study with some pretense of care the early achievements both of French painters and of foreign painters who worked for French patrons. It would be a matter of no small importance to know who, in sixteenth-century Catalonia (the present label says fifteenth century, but the bold sweep of the composition, the realism of the portrait, even the very size of the donor, make this almost out of the question, the gold ground notwithstanding; it would be interesting to have the verdict of an expert on lettering) was capable of painting such a masterpiece, and whether this is his unique achievement.

Perhaps, too, the presence of this picture in the Louvre will serve to remind the powers that be that what is now a poverty-stricken village was once the proud summer seat of cardinals, and the host of kings. Perhaps, at last, history will be just to Villeneuve.



ENGLISH CARTOON (1784)

ART AND THE AERONAUT

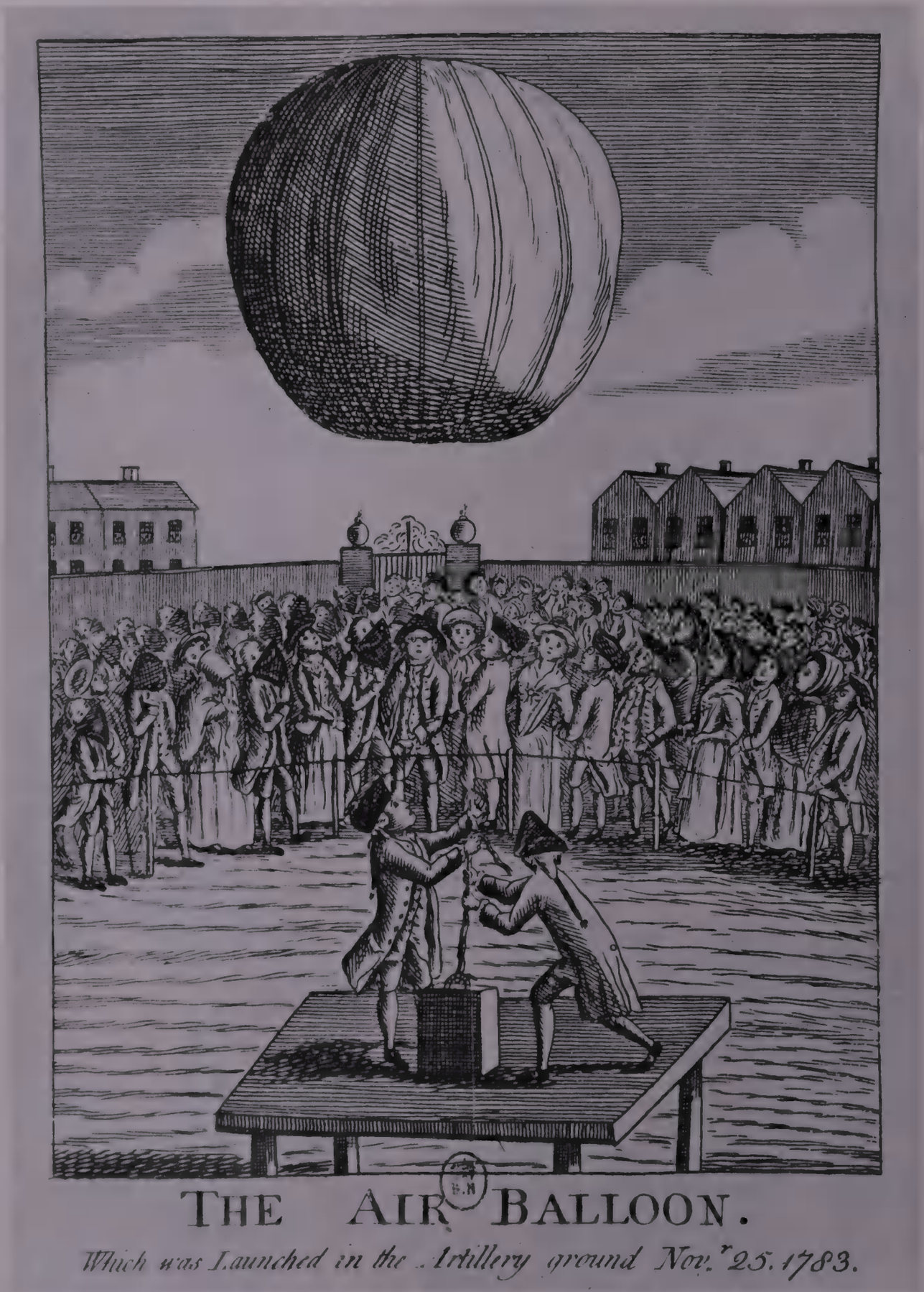
For centuries aeronautic experiments have served as subject matter for interesting or amusing drawings

ROSE HENDERSON

NEW INTEREST in old balloon prints has been awakened by the latest developments in dirigible aircraft, and especially by the prospect of a two-days' air trip from America to Europe, extensive Polar explorations and other spectacular achievements. An interior decorator has collected a group of the most graceful and interesting of early balloon pictures to use on the covers of vanity boxes and other articles of the up-to-date boudoir. A story of these old prints reveals their quaint decorative quality and the dramatic aspect of those first daring ascensions which differed so notably from the practical and nonchalant character of modern flying.

The balloons themselves, in these prints, are fragile-look affairs, gay with rose and gilt and floating flags and garlands. There is "Sadler Over the Lighthouse, Dublin," for instance, representing an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Irish Channel. This print by R. Havell is a charming illustration of the way a balloon was made up to correspond with its spectacular performance. And the aeronaut, with a flag in either hand, reminds one of an actor taking a curtain call. But the drama is real and the actor is playing the first scene of a most diverting and significant development. Carved female figures, on the order of winged mermaids, stand out in relief against the pale green body of the car which carries a scroll bearing the legend, "Erin Go Brah." Other fantastic figures rise from either side above the car's railing, the balloon itself is delicately striped in tan and pale rose and the net ropes emerge from a decorated band of blue and gold. The balloonists also dressed the part, appearing in ruffled shirts and tailed coats and later in gaudy tights. At the first, ballooning was, naturally enough, more of a romantic adventure than a practical enterprise, a spirit that was continued in the familiar fete and fair spectacles of twenty or thirty years ago.

In the very beginning, of course, balloons were sent up without a passenger, and a print published in England in 1783 represents such an ascension and is believed to record the first public ballooning experiment in that country. This "air balloon," really filled with gas, but so called in distinction



CONTEMPORARY PRINT OF THE FIRST "AIR BALLOON" ASCENSION IN ENGLAND

from the "fire balloons" which were, theoretically, inflated with smoke, actually with heated air, was launched in the London Artillery Ground, November 25, 1783. Two wigged, cocked-hatted



"SADLER OVER THE LIGHTHOUSE, DUBLIN" BY R. HAVELL

gentlemen standing on a table roped away from the crowd have just released the inflated sphere, and the spectators are watching its slow ascent with evident amazement. There are no romantic trappings in this picture, interest being centred in the scientific event, the wonder of the swollen ball careening heavenward like a thing of life and volition. This balloon was about ten feet in diameter and was made of oil-silk, under the direction of Count Francesco Zambeccari who later became a famous aeronaut and was killed at Bologna, in 1812, when he leaped from a burning balloon.

A view of Lunardi's balloon in an ascent from the London Artillery Ground, September 15, 1784, is inscribed, "the first aerial traveller in the English atmosphere," although an ascent had been made by J. Tytler a few days before, and shows the marked advance made since the experiment of less than a year before. Thousands of people crowded amphitheatre and house-tops to witness this earliest ascent of an aeronaut in England. Lunardi's balloon later carried Mrs. Sage, "the first English female aerial traveller." After his London success, Lunardi visited Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and published accounts of his adventures. The aeronaut, a handsome man with a fascinating personality, was himself the subject of many interesting portraits and was much lionized. Blanchard, a French aeronaut, made the third ascent in England on October 16, 1784. He flew from the Royal Military Academy, Chelsea, and took with him Dr. John Sheldon, professor of anatomy at the Royal Academy. Blanchard left Dr. Sheldon at Sunbury, reascended and traveled to Rumsey, a distance of about seventy-five miles, in four and one-half hours. A print representing this event describes it as "by far the most extraordinary journey ever performed by a sublunary being." On January 7, 1785, Blanchard left Dover, accompanied by Dr. Jeffries, an American physician, and made his first crossing of the English Channel. A very dramatic print depicts the "Providential Escape of Major Money" from a fall in the Bristol Channel, September 24, 1810. A number of pictures portray the achievements of James Sadler and his sons, William and John, who all made daring experiments in early ballooning. William Sadler crossed the Irish Channel in June, 1817, and was killed some time later, after making his thirty-first ascent from Green Park, during a celebration of the Peace of Amiens in August, 1814.

The balloon was early recognized as an important instrument of warfare, and many of the old pictures show captive balloons used for making observations. Shortly after the beginning of the French Revolution an aeronautic school was founded at Meudon. In June, 1794, the French made reconnaissances that were said to have gained information instrumental in winning the battle of Fleurus. The Federals made considerable use of balloons for observation purposes in the early part of the Civil War. The balloon figured prominently in the siege of Paris in 1871, and general recognition of ballooning as a military science began in 1883 when most of the great nations organized regular balloon establishments in connection with their military equipment. General John Money was one of the first to consider the military possibilities of balloons in a comprehensive way and he published a treatise on the subject in 1803. A lithograph of the time indicates that in August, 1825, the attempt was undertaken to operate a balloon "at any required point of elevation." This is an interesting forerunner of the modern plan to navigate above the storm area and thus avoid the greater danger of low air levels.

All the early prints suggest the excitement of the spectators crowded about. In France, where the balloon was discovered by the Montgolfier brothers and the first experiments made with gas-filled bags, the interest of the people was frequently so great as to hinder the balloonist. One almost envies the early experimenters those first thrilling moments of victory in the age-old struggle of mankind to equip himself with wings. There had been many attempts at constructing flying machines, heavier-than-air craft which should be propelled by some sort of mechanism within the airship. A collection of French prints includes a "flying chariot," a crude, four-wheeled vehicle with a large sail fashioned after a sailing-boat model but intended to travel on land propelled by the wind; a giant kite with fin-like sails and rudders; another, boat-shaped with balloons attached. Birds and fishes, boats and "chariots," all the known methods of locomotion, were studied, imitated and combined in these pioneer attempts at flight. And back in the beginning of the sixteenth century we have that great artist genius, Leonardo da Vinci, creating designs for airplanes that are essentially sound in principle and that were evolved from a careful study of birds and the mechanics of bird flight. But the balloon, unthought of when da Vinci drew his bird-wing models, was destined to be the first craft to mount the air, carrying "aerial travellers" above hysterical multitudes. Then after a fair success in making ascensions the lighter-than-air craft was given only negligible attention while the airplane developed undreamed-of powers. And now, again,



ENGRAVING OF BLANCHARD'S FLIGHT ACROSS THE CHANNEL (1785)

the great dirigibles have come to the fore, sharing the skies with slim, bird-like planes.

It was sometime in 1789 that Joseph and Jacques Montgolfier, sons of a paper-maker living in Annonay, about forty miles from Lyons, conceived the idea of enclosing vapor in a large and very light bag. These country youths had watched the clouds floating high above the earth and yearned to follow them. Who has not? But these young observers did more than yearn. They caught at the idea of inclosing a bit of cloud-stuff in a light bag and watching it drift into the air. Towards the end of 1782 they made their first experiments with small bags filled with smoke, and, encouraged by the success of these essays, on June 5, 1783, they inflated a linen globe, one hundred and five feet in circumference, over a fire fed with small bundles of straw. When released the bag rose rapidly to a great height and after ten minutes it descended about a mile and a half away. Thus was the balloon discovered, though the experimenters did not at first realize that it was merely the lightness of the heated air which caused the ascent. They thought the balloon rose because of the levity of the smoke or other vapor produced by the burning straw. The Montgolfiers were on the right track, however, and the French prints reflect the excitement attending their experiments. On August 23, 1783, a group of scientists inflated a varnished silk bag with hydrogen gas in the Place des Victoires. The gas was made by the action of dilute sulphuric acid on iron filings and introduced through lead pipes without passing through cold water. This was a slow process and it was difficult to fill the balloon completely. Daily bulletins were published stating the progress of the experiment. Public interest was intense and the crowds became so large that on the 26th the balloon was moved secretly to the Champ de Mars, two miles distant. The next day an immense crowd gathered at the new location, the balloon was released at the signal of a cannon discharge and rose rapidly to a height of about three thousand feet. Soon it began to rain, and thousands of well-dressed spectators, many of them women, were drenched to the skin, for they



"GUYNEMER'S FORTY-FIFTH VICTORY" PAINTING BY LIEUTENANT HENRI FARRÉ

stood watching as long as the balloon was in sight. After remaining in the air for about three-quarters of an hour the balloon fell in a field some fifteen miles from Paris and the peasants were so terrified that they tore it into shreds. On Septemper 19, 1783, Joseph Montgolfier repeated the experiment at Versailles in the presence of the queen, the court and spectators. A print recording this shows a very gaudy balloon painted with ornaments in oil colors. Below the balloon a cage was suspended containing a sheep, a cock and a duck, the first aerial travelers.

Cartoons reflect the fact that ridicule as well as admiration accompanied the first attempts at flight. Like most dreams, the dream of flying was very amusing to many people. It had its comedy elements. Frenchmen are represented as sailing gaily out of windows with no apparent means of locomotion, to the great consternation of their families. Donkeys survey balloonists through field glasses. An English caricature of 1784 represents a large balloon with a full-moon face, a donkey's ears and a fool's cap, held by guy-ropes above an open space in a park. In another a petite young lady with balloon overskirts and a balloon floating from her hair meets a dapper young man with balloon trousers, sleeves and hat. The couple seem on the point of careening off into "sublunar" space on a pink and gold honeymoon. A cartoon shows John Bull with newspaper wings attempting to fly after the "Phantom Liberty," a witch-like figure tantalizingly near a lofty cliff from which a devil is prying John's feet. Flying figures of horses, boys, women with hoop-skirts, eagles and angels were common at fetes, according to the old pictures. A burning balloon is represented with the succinct inscription, "All on Fire, or, The Doctors Disappointed."

In contrast to the childish excitement shown in the early prints, pictures of modern flying reveal an air of sophisticated unconcern. No pink and gold trappings, no breathless watchers, but soaring planes and stately dirigibles flying above sea or clouds, or cities, or smoke of battlefields. One is reminded of Dr. Johnson's remark: "But what would be the security of the good if the bad at pleasure invade them from the skies?" What, indeed! War paintings must be, in the main, graphic reports of terrible destruction. Such reports have been made by Henri Farré, Frederick Villiers, G. H. Davis and other artists who painted the air battles of the recent war. These pictures have grace, color and spectacular daring. But the freedom and exhilaration of peaceful sky travel is an influence that may be reflected more and more in the art of the world if the dire possibilities of another Dark Ages are avoided. Instead of blotting out with black wings the light of our present civilization the new aircraft may carry forward the deep-lying constructive forces that are the essence of real art purpose. The aircraft in itself is a stimulating, inspiring thing. As Muirhead Bone has remarked, "Close to, the propeller seems a great thing, wonderfully subtle in its curves."



"THE MARRIAGE OF CONSTANTINE" SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TAPESTRY, AFTER A DESIGN BY RUBENS

Every detail of the pagan Roman ceremony has been carefully preserved so that in the later scenes, after the Emperor's conversion, the Christian symbolism might gain emphasis

RUBENS' Constantine Tapestries

Set of twelve designed by order of Louis XIII remains only in fragments; a series of six is described here

PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

THE NAME of Rubens has been taken more often in vain than that of any other great artist, not even excepting Rembrandt, should we grant Professor Van Dyke's contentions. For Rubens has been charged with the execution not only of innumerable paintings and drawings but of uncountable tapestries as well. Most of the paintings and drawings probably did emanate from his large and industrious studio, and were his in the sense that he kept a directing eye on them. But very few of the tapestries can with justice be charged even to his apprentices. They are his, these tapestries that bear his name, only in the remote sense that he fixed the current style. Just as Raphael set the fashion for the sixteenth century when he painted the cartoons of the "Acts of the Apostles" for Leo X in 1515, so Rubens fixed the model for his century when he made the cartoons for the history of the Consul Decius Mus for a Genoese noble family, probably the Pallavicini, in 1618. Massive form and violent energy were the keynotes of the new manner, a further development of the heavily muscular classic figures that had been current but enlivened with more action and more drama.

In addition to this Consul Decius Mus set, some of the cartoons of which are still in the Lichtenstein gallery in Vienna, Rubens did only three others. The second of these was "The Triumph of the Church" made in 1625 to 1628

for the Infanta Isabella and woven several times by different studios. The third and last was the "Life of Achilles," made in 1630 for Charles I of England. All of these were executed in the Netherlands. Before both of these, however, and after that of the Consul Decius Mus, Rubens did a series of designs (in 1621–22) which was destined not for any Netherlands weavers but for a new tapestry factory in Paris. This factory had been established twenty years before under the protection of the crown by François de la Planche from Audenarde and Marc Comans from Brussels and had already woven some notable series for the royal family. This new Rubens set also was undertaken by royal order, that of Louis XIII. A fully detailed account of the series appears in an inventory of the assets of the factory made in about 1630. At that time there was on hand at least one example in tapestry of each cartoon and several from some cartoons. The series was appraised at by far the highest value of all the sets in the warehouse. In addition to the already woven pieces, the factory still had the twelve original oil sketches on panels by Rubens listed in the inventory as his work, and also the twelve full sized cartoons on paper with their borders.



"THE VISION OF THE FLAMING CROSS" SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY
AFTER A DESIGN BY RUBENS

Thus the record of this set is more complete than that of any of the other three by Rubens. It is evident that in this case Rubens had nothing to do with the cartoons themselves, but prepared only the preliminary studies, several of which have recently been rediscovered. The large cartoons were probably made in the Paris studio. In two of the other sets, those of the Consul Decius Mus



"THE BATTLE OF THE PONS MULVIUS" SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY, AFTER A DESIGN BY RUBENS

Tumult and violent activity gave Rubens the greatest opportunity to display his genius

and "The Triumph of the Church," the cartoons were done in Rubens' own studio. The fact that he did not make the final cartoons does not mean, however, that the French set and the later "Life of Achilles" which was done in the same way were any less close to Rubens than those which had been fully executed in his own shop. For they, too, must have been done by ordinary helpers from Rubens' sketches, and probably, since they were to be carried out where he could keep an eye on them, their preliminary *petits patrons* may not have been as complete as those which were to be sent away for a translation which he could not supervise. However that may be, it is undeniable that these sets are very fine and adequately representative of the Rubens' quality. The theme of the French series is "The Life of Constantine the Great," the western emperor of Rome, in the stormy days of the beginning of the fourth century, and the founder of Constantinople. The story follows fairly accurately the account given by Eusebius. Constantine was a picturesque figure and his life was so full of strenuous drama that it was particularly well adapted to the forceful action of the style of Rubens.

Examples of the pieces of this set are now exceedingly rare. It was woven with heavy enrichment of gold and silver which probably led to extensive destruction, especially at the time of the French Revolution when many valuable tapestries were burned to get the little precious metal they would yield. Two partial series, however, are still extant, and in good condition, one of five pieces in a private collection in France, and one of six in the possession of a London collector. The London series begins with the "Marriage of Constantine," the fourth piece in the original set. We find him, only in his eighteenth year, marrying Fausta, the daughter of Maximianus, to cement his alliance with the then powerful consul whom he soon supplanted. The tapestry shows the portico in front of the Temple of Jupiter with the sacred fire burning on an elaborately carved triangular altar in the foreground. At the right, two slaves lead in the wreathed sacrificial bull. In the presence of a Roman matron and the bride's father, a Roman official places the bride's right hand in her husband's right hand. In front of them are two children, one holding the torch kindled at her parents' hearth to carry on the domestic fire, and the box of sweet ointment, the other playing the pipes. In the background are the bride's attendants, and the two young boys bearing torches who will later conduct her to her husband's home. In general, Rubens' rendition of the Roman marriage ceremony is correct, though the detail of the ring



"TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE INTO ROME" SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY AFTER A DESIGN BY RUBENS

which the bride's father slips on the Roman matron's finger is not clear. In a niche in the temple wall, flanked by porphyry columns, is a life sized statue of Jupiter, god of all alliances, holding his thunder bolts, with Juno in an amusingly informal domestic attitude. Probably this insistence on the pagan rites and setting is to make more emphatic Constantine's later conversion to Christianity. The robes of dark red, rose, gold and blue make a rich mass of color against which the heads stand out with an unusually fine plastic portrait quality.

In spite of the alliance cemented by this marriage, Constantine's troubles were not over. In fact he had now to fight his own brother-in-law, Maxentius. Up to this point Constantine's policy had always been one of shrewd prudence. Now, however, he became almost rash, attacking the troops of Maxentius directly and marching straight on Rome. According to the old chroniclers, this sudden lack of caution was due to a miracle, and this "Vision of the Flaming Cross" is the theme of the next tapestry. Rubens has rather outdone his text on this occasion. Beside a massive staircase Constantine kneels in reverent awe, while a Roman woman with a gleaming halo, perhaps an apparition of the Virgin, shows him the blazing cross carried by an acolyte who accompanies a bishop robed in sumptuous brocade, heavily couched with solid gold.

The next piece shows his victorious battle against Maxentius at the Pons Mulvius. Constantine attacked Maxentius' rear guard at the bridge. His Gallic cavalry which he had been training for six years drove the enemy's left wing into the Tiber and the débacle was completed by the collapse of the bridge. The scene is ideal for the full exercise of Rubens' talent. The rearing, tumbling horses in an inextricable tangle with the half naked bodies of men give full opportunity for the outlet of his tumultuous strength.

The fourth piece in the London set shows "Constantine's Triumphal Entry Into Rome." Constantine mounted on a high-bred horse and robed in red silk is followed by his soldiers, of whom one bears his personal standard, while a lictor carries the official fasces. Over his head flutters a rose-draped angel, ready to crown him with the victor's wreath, and with her is a trumpeting *putto*. From the city gate a soldier advances to offer him a miniature statue of Victory, and senators and citizens stand in the background to acclaim him. Again the heads are finely individualized portraits.

As a result of the revelation of the flaming cross, Constantine was converted to Christianity shortly before his death, and his baptism appears in the next piece, the most sumptuous of them all. The scene takes place in a portico of fluted columns. Constantine kneels by the baptismal font. The Pope himself performs the ceremony. As a matter of historical fact, it actually was performed by Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, a minor see of

the Eastern Empire, but a favorite of Constantine. A priest in magnificent vestments assists, while two bishops and two cardinals attend the emperor. The costumes from having been pseudo-Roman in the other pieces have now turned frankly baroque, except for the sandals of the soldier in the foreground.

The elaborate Renaissance columns of the portico have an interesting history. They were first used by Raphael in the "Healing of the Palsied" in the "Acts of the Apostles" series. The design of the frollicking *putto* in the grape vines was a favorite one in the Raphael studio, several drawings of the theme by his followers being extant. The most noted is the drawing attributed to Raphael's pupil, Guilio Romano, in the Salting collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, with the tapestry which was woven after it. Several other tapestries on variations of the subject are known from that period, and all of them are commonly connected with the name of Guilio Romano. The same *putti* appear again in the border of a tapestry by Van Orley, who also studied under Raphael, which is in the Widener collection. Rubens also borrowed these columns for "The Triumph of the Church" series in which a column at either side frames the scene in place of the side borders. When, later, this same framing device was adopted by some of Rubens' followers, they continued to use these same columns. Thus they appear again in a series called "The Life of Man and the Triumph of Death" by an unknown designer, probably woven about 1630 by Frans van den Hecke, and again ten years later in a "History of Diana," also by an unknown designer, woven by Andreas van den Driesche. They became, in short, a kind of stock studio property, and thus the playing *putti* that a century earlier had been equally a stock property of Raphael's studio, had a long life. Columns very similar to these were actually built in St. Peter's about 1625, supporting the baldachin over the main altar, after the design of Bernini.



"THE BAPTISM OF CONSTANTINE" SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY AFTER A DESIGN BY RUBENS

The final piece in the London series shows Constantine's death which occurred in 337 at Ancyrona, a suburb of Nicomedia. The Emperor half reclines on an elaborate couch and his three sons, whom he had made Cæsars of various provinces, are at his bedside and a cardinal stands behind the couch with his hand raised as in a blessing. The object Constantine holds in his hand is not clearly defined but as one of his sons is reaching out his hand to receive it this may have some symbolical connection with the passing of the rulership of the Eastern Empire to the eldest son who, as Constantine II, succeeded his father.

The borders of the set are very sumptuous. Heavy garlands and scrolls stand out in high relief against a black ground. The entire pattern is massive with couched and brocaded gold. In the centre of the top of each piece is the monogram



"THE DEATH OF CONSTANTINE" SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY, AFTER A DESIGN BY RUBENS

The solemn dignity of the scene is skilfully emphasized by the spaced repetition of vertical forms

Constantine adopted after his holy vision, the monogram called the *chrisma* with the two Greek letters Chi and Rho (X, P), equivalent to CH and R, and an early Christian symbol for the word Christ. In the corresponding space below is the Roman eagle. In the middle of the left border is the coat of arms of France, and in the right of Navarre, each surmounted by a crown, reminding one that the set was made for Louis XIII. The selvage of each piece bears the letter P with the fleur-de-lis, which was the mark of the Comans de la Planche factory, a mark retained to this day by the Gobelins. In addition each piece bears one and sometimes two monograms of individual weavers, most of which are unidentified. The combination of Rubens' forceful energy and feeling for substantial form with the skill of execution of the Paris shops, and the unstinted richness of material, has produced a set that exemplifies to the full the magnificence of the baroque.

RODIN'S "GATES OF HELL"

The ever changing designs for this famous portal produced "The Thinker" and other masterpieces

ESTHER E. BALDWIN

THE STRONG, slow-brooding "Thinker" of Rodin's is more widely known than any other of the sculptor's works. In Paris it has stood before the Pantheon and is now at Rodin's tomb at Meudon, and it also appears in the permanent exhibition at the Hotel Biron, once Rodin's residence and atelier. A plaster cast of it is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Yet the relation of this famous colossus to the rest of the sculptor's work is little known. It is to trace the connection that I write this account of the origin and growth of one of Rodin's conceptions, "The Gates of Hell," a project never completed but serving as the source of a surprising number of his widely known works. A few of these, as time went on, were eliminated from "The Gates of Hell;" others appear, as does "The Thinker" upon the tympanum, in the early and last forms of the parent work. In 1880 the French government commissioned Rodin to make a door for the proposed new *Musée des Arts Décoratifs*. High reliefs were to be used, as in Ghiberti's bronze doors for the Baptistry in Florence, which Rodin saw there in 1875. These doors are now in St. Bartholomew's in New York. The commission provided the first victory for Rodin, whose friends had been defending him since his exhibition in 1877 at the Paris Salon of the "Age of Bronze." The battle had been briefly this. The "Age of Bronze," a nude figure of a young man, was said by some conservatives to have been made from a plaster cast of a human figure. The surface of the bronze was not smooth as in the usual contemporary treatment of flesh and of light and shade. It showed muscles and tendons. The proportions of the body were not ideal. The charge implied that the artist was not capable of modeling a nude. In reply Rodin pointed to the young Belgian soldier, his model, followed faithfully except that the statue was slightly over life size. But neither this refutation, nor the known history of Rodin's past twenty years of apprenticeship in Paris and Belgian studios convinced all his opponents. Rodin went no farther in argument, although his friends did. His first semi-official recognition came with the winning over of Turquet, secretary of the *École des Beaux Arts*, who purchased "The Age of Bronze." Enthusiastic himself, Turquet could not carry the supporting votes of the Inspectors of the *Beaux Arts* and the purchase was not confirmed. So Rodin found himself at thirty-seven with little prospect of being able to secure commissions.

A chance, however, brought him recognition, permanent if not yet universal. One day he modeled a group of children for Boucher with such speed and truth that this artist was convinced that Rodin was a practised sculptor. Again Turquet made the step toward official recognition by buying a second statue, the "St. John the Baptist," another nude, almost life size, differing from "The Age of Bronze" as the tired body of an old man differs from the firm frame of a youth. Turquet gave Rodin a commission at once. In receiving this Rodin said: "I am ready. But, in order to prove that I do not make molds from living models for my work, I shall, from little bas-reliefs, make a vast work with little figures—and I think I shall borrow the theme from Dante." When this commission became a formal command from the government for a door, with reliefs, for the entrance to the proposed *Musée des Arts Décoratifs*, the idea of "The Gates of Hell" took definite form.

But "The Gates of Hell" were never finished. Unchanged, except with considerable variety in detail, from the time of the first sketch in 1880 to that of the final large plaster model now in the chapel of the Hotel Biron, it represents to such complete supporters as M. Camille Mauclair, Rodin's biographer, a changing notebook of the artist's conceptions, a playground of composition which he could at any time have made a complete thing. In 1907, ten years before the death of Rodin, Kenyon Cox said in his *Painters and Sculptors:* "Thus was begun those 'Gates of Hell' on which Rodin has been at work for a quarter of a century, which are not yet finished, which, likely enough, never will be finished. They are talked of and written of, but no photograph of the composition as a whole has ever been published and the public knows them only in fragments—this figure and that group separately completed. . . . He has made of it, as M. Mauclair says, 'the central motive of his dreams, the storehouse of his ideas and researches.' He himself calls it 'my Noah's ark.'"

Of some of the single outgrowths of the great "Gates" Mr. Cox has highest praise. In writing of the "Danaïd" in the top centre of the right



"THE GATES OF HELL" PLASTER MODEL BY RODIN



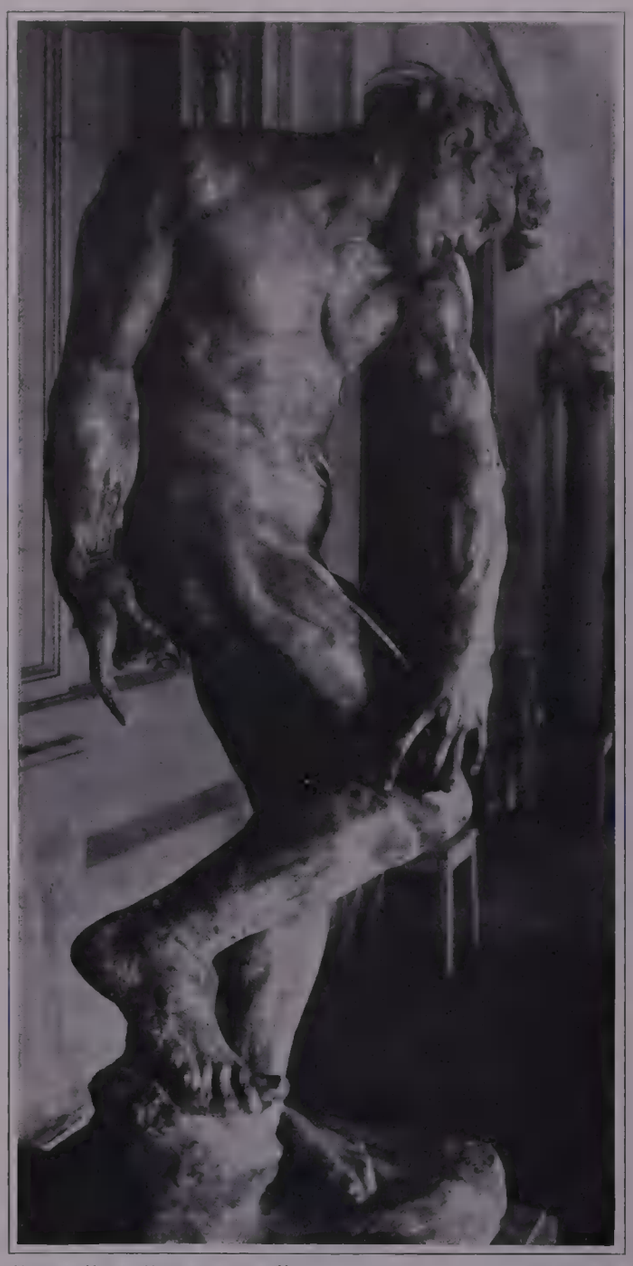
"LA PENSÉE" BY RODIN

panel he advances the opinion that "such modeling has scarce been seen elsewhere, unless in one or two of the greatest of those figures which we associate with the name of Phidias." But Mr. Cox does not attempt to point out all of the single works which grew out of "The Gates of Hell." To try to do this briefly for the more significant works is my aim now. Many of my observations were made last summer at the Hotel Biron, where I had the kindly help of the librarian of the exhibition; other suggestions come from M. Mauclair's biography of Rodin, as I shall note.

"The Thinker" is in the composition from beginning to end. In every sketch of the whole door, or of the panels and lintel, or of the tympanum alone (except when a removal enabled a study of the figures in relief), he holds his sad pose, head bowed, chin in pushing hand, the powerful body straining under an effort as much physical as intellectual to think upon the torments of human passions. Each observer must use the facts of the sculpture for his own interpretation as to whether this Thinker symbolizes the Poet, or Adam, or a Baudelarian pessimist posed in full contrast to his fellow beings who are as helpless before passion as he is before thought. The only change in Rodin's treatment of him was to make him in the separate statue twice life-size. But he did later another interpretation of thought, "La Pensée," showing that in contrast with the process of thinking the state of decision is one of serenity.

It is said that originally Rodin planned to place over each pilaster of the doorway a single figure, one an "Eve," the other "Adam." This idea was not carried out, although Rodin had an "Adam" already under way. Instead, there has been placed on the dais where the "Gates" stand an "Eve" at the right and an "Adam," sometimes called "Shade," at the left. Both of these are separate figures, too large for the capitals. M. Mauclair points out that in 1881 Rodin did an "Adam" (which is destroyed) and an "Eve." The latter is the bronze figure with head sunk behind uplifted arms, as of a person regretting her own act. The "Adam" opposite is in plaster. And he is even better named "Shade," with his supreme dejection, neck bent forward, head turned away, arms groping. A circling of this figure soon suggests that the pose is that of one of "The Three Shades," the group at the top centre of the doorway. Upon first looking up at these three in their half circle of sadness, the one at the left seems most like the single figure on the floor. Then a convincing flash of observation gives the final answer: the three shades who, having abandoned hope, are waiting to enter the gates are merged into the single figure, "Adam." The three poses are almost identical, and seen simultaneously the variety resulting from this grouping is astounding. The composition suggests the sculptor's interest in his achievement as that of a craftsman doing an interesting "stunt" rather than of one reading a story from legend or literature into stone.

At least two other groups were associated with the 1880 designs of "The Gates of Hell," a "Paolo and Francesca" and a "Count Ugolino," the most poignant and the most horrible of sub-



"ADAM" OR "THE SHADE" BY RODIN



"EVE" BY RODIN

jects from the *Inferno*. In both these cases the original designs were practically the same as those of the finally separated statue-groups, "The Kiss" (little group of 1886 and later) and "Count Ugolino" (1882). The motive of "The Kiss" is in bas-reliefs up and down the supporting pilasters of the doorway, notably in the two groups of lovers just above the base of that on the right. An entirely different "Paolo and Francesca" are now in the panel proper where once "The Kiss" was. They are the two horizontal figures low on the left, with only a sleeping woman below them. An astounded Paolo here in desperation leans over, though himself falling, to catch at the hair of his beloved, whose flight is already down and away.

Just above these two a massive, kneeling man leans forward, his two arms converging toward his son's body; another son tries to cling with a slipping left arm to his father's side. Not so distinct is a third boy. This is the Count Ugolino who, with two sons and two grandsons, was imprisoned by the traitorous Archbishop Ruggieri and left by his enemies to starve. In Professor Norton's translation one reads thus the catastrophe: "I saw the three fall one by one . . . then

I betook me, already blind, to groping over each, and two days I called them after they were dead; then fasting had more power than grief." A separate Count Ugolino alone, dating 1882, shows him with differences in posture and with less of horror in his face than in the 1903 group, to which all four boys are added. Grief is the remembered impression from the group as it is in the "Gates." This is the expression on the face of the boy whose arm is slipping from its hold on the father's body. "Douleur" is the name of the bust of 1892 which sprang from the original "Ugolino." Thus the treatment has changed more than once in design and emphasis upon emotion.



"THE KISS" BY RODIN

Other figures which became separate statues are the "Faun" at the left centre of the tympanum



"FEMME ACCROUPIE" BY RODIN

and the "Prodigal Son" near the centre, low on the right hand panel. The latter, which has also been known since its exhibition in 1903 by the title of "Prayer," represents the swift and complete remorse of youth as he faces his father's house before he knows his father's mercy.

Alone above the left capital crouches a single figure. The pose is repeated among the falling figures. This is the type of the "Femme Accroupie" or "Homme Accroupi" (1895), of which examples in bronze indicate Rodin's interest in the Japanese bronze grotesques. Above the lintel one may also discern "Meditation," later an accompanying figure in one of the Hugo statues, and the "Ariadne," which is exhibited alone as well. Falling below the lintel at the top edge of the left panel is the "Man with Serpent," separately shown in 1885. And in an upright position in the lower right hand panel is the symbol of "Love Flies Away," as it was later called when the despairing figure was cut from the marble, lying instead of upright.

That Rodin was not an illustrator of ideas found in literature is generally admitted. The only literary influence upon him other than Dante was that of Baudelaire, which needs to be pointed out clearly with reference to the "Gates." The impression from Baudelaire, as Rodin himself stated, was of the melancholy futility of human passions, and the acknowledged power and purposelessness of voluptuousness. This Rodin expressed in many a "Condemned Woman," both on the "Gates" and in other forms. He agreed with Baudelaire in doomed women as the symbol for this bitter pessimism. It is with these crowded, hopeless ones that the back spaces over the lintel are filled; they are below in all angles of flight; at the bottom, especially of the right panel, agonies of distortion mark the last of their heart-breaking passage.

After his return from Rome and Florence in 1875 Rodin did the first of two sets of designs which, compared with each other, bear out the critical opinion of Mr. Cox and several others that his purpose as a sculptor changed. These are roughly in two sets and of two periods. During the ten years which followed his commission of 1880 the sculptor fused with the life-like reality of his representations of the human body exaggerations of surface sufficient to produce luminosity from the surfaces when they should be mounted, as the Greeks had mounted their statues, against the light of sea- or sky-line.

After all these considerations, one does not turn again to the "Gates" with the belief that about them the chief question is whether or not Rodin could have finished them. One sees in the plaster of the design in its latest form "holes, spots where deep shadows play their indubitably effective part"—the evidence of the later interests of the master. One may agree with Mr. Royal Cortissoz, from whom I have just quoted, that these means of producing shadow are "meretricious" and a "mannerism." But no one will deny in the separate works deriving from the "Gates" the rich fecundity of Rodin's genius.

EARLY ITALIAN PAINTINGS



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN" BY SEBASTIAN MAINARDI (1450–1513)

In the collection of Clarence H. Mackay

ONE OF THE greatest exhibitions of early Italian art ever held in this country has just closed. The paintings, fifty-three in number, were loaned by their owners for a period of a little over three weeks, ending May third, and were shown at the gallery of Sir Joseph Duveen, by whose courtesy some of them are reproduced here. Several of the finest works in the group have already been reproduced in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO and have not, therefore, been included.



"HEAD OF ANNOUNCING ANGEL" BY FRA ANGELICO (1387–1455)



"HEAD OF THE VIRGIN" BY FRA ANGELICO

Both in the collection of Carl W. Hamilton



"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS" BY FRANCESCO FRANCIA (C. 1450–1517)

In the collection of J. R. Thompson



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH" BY ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI (1444-1510)

In the collection of Clarence H. Mackay



"TARQUIN AND THE SIBYL" BY ANDREA MANTEGNA (1431–1506)

In the collection of Mrs. T. J. Emery



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH" BY BARTOLOMMEO VENETO (C. 1505–1555)

In the collection of J. Parmelee



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN" BY BERNARDINO DA CONTI (C. 1490–1522)

In the collection of Mrs. Henry E. Huntington



"PORTRAIT OF GENEVRA DI AMERIGO BENCI" BY LORENZO DI CREDI (1457–1537)

In the collection of Andrew W. Mellon



THE "COWPER MADONNA" BY RAPHAEL (1483–1520)

In the collection of Joseph E. Widener



"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS" BY BENEDETTO BONFIGLI (1425–1496)

In the collection of Otto H. Kahn



"ALPHONSE D'ESTE AND LAURA DIANTI" BY TITIAN (1477–1576)

In the collection of Henry Goldman



"PORTRAIT OF GIULIANO DE MEDICI" BY ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI (C. 1444–1510)

In the collection of Otto H. Kahn



"A LADY OF VERONA" BY PISANELLO (C. 1380–1451)

In the collection of Clarence H. Mackay



"PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNA TORNABUONI" BY DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO (1449–1494)

In the collection of J. Pierpont Morgan

MAZERS OF OLD ENGLAND

"Hold your tongue and say the best,
Let your neighbor sit in reste,
Whoso lusteth God to please,
Let his neighbor sit in ease."

Ancient drinking bowls of maple wood, banded with chiseled silver, now have a high antiquarian value

AMY L. BARRINGTON

THIS is the quaint legend running around the silver band of a carved bowl of maple wood called a mazer. Before glass and pottery for table use became common, plates were trenchers made of wood hollowed out and drinking cups were also made of wood. It was in the thirteenth century that mazers were first used, and the few now extant (only about sixty) were made of the bole of the maple tree cut across the part where several branches grew. This showed the spotted grain so greatly prized and is what we now call bird's eye maple. Perhaps the word mazer comes from the Dutch word *maeser*, meaning a knot in the wood. Without doubt this section was also the firmest and closest grain of the wood, and since these bowls were used constantly the wearing qualities were important. That, too, was why wealthy folk soon enriched and enlarged their bowls by reinforcing the brittle edges with bands of silver and silver gilt and, in a few instances, gold. Some were entirely lined with metal, and the quaint and curious inscriptions showing some fancy or motto of the owner offer quite a field for study in themselves.

In Pembroke College, Cambridge, is a mazer lettered, "Sainte Denis that is my Deare, For his love drink and make good cheere." Another one pictures a knight in full armor with the words, "Make all sure." A very large one completely lined with silver, owned by a Guild of Master Fullers or Tokers (as they seem to have been called in 1480) has elaborately engraved on it, "Be you merrie and glad, So the Master Tokers do bid." Two others are inscribed, "In the name of the Trinitie cup and drink to me," and "The bresteplate of righteousness and the Haulmet of Salvation." So many historical facts and customs are referred to or confirmed by Spenser that we are

AN OLD ENGLISH MAZER NOW IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON



not surprised to find his reference to a mazer, and its praiseworthy silver engraving:—

"Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,
A Mazer ywrought of the maple ware,
Wherein is enchased many a fair fight
Of bears and tigers that make fierce war."

The lettering on many of the silver bands is in Black Letter or Lombardic, and some of the words are interspaced with flowers, lozenges, animals and fruit, making the inscriptions most picturesque. Even if the dates of these quaint reminders of a bygone day were not known they could be approximated quite readily by the spelling, style of lettering and silver work. Before this, each man had his cup of leather which was the "olde leather bottel" we read of, and in the French and English wars of the time a French soldier is reported to have said, "These English soldiers, Sire, drink out of their boots." Some mazers had elaborate and impressive covers with heavily carved and chased silver work. The latter ones, made in Elizabeth's time, were strengthened by bands of silver connecting the rim and foot, probably because a bad knock would displace or break the banding, and also to give scope for further ornamentation. The medallion found in the bottom of every mazer is a distinctive mark, though no one knows why it was placed there, unless to cover the marks of the lathe. Be that as it may, the medallions, none of which are alike, give great originality by their variety. The designs, such as a knight, king and falcon, rose, boar, shield and helmet, show the Gothic influence. Monograms and initials were common, and Pepys in his diary says, "Saw an old Hospital for forty old men. They brought a draft of their drink in a brown bowl tipt with silver, and at the bottom was a picture of the Virgin and Child done in silver."

Mazers were used during the time of abbeys and monasteries. One old book says, "In the frater house at Durham by the door, a great mazer called the Grace-cup did stand, which did service to the monks every day to drink around the table, which cup was largely and finely edged with silver and double gilt with gold. There also lay the goodlie cup called St. Bede's bowl, the outside whereof was of black mazer, the inside silver double gilt, and the edge finely wrought about with silver. In the midst the picture of the holy man St. Bede, sitting as if he had been writing. And every monk had his own mazer severally by himself to drink in, and all the said mazers were largely and finely edged with silver and double gilt." The last sentence is delightful, declaring without doubt the wealth and prosperity of the abbey. Although mazers have been listed with church plate and used in church processions, they must not be confused with the chalice used on the altar. Mazers were the everyday drinking bowl, for on the advent of pewter, pottery and glass, all who could afford to do so followed the new fashion in tableware. It was during the reign of Henry VIII that mazers were last in common use. The usual mazer was just large enough to be held in the palm of the hand (an old illuminated manuscript gives this information) but the large ones required two hands to lift them to the lips.

New Orleans and the Artist

HE LOOKED with love upon the commonplace
And woke to beauty all that, hidden deep
In slumb'rous silence, lay unsought, asleep.
To him, the city spoke a creed of grace
As friend to friend, who, standing face to face,
Need voice no word, yet heart to heart will leap
In instant answer and mute pledge will keep
Of faith fulfilled, whose spirits seek embrace.
To him, attentive, grimy gall'ries preached
Glad gospels, and the rugged roofs rang loud
Their matin chimes and vespers. All the way
He trod was paved with promise. Thus he reached
Art's self submerged, and showed the sightless crowd
His soul's apocalypse—the vieux carré!

—Jane Grey Rogers

WINDOWS IN CALIFORNIA

Many of the newest houses of both artists and others have lofty studio windows which add greatly to their charm

HENRIETTE BOEGKMANN

ALTHOUGH the Greek sculptors frequently worked out-of-doors or in improvised huts near the finest marble quarries, and Raphael designed his famous "Madonna della Seggiola" on the top of an empty wine cask in a primitive courtyard, many of the masters of old occupied comfortable, even luxurious quarters, lighted by windows which admitted a sufficiency of light at the proper side of the room and at the desired height. In Adrian von Ostade's painting of his studio, in the Dresden gallery, one of the priceless gems of Dutch art, we find the painter supplied with a delightfully arched and leaded window which let in a flood of light. It is to be regretted that we have not a more complete record of the old studios and their windows, many of which must have been delightful. Many of the ateliers of the old masters are, in their paintings, more fanciful than realistic, although with Rembrandt we can judge somewhat of the lighting of his studio by the fall of the rays of light upon his models. Whereas a poet might



THE HERMAN HOUSE, DESIGNED BY THE OWNER

A window twelve feet square, divided into three parts, opens onto a brick terrace over which is a striped awning in bright colors

as readily compose his verse by the gleam of a candle, or a dramatist write his play in a garret offering but scant light, a properly lighted room is almost essential for a painter. So, for one, thought Millais. This genius of the nineteenth century thoroughly believed that an artist could do his best work surrounded by every comfort and convenience. He used to remark to his friends, when about to leave his old home in Cromwell Road in South Kensington for his last one in Palace Gate, "Wait until I get my new studio. I hope then to paint better than ever." And this he unquestionably did. Millais' last "painting-room" was remarkable chiefly for its huge side windows of plate glass.

The manor houses of the colder countries of the Old World frequently had huge, high windows in the halls which served as living rooms, for the purpose of coaxing in every possible ray of the stinted sunshine. In England and northern France particularly, colored glass was much used in the large casements to gain warmth of light which the chill outdoors might contradict as much as it liked, for all those indoors cared. The inviting feeling which is lent a room by this type of window has recently been taken advantage of by some of the California architects, especially by those designing houses for the foothill sections in the southern part of the state. The object, however, is not merely to let in a wholesale portion of light. These studio windows for the houses of modern folk are planned to open on pleasant vistas and to make the outdoors a part of the room. All this requires of the architect a subtleness of design which only the most intimate study reveals. He must not only please his clients but also catch nature napping and lure her from her warm hillside siestas into the limited confines of mankind's realm of rooms, no simple task.



THE ANDERSON HOUSE, WHITLEY HEIGHTS, HOLLYWOOD

The combination of lofty window and arched portal immediately suggests a medieval castle, and the casement in "The Eve of Saint Agnes"

The old Spanish missions have served as inspiration for many of California's most charming houses, and the tradition is beautifully preserved here



The home of Mrs. Martha Taggart, designed by Lloyd Wright, is an example of such planning successfully carried out. Of the two studio windows in this house, one, thirteen feet high, looks to the southward across Hollywood toward the low hills that fringe



Clinging to the side of a precipitous slope, this house of Spanish type, one of the most attractive in Hollywood, has a beautiful window overlooking the valley

the Pacific near Playa del Ray, "The Playground of the King." The panes of glass are irregular and a curious little lead motive is employed in ornamentation with interesting effect. Bits of blue glass are introduced half a dozen times to catch up the color of the sky. "Architecture is like music," said the designer of this charming house. "First you have the rhythm and the full sweep of the musical composition, and then, unexpectedly, comes the grace note. These touches of blue glass constitute the grace notes in the whole design."

In various sections of Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Hollywood the foothills are being terraced with streets and garden-girthed villas, some of which display splendid studio windows. Especially is this true of Whitley Heights in Hollywood and there is no lovelier window on these wind-swept heights which afford a view of the distant sea, than that in the Anderson house. To see it is to be reminded of the casement which Keats described in *The Eve of Saint Agnes:*

"A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonds with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger moth's deep damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mongst thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and deep emblazonings,
A shielded 'scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings."

Of quite another type is the studio window found in the Herman house on the level lands—a twelve-foot square window divided into three parts, the outer two of which open on a brick terrace flaunting a high and gorgeously striped awning. Theatrical gauze is used over the entire

Behind this tall window is a sunken garden which makes the room seem really a part of the outdoors. The window overlooks the valley in which Los Angeles is situated



window to modify the light, and hangings of Druid's cloth are used at the intersections and sides. Although architecture is not the profession of the owner of this most attractive house he is nevertheless the designer. Three things Mr. Herman had always dreamed of possessing when he should build a home of his own—a fireplace, a stairway and a studio window. And, though it is but a five-room house, it illustrates the fact that one can put a large house feature into a small one, and give it a large house air.

Driving along Los Feliz Boulevard, which extends from Los Angeles through Hollywood, the eye is naturally attracted to a hill-perched house of Spanish pattern displaying a striking window. Extending from the basement to the third floor and overlooking the valley over which spreads the Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles, this window in the Schutz house reveals an ever changing panorama. It is supplied with a garden composed of potted plants set in a semi-circle a foot below the floor of the room, and, since it faces the south, is equipped with blinds which may be lowered when the sun is hottest.



There are two of these windows in this unusual house, giving light to both a large living room and to an overhanging balcony which serves as the dining room

The contrast between these modern studios and those of many of the great painters of the past is very sharp. The room, for example, in which Turner painted "Italy," "Temeraire" and other great canvases was full of accumulated dirt. The studio's ill-fitting skylight permitted the rain to stream down upon the artist's canvases, and yet Turner persisted in calling this his "drawing room." Probably he would have fled in terror from the immaculate rooms which these California houses boast. To the painter his studio is a workshop, a place where things may be set down without thought of the finish of a table top. But even a real working studio is better for being well proportioned and well lighted. Greatly would the old masters have appreciated these huge windows and large, high rooms which afford the painter's two prime requisites, space and light in abundance.



A large window, bordered with blue tiles, lights the studio of Nathan Coleman, the architect, who has designed many striking windows. A giant sycamore, growing beyond the gate, shades the window

And today, many of the artists who have been drawn to California by the charm of its landscapes and equable climate have built themselves spacious studios, and it has been suggested that, in time, this state may become the art centre of the world, for in California it is regarded as impossible that any painter, once having been there, should ever be content far from its hills. Already much has been accomplished in this direction, and many artists are making this state their home.

ART and OTHER THINGS

By GUY C. EGLINGTON

WHAT A town to live in! To begin with, there is the Duveen exhibition of Early Italian Paintings, which deserves a whole number to itself. This is the kind of exhibition that makes history. Writers on Italian art will refer to it for years to come, and the pictures shown will be the more highly prized for having been seen in such a company. . . . And when one thinks that these represent, not the cream of a century's buying, but nearer to that of a decade, and that all have passed through one house, one is staggered.

The collection is so balanced that it is easier to say who is not there than who is. Starting with the Florentines, there is no Giotto, no Masaccio. But these are things one hardly hopes for. In revenge there is a thirteenth century Tuscan, "Christ with Saint Peter and Saint James," which Mr. Berenson is inclined to give to Cimabue. The heads recall certainly the predella of the Uffizi Madonna, but it seems to me to lack the amazing architectural sense which, for lack of closer knowledge, I take to be Cimabue's supreme quality. Of Giotto's immediate followers there is a Bernardo Daddi "Madonna," lent by Mr. Henry Goldman. And to compensate for Masaccio, there is Fra Angelico in all his glory.

Although this can be nothing more pretentious than a catalog, one must pause over the Angelico. The "Deposition," from the collection of Mr. Henry Goldman, with its marvelous grouping, its spaciousness, its intimacy, is worthy to hang in a gallery by itself. One is at a loss to know whether to praise more highly the figures or the Tuscan hill garden in which they are set. But indeed the two can not be separated. . . . And as if this were not wealth, there is an exquisite "Annunciation" from the collection of Mr. Carl Hamilton.

Next in order comes the robust Castagno, with Mr. Pierpont Morgan's "Portrait of a Man," a superb head. For contrast I should like the two Botticelli portraits hanging on either side. The downrightness of Castagno and the subtlety of Botticelli. The latter was the younger by no more than fifty years, but they might have been born in different spheres. Look only at the eyes. The veiled lids of the Botticelli youth, the wide-open accusing eyes of the Castagno. Those are gentle. These inspire terror. In between the two is Fra Fillippo Lippi, abundantly represented by a large altarpiece and two panels from a polyptich from the Pierpont Morgan Collection, a "Madonna" lent by Mr. Carl Hamilton, and a "Madonna and Child with St. John," lent by Mrs. Henry E. Huntington. Nor dare one forget the Baldovinetti and Verrocchio "Madonnas," both from the collection of Mr. Clarence Mackay. Nor finally the portraits by Pollaiuolo and Ghirlandaio. The latter's "Portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni," from the Pierpont Morgan Collection, is one of the finest I ever remember to have seen.

Siena is represented by works less individually important. The earliest is the Senga "Madonna," which recalls in type the Santa Maria Novella altarpiece. There is a charming Ambrogio Loranzetti "Holy Family," lent by Mr. Carl Hamilton. A Sassetta "St. Anthony in the Wilderness," lent by Mr. Phillip Lehman. "Madonnas" by Matteo and Benvenuto di Giovanni and by Neroccio di Landi. Finally a tiny Lippo Memmi, lent by Mr. Carl Hamilton. Covetousness is not one of my favorite vices, but I should dearly love to steal the Memmi "Madonna" from its corner. From Umbria there is a small "Crucifixion," given to Piero della Francesca, a panel from a predella. In spite of its qualities I find it a little disappointing. The horses are so much finer than the figures. There are two Raphaels, the "Cowper Madonna" which belongs to Mr. Joseph E. Widener, and an "Agony in the Garden" from the collection of Mr. Clarence Mackay. In spite of the fame of the former I can not help feeling that Mr. Mackay is the more to be envied.

And now northwards. From Venice Bellini and Titian. Of the first especially Mr. Phillip Lehman's "Madonna." Of the second Mr. Henry Goldman's sumptuous "Alphonse d'Este and Laura Dianti." A marvelous "Portrait of a Young Man," lent by Mr. Andrew Mellon and given also to Bellini, suggests rather the Sicilian Antonello. From Verona a Pisanello "Portrait of a Lady of Verona," the very impigmentation of style. Another treasure from Mr. Clarence Mackay's collection. Finally, and representing the Paduans, Mantegna. Two masterpieces. Mrs. T. J. Emery's "Tarquin and the Sybil," the linear Mantegna. What Mr. Berenson would call functional line carried to the nth power. In contrast, Mr. Joseph Widener's "Judith and Holofernes," Mantegna the painter. Small in actual dimension. Immense in conception.

Let me be understood. It were not hard to get together a collection of names, no matter where. What makes this exhibition memorable is quality. Outside the churches and galleries of Italy one would have hard sledding to match it.



"THE GOOD SAMARITAN" BY R. L. NEWMAN (1886)

Courtesy of The Rehn Galleries

Characteristically I began this article at the end and find myself now with rather less than no space to speak of the Newman exhibition. There are personal reasons why I was particularly delighted when I heard that Mr. Rehn had gotten together a collection of Newmans. Newman was one of the first American painters that I ever saw. Eliot Clarke was taking me to see Mr. Gellatly's Twachtmans. I remember that we waited a moment or so in the long drawing room and Clarke pointed out some of the treasures, Ryders, Thayers, Twachtmans—and a whimsical Church which, over serious, I refused to appreciate. Next to a Ryder hung a small picture with wide frame, which attracted my attention. I asked the artist's name. It was the "Good Samaritan," which is reproduced here. When Mr. Gellatly came in I spoke to him of the picture and he seemed pleased. He had been one of Newman's few clients and was one of the very few who still believed in the man. Alas for human faith, a year later the Newman had been banished to the comparative darkness of upstairs.

The next I heard of Newman was when Mr. Fox showed the half-dozen pictures which the Brooklyn Museum owns and Nestor Sanborn wrote, in his delightful telegram style, an article for the *Quarterly*. From that moment I was convinced that Newman was one of the most neglected masters in the history of American painting. Full of excitement, I wrote to Mr. Sanborn, asking him to write a longer article, which should be published in the *Studio* and should finally make people sit up. The article was — alas — never written, but next morning at 9.30 Mr. Sanborn prepresented himself at my office and I made the acquaintance of one of the most kindly and simple men it has ever been my privilege to meet. Since then I have sounded Newman's trumpet in many ears, but with little success. No wonder, since, with the exception of Mr. Gellatly's and those at the Brooklyn Museum, no one knew where his works were to be found. It has taken Mr. Rehn, he tells me, four years to get together thirty odd pictures. His time has been well spent. In face of this exhibition it is impossible to write Newman down as a dilletante. He was in the first place a great colorist. And one has only to glance at the "Good Samaritan" or "The Letter," which Mr. Phillips has bought for the Phillips Memorial Gallery, to see that he was more.

In my article on the Villeneuve "Pietà" (see page 181) I have referred to the *Album of Villard de Honnecourt*. It is, I suppose, a manuscript sufficiently familiar to scholars of medieval art, but since scholars are few and plain folks like you and me have some rights too, and since into the bargain the manuscript has an interest far beyond the purely academic, I may be pardoned for giving some facts about it. Villard de Honnecourt was a thirteenth century architect, hailing presumably from Honnecourt, a village some five leagues south of Cambrai. From certain remarks in his album it would appear probable that he was one of the architects of Cambrai cathedral. Certainly he was an architect of some importance, for he was sent for by Bela, King of Hungary, probably after the repulse of the Tartar invasion of 1243, to direct the necessary rebuilding of the church of Marburg, where St. Elizabeth of Hungary, sister of Bela, lies buried, for its transepts are, as were also those of Cambrai, semi-circular, a sufficiently rare feature in Gothic architecture. Bela's connection with Cambrai may have arisen through the fact that his sister worshipped Our Lady of Cambrai. It had been she who, some years

previous, had paid for the building of Cambrai, where on her death and canonization a chapel was dedicated to her.

But the album is far from being dependent for its interest on the fame of its author. It is composed of thirty-three pages of drawings, with notes in the margin. Originally it must have been considerably larger, as the pagination shows that some twenty pages are missing. The drawings are for the most part studies which de Honnecourt made on his travels, architectural details, copies of frescoes and sculpture. To these are added a number of studies in the nude, together with instructions for drawing the human form. Finally there are three pages of geometrical figures and compositions, like the one reproduced here. It must be remembered that the most precious possession of the medieval artist—of every artist in fact up to the invention of photography—was his sketch book. It was also his most valuable legacy to his pupils. The album of de Honnecourt may therefore be considered as his literary legacy. In his old age he would collect and collate his travel sketches, adding notes for the benefit of his pupils, and to these he would join the fruits of his experience in painting and sculpture, making his book, so far as in him lay, a manual for the aspiring architect.



DE HONNECOURT ALBUM FRENCH, THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Searching through the Metropolitan Museum library the other day, in the vain hope of finding some data on the history of Elne, I was delighted to find that it possesses a copy of the excellent facsimile of the album which was published so long ago as 1859. It is a beautifully printed book, with large clear pages and splendid engravings. Look it up when you are next there. Perhaps also it is not so rare as I had thought and other libraries may own copies.

Returning to the question of French Primitives which I discussed in part in the article on the "Pietà," I confess that I am not sanguine as to the prospects of any scholar tackling the subject in a serious manner. It is now exactly twenty years since the Paris *Exposition des Primitifs Français*, which first directed critical opinion to this neglected field, and in the interval the bibliography of the subject has grown to quite respectable proportions. But though the names attached to these books belong to critics of reputed learning, the books themselves are a very travesty of connoisseurship.

In the first place, knowledge is lacking. The organizers of the 1904 exhibition, Henri Bouchot and Georges Lafenestre, contented themselves with bringing together a group of works, already known individually and for the most part reposing in museums, to which a French origin could plausibly be attributed. Their own researches were not considerable, and were rather documentary than directed at the intrinsic quality of the works themselves. The value of the exhibition lay therefore in its "inspirational" aspect. It made for early French painting a definite claim to consideration. It provoked an enormous amount of discussion. Above all, it forced the Louvre to acquire French paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and devote two galleries to their display. So far, so good. But this, which was no more than a preliminary skirmish, has been treated as though it were the whole battle. The worthy critics who have written books on the French Primitives have made no attempt to undertake fresh research on their own account. They have contented themselves with discussing the works shown at the 1904 exhibition, with a few additions made by enterprising dealers. So that Maurice Denis is able to repeat in his admirable *Théories* (*1920*) (the article

was originally contributed to *L'Occident, 1901*): "Who knows French painting? It is barely in the last few years that the masterpieces of provincial museums have been revealed to us through learned works, by the Centennial, and by too rare photographs. . . . In the case of mural painting, all is to be discovered. Specialists, doubtless, have catalogued the vestiges of fresco. . . . But no guide book mentions, for example, the 'Procession' of Autun Cathedral. In a country overrun by painters, the admirable chapel of Kernascléden (Morbihan) is not visited; and at Toulouse la Savante not the slightest photograph of the beautiful ceiling of Saint Sernin is to be found. . . ." And Denis proceeds to enumerate a list of fine frescoes on which he has stumbled by accident, but of which no photograph exists, which no work mentions.

This in itself were damning enough indictment of the French critical faculty, but even worse than the ignorance of the *parti-pris* of the would-be historians. It had long been a tenet of French criticism that French painting derived solely from the Italian. In the eyes of established critics therefore the views of M. Bouchot and his friends, who claimed for French painting an indigenous birth and growth, appeared not only heretical, but positively subversive. They attacked what can only be described as a vested interest. What resulted from the exhibition was thus not so much a renewed interest in the beginnings of French painting, a stimulus to fresh research, as a battle royal between those who had staked their critical reputations on the importance of the primitives and those who denied their very existence. The former party sought to defend the attributions of the 1904 catalog, the latter to upset them. On the one side there was Count Durrieu who, ignoring the numerous fragments that remain, based his thesis on the hypothetical existence of works splendid as those of Italy, destroyed by the hand of time and the desire of kings to create afresh their own glory. On the other there was M. L. Dimier who, setting out to prove the thesis that there is no such thing as an indigenous French painting before the seventeenth century, was forced by the Abbe Requin's discovery of the contract published in the March issue to admit that though it is incorrect to speak of French Primitives, there was *one* French Primitive in the person of Enguerrand Charonton.

This comedy has just reached its climax in the publication by M. L. Maeterlinck of his *L'Ènigme des Primitifs Français*, a supreme example of a seemingly learned and marvelously documented work arriving at conclusions which not even the veriest child in criticism would accept as tenable. M. Maeterlinck is hypnotized by a phrase. Someone, it appears, once remarked that the Van Eyck "Adoration of the Lamb" "*naquit au milieu de balbutiements*" (literally, "was born in stammerings"). It was a good phrase, but uncritical, as Maeterlinck saw. It is a sound tenet of criticism that nothing grows out of nothing. Maeterlinck therefore undertook to find Van Eyck's ancestors. Not being much in the way of original research, he found it easier to take known works and pre-date them a century or so. Thus was born his *Precursors of Van Eyck*. His next idea was less scientific. It occurred to him that there was an undue disparity between the achievements of medieval French art in the realms of architecture and sculpture and its achievements in painting. He reasoned somewhat as follows: If, as is universally granted, the French architects from the twelfth to fourteenth centuries were supreme in the world, imposing Gothic, the order of their invention, not only throughout the Netherlands and in Germany, but also on Italy, Spain and England, then they must have been supreme in painting also, exerting an influence no less universal. So he came to write his *L'Énigme des Primitifs Français*, in which the same works of art appear now with the invariable caption: *Esthétique français preeyckienne*. Whither this led him can be gathered from the fact that he gives to fourteenth century France the Villeneuve "Pietà," which, as we saw, is strongly Spanish in flavor and decidedly sixteenth century.

Until such time as the field is adequately covered, any estimate of early French painting is impossible. Meaningless too is the phrase *esthétique française*. Applied to Gothic architecture and sculpture it can be given a meaning. Applied to graphic art it can, for the present, only have application to the art of the miniaturist and tapestry weaver, very lovely certainly in a pattern and texture, but not painting in the masculine sense that Giotto and Masaccio understood it.

The picture which I reproduced last month and on which I asked your opinion, was a self-portrait by Vincent Canade. Canade is an artist who has been forced by circumstances to use up his youth and his strength in other work. But genius, happily, has a way of breaking through, *at whatever cost*. Look at that portrait again.

The notes on the Duveen exhibition were written after my first visit, which may excuse my missing Mrs. A. E. Goodhart's Paolo di Giovanni Fei, "Madonna Enthroned," which is not hung to best advantage. It can hardly explain, much less excuse, the fact that I missed the superb Baronzio, from the collection of Mr. Otto Kahn, to say nothing of Mr. Phillip Lehman's Neroccio di Landi.

Address of Welcome to Two Exiles

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH



ALIGHT, madam!
Alight, good sir!
You have ridden two centuries, I infer,
From a Moorish workshop in Algiers,
And now you must long to try your feet
After so perilous a seat
Maintained with dignity all these years.

You, I take it, were once a king,
A Christian king, shaped like an egg,
With a pushed-in face and a rounded leg,
And eyes not focused on anything.
It may be the Saracen that engraved you,
Mocked your pretensions, created you silly,
Yet left you regal, willy-nilly.

And this lady, your wife—he has had his sport,
He has made her lumpy and dumpy and short,
He has set her askew on the giraffe,
And created a figure at which to laugh,
Yet still by some most surprising magic
He was forced to leave her wistful and tragic.

Alight, madam!
Alight, good sir!
You shall tell us the tale of your artificer,
Whose soul was honey mixed with gall,
Whose thoughts were bitter and whimsical;
With irony and with tenderness
He created you in your littleness
A comic writing upon the wall—
But now that there is no more to write,
Alight, madam!
Good sir, alight!

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

NEW GUIDES TO OLD MASTERS. Critical Notes on the Galleries of London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Venice and Milan, Brussels and Antwerp, Munich and Frankfort and Cassell, Berlin and Dresden, Vienna and Budapest, Amsterdam and The Hague and Haarlem. *Ten volumes. By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $1.25 each.*

Just before the opening of the world war the Scribners began the publication of this series of critical studies of the paintings in the various galleries of the chief European art centres, but in the great upheaval caused by the events of that conflict Professor Van Dyke's art guide books were buried in so complete an oblivion that practically no art writer in America remembered them when his book on *Rembrandt and His School* appeared last fall. And yet in his general introduction to the series he had said precisely the same things about the great Dutchman as he did in the work which created such a furore in 1923.

Eight of the little volumes were published in 1914 and now appear two additional ones, *Rome* and *Venice and Milan*. If the reader has not agreed with Professor Van Dyke's criticisms on Rembrandt or with such drastic comments as that on the sixty-five works by Rubens in the Prado (made in the guide to Madrid) in which he says that most of them are school pieces and that "there are only two or three clean pieces of painting by Ruben's own hand in the entire gathering"—if such harsh opinions have made the reader feel Van Dyke is too bored with paintings to do them justice, let him read this writer's glowing appreciation of Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" to realize his mistake.

Professor Van Dyke has an immense appreciation for the Academy at Venice and the Brera Gallery and for most things connected with them save their catalogues, a feature of European galleries for which he has little but contempt. The guide to Rome is devoted to the Borghese and Vatican galleries, Raphael's Stanze and the Borgia apartments, and Professor Van Dyke finds much to admire here, particularly Michelangelo's decorations in the Sistine Chapel and the Raphael rooms in the Vatican. It is a compliment to contemporary scholarship in the Catholic Church that Van Dyke has nothing but compliments for the Vatican Gallery catalogue, the only one to merit this praise of all those to which he refers. Art students who are used to conventional praise, opinion and legend will probably be much disturbed by this writer's statements. But they will learn much by reading these pages which contain the forthright expressions of a man who has been studying Europe's galleries with the closest attention for more than thirty years. In fact no art student can possibly afford to overlook these *New Guides to Old Masters.*

VISION AND DESIGN. *By Roger Fry. Brentano's, New York. Price, $2.50.*

This series of essays selected from Mr. Fry's magazine articles written during twenty years was first published in book form in England in 1920. With the additions and corrections which he made it presented his statement of a theory of esthetics, and since Roger Fry is one of the few men who are writing really intelligent art criticism such a statement is of importance. Fry was one of the first men in England to recognize the importance of modern French art and one of the very few who have been able to go below the surface of appreciation. His esthetic valuation of a work of art is based not on schools or techniques but on fundamentals.

The book may be divided into two quite distinct parts; the first six and the last articles, which are devoted to studies in the philosophy of esthetics, and the remaining eighteen, these latter reviews of important exhibitions and commentaries on the work of various painters and schools.

It is the first part which gives the title to the book. Mr. Fry has been to great pains to present his thesis clearly. At times he wrestles with himself. In an effort to explain completely he frequently involves the issue, but there are paragraphs which express more directly and with greater conviction of truth the nature of art and its relation to life than this reviewer has found in any other contemporary criticism. The man who can sum up the Victorians as persons whom we imagine ". . . forever playing croquet without ever losing their tempers" deserves to be read. Only in his essays on *Art and Socialism* and *Art and Science* does he seem less sure and less true. In the former he builds a craftsman's Utopia for the artist in which it is doubtful if any artist could live; in the latter a short but rather cloudy argument leads him to a dubious "perhaps."

In the second part of the book Mr. Fry seems more at ease, and also to make a better statement of his esthetic principles than in the purely philosophic articles.

ORIENTAL FORERUNNERS OF BYZANTINE PAINTING. *By James Henry Breasted. The University of Chicago Press. Price, $4.*

This is a book in which art and archæology have identical interests. The excavation of an old Græco-Syrian fortress which was too far east ever to have been Romanized has supplied an early link in the chain of European art; it has revealed the infancy of the oriental parent of the Byzantine style.

Dr. Breasted, whose more widely known activities as an Egyptologist have not diverted his interests from Mesopotamia, led an expedition from the University of Chicago, immediately after the war, from Baghdad eastward across the newly proclaimed Arab state. Halfway to Aleppo they stopped at Dura-Salihiyah, which until three years ago was hardly more than a name, where a sand-buried temple contained wall paintings which are the only surviving oriental forerunners of Byzantine painting. The expedition could only stop one day, for the British army was retiring down the Euphrates which left Dr. Breasted and his party to the mercy of the Bedouins. Since then these paintings have been seriously disfigured by the Arabs so that Dr. Breasted's record is all that exists of these paintings in their unimpaired state.

The book is divided into a history of Dura and a description of the paintings of the temple of Zeus-Baal, of which the most important, the wall of Bithnanaia, named from the resplendent lady who dominates it, was painted in the last quarter of the first century, A.D. In all of these paintings the figures are arranged in tiers and seem to float

in space as in the Byzantine style, while the flat treatment and certain mannerisms of arrangement bear a close resemblance to the climax of the Byzantine manner as it is seen in the mosaics of San Vitale.

GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE IN AMERICAN COLLECTIONS. *By George H. Chase, Ph. D. Harvard University Press. Price, $7.50.*

While American collections of Greek and Roman sculpture are the chief consideration of this book, Dr. Chase limits neither his text nor his illustrations to them. His plan includes a general discussion of each period illustrated by the most important pieces in foreign collections followed by a description of works in America which show similar qualities. This makes his book complete and at the same time gives it a particular value for American readers beyond those of Friederichs, Von Mach, and of Furtwaengler and Urlichs. Dr. Chase finds every period well represented in America with the exception of the age of transition from 480 to 450 B.C., from which we have no original large work in the round. To illustrate his book the author uses examples in public collections only, most of which are in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Dr. Chase is the John E. Hudson Professor of Archæology at Harvard University and this book had its origin in a series of lectures delivered by him at the Lowell Institute in Boston in the spring of 1919.

A HISTORY OF ART. Volume II. Later European Art. *By H. B. Cotterill. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price, $10.*

If a "history of art" ends with Turner it is obvious that it has been written by an Englishman and that there should be some explanatory subhead to the title making clear the limitations of such a history. Mr. Cotterill's first volume had many unsatisfactory features that have been improved upon in the second and final one, the outstanding feature of this betterment being that each part deals with the arts of a single nation, architecture being his first concern, as before, with sculpture and painting following in this order. In Italian art he touches nothing later than the eighteenth century; Spain is covered in comparatively few pages and from about 1500 to about 1830; France between practically the same dates with the Netherlands and Germany through the same 330 years. Only forty-five pages are given to England where Mr. Cotterill's work ends, a supplementary section devoted to the art of the Far East being contributed by Stewart Dick. The illustrative material in this volume is wholly admirable but the text as a whole is too limited in its scope to be entirely satisfactory as a history of art.

WINDMILLS. *By Frank Brangwyn, R. A., and Hayter Preston. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $7.50.*

Although it is the Brangwyn drawings which place this book on an art page, a word must be said for Mr. Preston, whose intimate, conversational style—which a self-confessed romanticism dominates—weaves around each old mill of his rambles something of the atmosphere of its glory and its sad decay. All that the author says of the venerable age and marks of toil on these old mills that "are like old laboring men, . . . tired and broken grinders of grain," who are "left to rot in ignoble fashion about the countryside, assailed by winds that were their souls aforetime," is given a second form in the Brangwyn drawings. The illustrations are in color, the originals having been water color drawings, sixteen in number. There are also many little sketches in black and white which are breezy little bits of movement, taking account of the fact that the mill is after all a creature ruled by the wind. The country of Don Quixote, who has attached his name indelibly to windmills by his tilting contests, is represented by the twelve mills of Crijitano, where they still play their ordained part in the economic life of the community instead of suffering such a metamorphosis as that of three hundred years' old Ramsgate, which has become a garage. Others to which Brangwyn and Preston have both given their attention are the mill of Cologne, set in splendor on the ruins of a church, the pumping mills of Holland, whose work is now usurped by the steam pump, and many more of England, Sweden, France and Belgium.

PERSIAN AND INDIAN TEXTILES. *By R. M. Riefstahl, Ph. D. E. Weyhe, New York. Price, $4.*

Dr. Riefstahl had the interests of the modern textile designer in mind in his choice of the Persian and Indian motives that are illustrated in this album of thirty-six plates containing nearly three hundred designs. He has chosen the period from the late sixteenth century to the early nineteenth, one not so important historically because it was lacking in the vitality of the earlier centuries, but, because of its refinement and grace, having particular value for the creators of modern textiles. Dr. Riefstahl has made his selection from the following collections: Metropolitan Museum, New York; Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Art Institute, Chicago; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, and several private collections of New York and London. All of the reproductions are in black and white and are highly satisfactory in quality, having been taken from photographs by H. C. Perleberg of New York who is a specialist in textile photography.

THE ART OF HESKETH HUBBARD. *By Haldane Macfall. The Morland Press, Ltd., London.*

"Charming" is probably the word which best describes the etchings, paintings and drawings by Hesketh Hubbard. Great art these certainly are not, but there is an amusing whimsy evident in his impressions of English roads and traveling circuses, gypsies and caravans. In his work these knights of the road become figures of the imagination. It is the romantic gypsy, gay, mysterious, singing love songs by firelight whom he has drawn. In the introduction, Haldane Macfall describes Hubbard as a lyrical poet and this is, perhaps, the true summation of the man.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Water Colour Painting. *By Alfred W. Rich.* The Artistic Anatomy of Trees. *By Rex Vicat Cole,* Perspective. *By Rex Vicat Cole. The New Art Library. J. B. Lippincott Co., New York. Price, $5 each.*

Slapstick and Dumbbell. *By Hiler Harzberg and Arthur Moss. Joseph Lawren, New York.*

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

ONE OF THE OLDEST forms of furniture, which can be traced back as far as early Babylonian and Assyrian days, is the stool, man's first conception of the present day luxurious chair. Throughout the ages, stools and benches have continued to be used, taking their places, it is true, as minor pieces of furniture, yet making an important contribution in the way of comfort, and when properly used, becoming a distinct decorative detail. The characteristic features of each epoch and period of furniture making was always reflected in the type of stool produced at the time, so that the collecting of stools which has become popular among certain collectors, is not an idle one. Much can be learned from studying them. The great mansions of England, the palaces of France and Italy abound in these treasures, but original pieces are very difficult for the average buyer to procure. Very little furniture was made during the stormy days of the Middle Ages, but with the advent of the Renaissance, when the luxury of the ancients was revived, the making of furniture received a great impetus and its use became general. We know that many varieties of stools existed then, and that they received their share of the exquisite workmanship which was expended upon the most unimportant objects. Those were the days of high endeavor.



STOOL FROM DI SALVO BROTHERS

But comparatively few of these specimens remain, aside from those which adorned the rooms of state where they were well cared for and did not receive hard wear. We can content ourselves, however, with fine reproductions which are painstakingly made, for they can be very beautiful. Often they are upholstered in genuine fabrics—in needlepoint, velvets or embroideries of the period they represent, or these old hand-made materials can be copied with remarkable success. We can find reproductions of all periods at Di Salvo Brothers who realize that a beautiful stool has many functions to perform, and that it has its distinct place in house furnishing. Too few of us realize its importance. There is the fireside bench that encourages lounging before an open fire; there is the low stool that can be thrust beneath a table when not in use; there are little stools that can be utilized in the place of tables, and the ever fascinating foot stools that make for comfort and luxurious resting. Perhaps no country was so prolific in creating stool pieces as France, but what other country had such a highly developed esthetic sense? These pieces gave wonderful scope to the tapestry makers who flourished under Louis XIV, and their vogue continued on through the first Empire. Our early American examples were prim and austere in comparison with their French progenitors, but they, too, did service even though of a humbler kind.

BY ALL MEANS as we "prate of the arts" let us include the fine art of eating. We are not concerned here with the various culinary requisites that make for gastronomic delights, but are considering the part that the esthetic plays in stimulating the palate. Food itself is only half the meal. The other half is the kind of table, the variety of table appointments, and the general atmosphere of refinement that pervades the dining-room. Every inducement of china, glass, silver and linen should be used to make food palatable. In selecting table appointments, one again must keep in mind the type of room that forms the setting for its minor details. These details should be made as harmonious as possible, acting as humble contributors to the general scheme of the room. It is not always possible nor is it necessarily desirable to cling strictly to a certain period, but there must be an attempt to get the feeling of fitness and of appropriateness to a given style or type, before it is possible to procure an harmonious atmosphere to a room.

Breakfast and luncheons are both informal affairs, and though it is important that their service be charming and dainty, they do not take on a ceremonious air nor require the formality of ornamental adjuncts. Breakfast and luncheons need not necessarily be served in a dining room but may be partaken of in a sun room, in the garden, or in one's own apartment—anywhere, indeed, that happens to suit the taste of the individual. But dinner is a formal occasion and it is more or less of a function that needs a formal setting. Peasant pottery, for instance, and the crudities of primitive glass, though ever so delightful in color, reflecting a certain personal expression in craftsmanship, are not suited to a dining room, whose salient qualities are formality and elegance. Such a room requires exquisite table accessories. The Brand-Chattilon Company are showing table appointments of this character—lovely luminous things, yet very certain in their craftsmanship. There are centre pieces, candlesticks and compote dishes that belong to an age in which the niceties of these subordinate details were brought to perfection. They are a combination of rock crystal and silver, reproduced from Louis XVI designs, and others of a later English period. The glass, so hard and brilliant and crystal clear, lends itself beautifully to the delicate traceries of hand engraving, and the beauty of the silver is subtly enhanced by artistic inventions in repoussé and finely chased designs. The shapes reflect a fine reticence in line and proportion. It is interesting to know that the glass itself, so brilliant and luminous, that once could only be produced in England, is now being made here in America.



CUT-GLASS FRUIT DISH IN SILVER STAND FROM BRAND-CHATILLON

SINCE our emergence from mid-Victorian influences we have become immensely interested in all significant types of furniture. We want to know the salient characteristics that mark the different periods; we want to understand something of form and color and texture, and to recognize good examples that will satisfy our own individual needs. Our interest ranges from the simplest peasant types to the most finished products wrought by

the great cabinet-makers of the past. And yet our penchant for English furniture is very apparent. Is it due, perhaps, to a certain racial prejudice, but more probably is founded upon its suitability to the greater number of homes here in America. Certainly it would seem that it was designed for a northern people, whose lives must of necessity be spent much indoors, and who for generations had gradually developed a feeling for home comforts.



QUEEN ANNE WALNUT SECRETARY DESK FROM THE SHOP OF LOUIS ALLEN

Each period of furniture making has a charm entirely its own, and in the English development of which we are now speaking, there were first the early Tudor and Jacobean pieces of oak—refectory tables, court cupboards, chests and chairs—now rare and almost priceless. Then the later developments in walnut —a wood that lent itself far better to the advancing art of the cabinet-maker. Finally, in 1724, mahogany was introduced into England and was utilized by the great designers and furniture craftsmen of the eighteenth century who found that it was far better adapted to the art of carving than walnut or oak. Chippendale was the great exponent, in his day, of wood carving and relied on beauty of form rather than color.

The eighteenth century with the towering names of Chippendale, the Adam Brothers, Sheraton and Heppelwhite became the high-tide epoch of furniture production. We still humbly walk in the paths of those glorious days of invention. There were more than two hundred and fifty cabinet-makers working in or near London, and though their names do not fall glibly from our lips as do those few master craftsmen with whom we are familiar, they seemingly could not fail in those days to produce excellent results. We may be sure that all orders were not executed for great houses or wealthy patrons. The most unpretentious homes reflected the general good taste of the times and they still remain to us as prototypes of charming, comfortable dwellings. Examples of English furniture in its many phases of development can be found in the shop of Louis Allen who has gathered together pieces that are both rare and significant.

THE INTRODUCTION of color as an expression of the furniture maker's art finally reached England after it had already been highly developed in Holland, France and Italy. The inlay of contrasting woods, the use of glazed varnishes and lacquers were beautifully exemplified, and then the simpler method of obtaining joyous color by means of the application of flat paint finally came into vogue. The traditions and decoration of painted furniture have been continuous from very early days down to our own times. Today it is immensely popular, and it is a sign that we are beginning to feel not only the need for color but are attempting to glimpse the vast extent of its decorative possibilities. Its function reaches out alike to the embellishment of farmhouse and grand mansion, because it was used as a form of spontaneous expression by primitive peoples as well as by highly developed craftsmen. In its most finished form, we think of the exquisite creations which were the product of such designers as Adam, Heppelwhite or Sheraton, whose ideas were carried to fruition by Cipriani and Angelica Kauffman and the great ébénistes of France.



PAINTED COMMODE FROM THE ORSENIGO COMPANY

Furniture making has always been dominated by fashion. We must always look beyond the logical development of an art to the great events that shape our world to find the real reason for growth and the enthusiasm that generally accompanies a new style. Thus the vogue for painted furniture. It fulfills a certain need; it is an easy compromise between the old and the most modern flavor in decoration for which many are striving, and it is not beyond the reach of the modest buyer. The Orsenigo Company is producing painted furniture that senses the feeling of old pieces and reproduces them with success, though the forms are sometimes modified to suit modern conditions.

THE LOVE of color is a primitive instinct. Following close upon the heels of man's ability to construct an object came his desire to decorate it. Though his attempts were often crude, they seemed to satisfy a certain need for self expression. We find much that is interesting in the painted peasant furniture of the various countries of Europe which has followed certain traditional styles for many centuries. Much of it makes a strong appeal because it is the unaffected and spontaneous expression of simple folk who naïvely portray their love of bright tones and native patterns. Of this type is our own Pennsylvania Dutch furniture, which is the transplanted version of Bavarian peasant creations. The designs are bold and vigorous, although the materials and workmanship employed were generally crude, and its very simplicity has a certain charm. The furniture was well suited to the plain environment of those simple people. They made no pretentions towards luxurious living, yet their houses held many homely comforts. Cupboards, cabinets, chairs, chests, bedsteads and tables were made of the plainest materials, but they were strong and solidly built. They are adorned by little or no carving, a fact which gave greater scope and larger areas for painted embellishment. Often the background was painted one vivid tone and this surface was then separated, by painted bands, into panels. These panels became the units for designs that took the form of flowers, urns, baskets, fruit and occasionally animals and human figures.



PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH CHEST FROM THE YORK ANTIQUE SHOP

These pieces are becoming more and more rare and difficult to find, so that it is a pleasant surprise to discover that a number of the early examples have been gathered together at the York Antique Shop. The chests are particularly pleasing, and the best efforts of the craftsman seem to have been expended upon them. There are dower chests and marriage chests, and chests intended for linens and clothing, all of which exhibit a real feeling for decorative design and color.

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

THE CONCLUDING article of the series by Charles J. Connick on the beauties of medieval stained glass windows will appear in the July number. The preceding articles were printed in the December, January and February numbers, each with three color plates. The last installment is devoted mainly to those remarkable specimens of ancient glass in the cathedrals of Chartres, Bourges, Poitiers and Canterbury, and the three color plates represent scenes depicted in the windows of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Chartres—including the great apse windows devoted to the Blessed Virgin and a portion of the Charlemagne window with the donor's medallion (The Furriers). In the autumn Mr. Connick will contribute another article dealing with modern stained glass.

ONE of the most charming figures, and one of the most neglected, in early American art is that of Matthew Pratt. He was both friend and pupil of Benjamin West and although his name is almost unknown a study of his portraits shows that he was at times the equal if not the superior of his master. Much of his life was devoted to the painting of signs in his native city of Philadelphia, a fact which his serious minded biographer, Dunlap, greatly deplores. In an article in the July issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO Jo Pennington defines more clearly than has been done before the outlines of this almost mythical figure. You will be introduced to a quiet, simple man, beloved by his contemporaries, who went his way quite cheerfully painting fire buckets, signs or portraits as the occasion presented. The illustrations will include four of his portraits and his famous painting of Benjamin West's "American School" in London.

"YOUTH and a mind that rides upon the seas, strong willed and pleasant, ready for tidal wave or multitudinous pearls that glow in peaceful beauty." The opening sentence of an article on Rockwell Kent in the July number, just quoted, stamps its authorship. Who but F. Newlin Price would say it just that way? "Kent, looking on life and demanding new adventure, sees no great change from time immemorial. There is still the external attribute, and, still enthroned in mortal form, writhe hate and passion, or, as the case may be, thrill love and adoration. Youth, youth unsatisfied, wondering, dreaming, questioning youth, that fain would seek the numbers to life's mystery. So then he journeys forth to write or sail or paint, and in the last he makes his record of those truths that come to him, conclusions greatly proved in his living." The reader of Mr. Price's characteristic tribute to America's stormy petrel of art will be able to follow in a measure the petrel's flight by means of the reproductions, which include some of the most striking products of Mr. Kent's brush.

THE FIRST association with the name of Goethe is, of course, *Faust*. After that one remembers him as Germany's greatest lyric poet, as dramatist, critic, economist and man of science. It is almost never that he is thought of as a draughtsman. And yet much of his creative energy, during the first half of his life, was devoted to the pursuit of art. Later, forced by his own appreciation to admit partial failure, he realized that his ability to draw was only, as he expressed it, a "little talent." But these drawings and etchings are, nevertheless, interesting in themselves and have also a more important place in the biography of the poet than that usually assigned to them. In an article in the July number which will be illustrated by a reproduction of one of his three etchings and of several of the drawings, Perrin Joyce gives the story of Goethe's artistic career. For students of literature as well as of art this article should be of unusual interest.

THE ANCIENT town of Elne, the Illiberis of Roman days, has been almost forgotten in modern times. Situated atop a great rock, once washed by the sea which is now three miles distant, it was an important citadel and for eleven centuries was the seat of a bishopric. Part of its twelfth-century cathedral of St. Eulalie is still standing, and it is of the beauties of this building and of its setting that Guy Eglington has written for the next issue. His article will be illustrated by many photographs of the cathedral and details of its remarkable architectural carving.

THE SNUFF BOX was one of the most conspicuous objects of personal adornment used by men from the eighteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Fashion gradually converted them from homely boxes of horn and the commoner metals to art objects of very great beauty and costliness, France leading the way in this cult of the snuff box as she has done in all things concerned with the modish world. Mrs. Gordon-Stables has written an article for the July number on snuff boxes of the finest periods, in which the fascination of these boxes is conveyed to the reader through the text and reproductions of some of the most superb specimens both in private and public ownership in London.

OF THE SCHOOL of American Tonalists which was so popular in the first decade of the present century, Louis Paul Dessar is almost the sole surviving member of that group of painters who dominated the art thought, art talk of our country in that time. The canvases which these men painted demanded a cultivated taste, an esthetic appreciation almost too delicate to withstand the crude vigor of average American ideas as to what constitutes "art." The great vogue of the Tonalists inevitably passed. But there has always remained a living feeling for the school insofar as it is represented in the poetical compositions of Louis Paul Dessar, originally a "figure man" of the most formal French school and a portrait painter. How he came to change from such prose in paint to the tender, romantic lyricism of the canvases for which he has been famous for many years now will be told in an illustrated article by William B. M'Cormick in the July number.

THE NEXT article of the series *Furniture of Historic Types*, by Major Arthur de Bles, dealing with the period of Louis XIV, will appear in the July number.

THE PAINTING "Interior," by Preston Dickinson, which is reproduced on the cover of this number, is used by the courtesy of the Daniel Gallery.

Peyton Boswell

A GEORGIAN VELVET

well adapted to the Spanish Interior

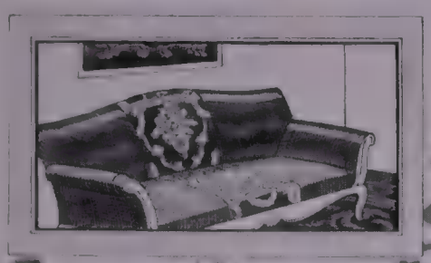


RENEWED interest in decorations of the Spanish style calls for fabrics of unusual beauty. The "grand manner" marked every phase of the Spanish Renaissance and suggested the tooled leathers, the cloths of gold, the brilliant parchments, and the wonderful altars which are associated with that period. Particularly fine were the wall hangings, flaming in color and sumptuous in effect because they had to supply warmth and richness to halls which were both princely and cold.

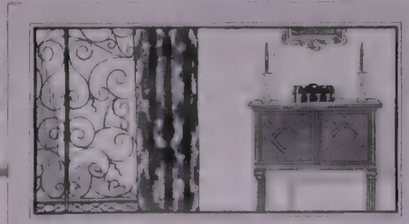
The modern decorative idea is to keep the dignity and beauty of the Spanish manner but to make it livable and harmonious as well. The velvet illustrated is of Georgian inspiration. Like the early Spanish textiles, it shows the influence of the silks and brocades of the Orient. The boldness and classic dignity of the design and the subdued richness of its coloring correspond perfectly to the Spanish scheme of decoration.

This type of design — a lattice-like pattern with formal vases, birds and garlands — was also greatly favored for English houses in the eighteenth century. Both in its lovely tones and the silken depth of its pile, this modern velvet reproduces the beauty of its classic originals.

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John Smith, A Catalogue Raisonne III, p. 93, No. 322. L. Cust, A. Van Dyck, 1900, p. 268.

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PAPER VI PLATE VI THE SAINTS IN ART.

THE APOSTLES.

[FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT THESE SAINTS WILL BE FOUND ON THE PLATE OF THE EVANGELISTS AND IN THE TEXT OF THIS PAPER]





This drawing of St. Paul is after a Byzantine mosaic of the 11th century



1. St. Andrew is always recognisable by the transverse cross upon which he is believed to have suffered martyrdom. He, like all the Apostles, also carried an open Gospel. (From a stained-glass window owned by Goldschmidt Galleries)

2. St. Paul, as a militant proselytiser to Christianity, bears a sword in a striking position, and the Gospel. His sword, in such pictures, is symbolic of his earnest fight for the doctrines of the "Master."

3. When St. Paul is depicted with the point of his sword down, it is no longer a symbol. It is an attribute as the instrument of his martyrdom. It will also be observed that, instead of the symbolic Gospel, he is bearing, as an attribute, his "Epistles" or letters to the Ephesians.

How to Distinguish the Saints in Sacred Pictures by Their Attributes and Symbols

By MAJOR ARTHUR DE BLES

Are you going over to Europe this Season? Or do you expect to visit any of the fine Picture Galleries of this Country, e.g. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART of NEW YORK, the CINCINNATI, KANSAS CITY, WORCESTER (Mass.), SAN FRANCISCO Museums, or the CORCORAN or the WALTERS Art Galleries in Washington and Baltimore, respectively? Or any of the other Great Collections in the United States? If so, you will find it worth your while to read the following statement.

It is becoming more and more clear to those who visit the great museums of the world either in this country, where vast numbers of the finest masterpieces of bygone centuries are now congregating, or the grand old galleries of Europe, that the pleasure to be gained from the religious pictures of the 9th-16th centuries is in a great measure lost unless one is able to understand their symbolism, and to recognise the personages portrayed by the attributes and emblems which render them distinguishable. And one should bear in mind that at least seventy per cent. of all pictures painted, at least up to the middle of the 15th century, at the zenith of the High Renaissance, treated of religious subjects and were painted for churches or the private chapels of the powerful rulers of the small states into which Italy, France and Flanders were then divided.

Now, every item in the splendid altar-pieces or mural paintings depicting scenes from the lives of the Divine Trinity, of the Mother of Christ and the members of Her Family, of the Evangelists and Apostles, the Doctors of the Church, the Patron Saints, and so forth, has a symbolic meaning, the knowledge of which will increase your interest in such pictures a hundredfold.

It has been my aim to make the practical information actually required when walking through a gallery, say in Italy, so easily accessible that no valuable time is wasted in wading through masses of descriptive matter, which, while of incalculable importance to the student in his library, is puzzling to those who want to find a concrete, definite, fact as quickly as possible.

At the end of my forthcoming monograph on "How to Recognise the Saints in Art," the reader will find a number of tables, giving the attributes of the Saints, in alphabetical order; also an alphabetical list of Saints, with their attributes, for those who wish to know what makes some particular Saint recognisable.

These lists have been made as complete as possible, and comprise, as far as we could effect that end, even the minor Saints who only appear in German or French or Flemish art in the early years of the Re-Birth, or before.

Tables of the various categories of the Holy Personages will also be found in the final section of this monograph, and in this respect it is unique, for no list as complete as this exists elsewhere as far as we are aware.



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THERE is shortly to be placed on the American market a limited edition of the two portraits illustrated herewith. The oil painting is rom an original in the possession of Lieut.-Col. Frederick Pepys Cockerell, 20 Brompton Road, S. W. 1, lineal descendant of the diarist's sister Paulina. The picture is in colour, and is enclosed in a hand made frame. The medallion is in plaster in ■ pearwood frame under a convex glass. Each reproduction is of the exact size of the original, indistinguishable therefrom, and will be signed and numbered by the above named vendor as proof of authenticity. The picture and medallion may also be seen at the Proprietor's Stall at 4 Cavendish Lane, British Empire Exhibition, Wembley.

The picture is that referred to in the Diary of the 11th June, 1662. In the back of the frame is a facsimile of the petition in Pepys' own handwriting countersigned by James II a few days previous to his flight from England, that the arrears of £28,000 odd, sterling due to Mr. Pepys from the then government, should be paid to him. The debt is still outstanding.

The medallion signed on the back, J. Cavalier fecit A.D. 1683, is inscribed round the rim ■■ follows SAM. PEPYS. CAR. ET. JAC. ANGL. REGIB. A. SECRETIS, ADMIRALIAE.

For further particulars of these documents, invaluable to every Pepys lover, in ■ form which will not be repeated, information will be given in this space shortly, when the necessary arrangements have been made for their sale in the U.S.A.

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July 2	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
July 2	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
July 3	New York	Mediterranean	Cruise	Cunard	Tuscania
July 3	New York	London	Southampton, Cherbourg	Cunard	Lancastria
July 3	New York	Bremen	Southampton	United States	Republic
July 3	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Plymouth	White Star	Minnekahda
July 4	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
July 4	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
July 4	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Athenia
July 4	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Geo. Washington
July 5	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
July 5	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
July 5	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Royal Mail	Ohio
July 5	New York	Greenock	Belfast	Royal Mail	Orduna
July 5	New York	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Carmania
July 5	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
July 5	Boston	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Samaria
July 5	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
July 5	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
July 5	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Belgenland
July 5	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star	Doric
July 5	Quebec	Liverpool	Belfast	Cunard	Caronia
July 5	Philadelphia	Liverpool	Direct	White Star	Haverford
July 8	Quebec	Glasgow	Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
July 8	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	La Bourdonnais
July 8	New Orleans	Havre	Canary Island, Havana, Vigo	French	De La Salle
July 9	Montreal	Antwerp	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Melita
July 9	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
July 9	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
July 9	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	President Roosevelt
July 10	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Albania
July 10	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
July 10	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Plymouth	White Star	Mongolia
July 11	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
July 11	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Cassandra
July 12	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Royal Mail	Orbita
July 12	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
July 12	New York	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Laconia
July 12	Montreal	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Audania
July 12	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
July 12	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
July 12	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star	Megantic
July 12	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	America
July 15	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
July 16	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
July 17	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
July 17	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Lapland
July 18	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
July 18	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Saturnia
July 19	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Assyria
July 19	New York	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Scythia
July 19	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Harding
July 19	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
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July 20	Boston	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Scythia
July 23	Montreal	Antwerp	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
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July 26	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montreal
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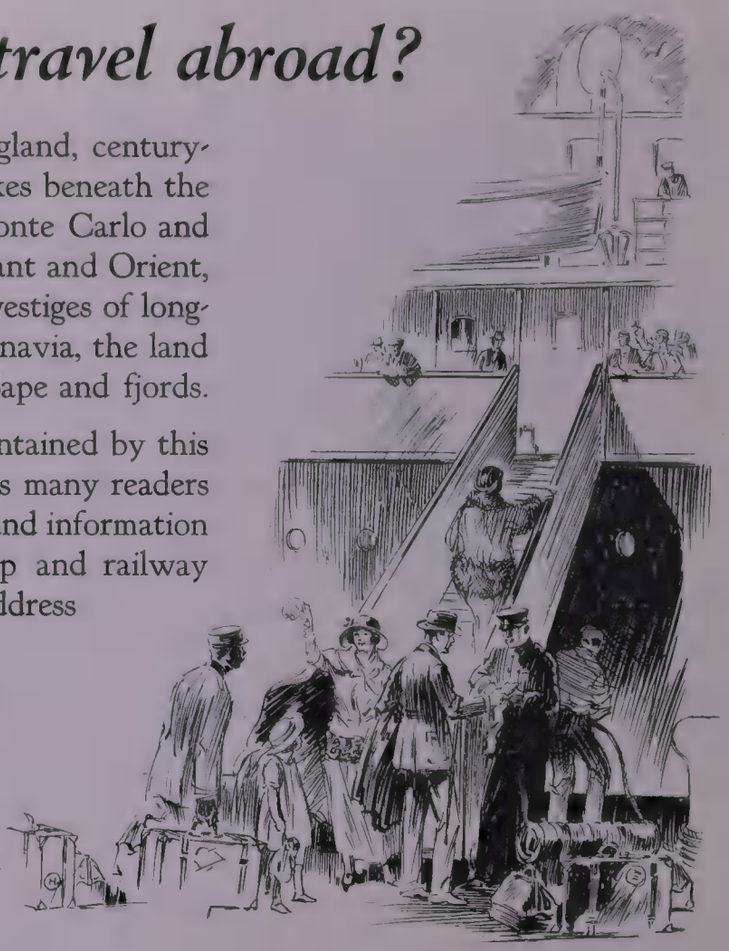
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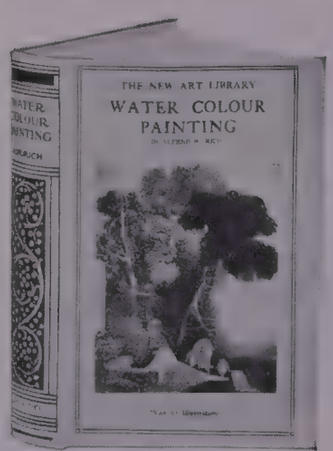
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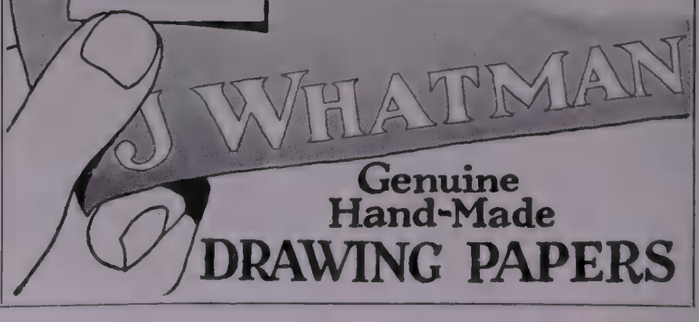
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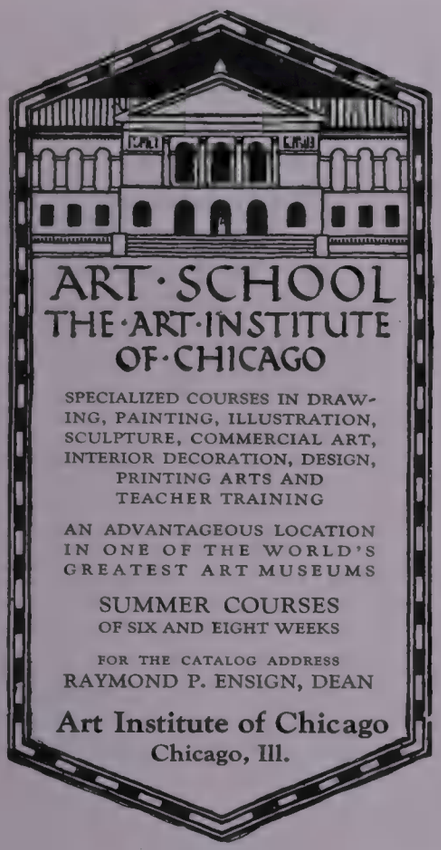
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Peyton Boswell
EDITOR

W·B·M'Cormick
ASSISTANT
EDITOR

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Lower Third of the Charlemagne Window with Donor's Medallion (The

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WINDOWS OF OLD FRANCE

Religious and secular narratives in stained glass; medallions and later types; great figure compositions

Charles J. CONNICK*

THE INTIMATE life and thought of the Middle Ages is reflected with vivid freshness in the windows of that period. Nowhere does one get a more fascinating impression of the spirit of that time than in the medallion windows of France and England. Whether they are devoted to a simple narration of the parable of the Prodigal Son, to the life of a popular saint like Thomas à Becket, to a story with an allegorical accompaniment like that of the Good Samaritan, or entirely to allegory like the splendid symbolical window of Bourges, they abound in revelations of that colorful world. They mirror its vision, its labors and recreations, its loves and hates, its heroes and heroines.

A brilliant example of an engrossing story in stained glass is devoted to Charlemagne and Roland in the choir ambulatory of Chartres. The subjects were taken from a series of narratives which the glass man has cleverly utilized. Those by Archbishop Turpin and "The Song of Roland" are probably the best known. After the Furriers' "Presentation" medallion, the story begins with Constantine's dream, a stirring composition with Charlemagne in the full armor of the year 1200. The second panel shows Charlemagne receiving two bishops with a letter relating Constantine's vision; the third, a convincing battle in which Charlemagne delivers Jerusalem; the fourth, the victorious Charlemagne received by Constantine at the gates of Constantinople; the fifth, Charlemagne receiving from the emperor three reliquaries, which (in the sixth) he offers to the abbey church of Saint Denys. The window contains twenty-one excellent narrative medallion designs, and it is prized as the most remarkable work of medieval art devoted to Charlemagne.

Poets, preachers and writers have always had a strong influence over the glass man. Evidently they worked together sympathetically from the time of the Abbe Suger, who is said to have invented the Jesse Tree, to the fifteenth-century preacher-designers who left us human documents like the "Acts of Mercy" in York and the St. Edward window of Ludlow. Such influences probably formed and strengthened that unity of spiritual idea which we recognize in the windows of France and England, and a striking medallion at Canterbury may reflect the conviction of an apostle of the great Suger. It expresses, in simple design, Christ's appeal to the Pharisees, illuminated by words on a scroll in His hands. It gives briefly in metaphor the doctrine of salvation to which lines above and below add symbols of the indifference and hardness of the Pharisees—and, pointedly, of the worldlings of that later time as well. Theologians and glass men throughout the Middle Ages seem to have found a felicitous subject in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Excellent examples of its treatment in medallion windows of the thirteenth century are in Chartres, Bourges and Sens. All three show diversity of design and interesting contrasts in the presentation of the same powerful allegory. It is thus described by Abbe Delaporte in a recent article in *La Vie et Les Arts Liturgiques:*

"A man is attacked by thieves who steal from him his coat, which means that all the sins sent by the devil lay hold on him and rob him of his vestment of immortality. While he is lying helpless, a priest and a Levite pass. They look away

*Color plates from lumière plates in the collection of the author.



DETAIL FROM THE CHARLEMAGNE WINDOW, CHARTRES. AN ANGEL PRESENTS CHARLEMAGNE TO CONSTANTINE, IN A DREAM

and continue on their journey, symbolizing the ancient law, which was powerless to heal human ills. Then comes the Good Samaritan, who dresses the wounds of the stricken man, puts him on his horse, and takes him to an inn. The Good Samaritan is the symbol of Christ Jesus. He heals the



MEDALLION IN THE "GOOD SAMARITAN" WINDOW, BOURGES. THE PRIEST AND THE LEVITE (A PRIEST AND A DEACON) PASS THE WOUNDED MAN WHO FELL AMONG THIEVES. FROM A WATER COLOR DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

wounds of humanity and leads mankind to the inn, symbol of the Christian church."

A medallion in the Bourges window grouping the priest and the Levite, dressed as medieval priest and deacon, with the wounded man, whose bruises are defined by bits of ruby glass, is a notable example of the work of a distinguished designer. His skill is not more evident in his eloquent use of figures than in their contrast with his conventionalized tree. Its clever playfulness reminds us of the apple trees in our own orchards, and it typifies the love of nature so strongly evident in medieval stained glass.

Whether or not it be true that many English windows were made in France, it is undeniable that French glass was highly prized in England, and there are records like that of the windows in Beauchamp chapel at Warwick to prove that its use was demanded by royal patrons of English glass men. But distinctive characteristics mark English windows of all periods. They are usually smaller in scale and lighter in color quality, owing to a more generous use of whites, an obvious concession to the milder light of England. In both countries there were reactions to the lovely, cool color schemes of the twelfth-century and thirteenth-century medallion windows which can be followed in many of the great clerestory and choir windows of the larger cathedrals that contain ancient glass.

About the time that silvery grisaille was introduced in response to the clamor for more light,



MEDALLION IN A WINDOW OF THE NORTH CHOIR, CANTERBURY. THE PHARISEES REJECTING CHRIST'S MESSAGE
FROM A WATER COLOR DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

red and yellow became more dominant, especially in monumental figure compositions—warmer color schemes are evident in windows of the late thirteenth and the early fourteenth centuries throughout France and England. The seven windows in the apse of Chartres, devoted to the Blessed Virgin, are brilliant examples of this tendency. The openings are huge, each lancet being about forty-five feet high. The group of five centre ones shows a remarkable balance of cool and warm color, especially in a quiet light. In direct sunlight it is pronouncedly warm. The artist evidently realized the importance of equalizing the brilliance of the southern light with the more subdued light to reach the windows of the northern angle. In the one at the left of the central opening the effect was rather overdone, and the window is noticeably dark when compared with the others, even in direct sunlight. The entire group represents the Glorification of the Blessed Virgin, patron of the cathedral, who, in the upper part of the centre lancet, sits enthroned holding the Christ Child. Dominating the left lancet is the well conceived great angel with the censer, made familiar through many reproductions. Below is the figure of Aaron. The three large windows on the right show the prophets who foretold the coming of the Messiah. At the base of the first window Moses is before a curious Burning Bush; Isaiah is above him, and, at the top, is a smaller angel with a censer. This



Second Window at Left, South Transept, Cathedral of Notre Dame, Chartres



The Great Apse Windows Devoted to the Blessed Virgin, Cathedral of Notre

magnificent group would naturally be associated with royal givers like those who presented the north and the south rose groups, but here the donors were the Butchers, Bakers, Drapers and Money Changers of Chartres.

The clerestory windows at Chartres are, most of them, related rather closely in scale and color scheme to the huge group of the apse. They are also more lively and warm, as a rule, than the lower windows. A memorable one contains the figure of Saint Peter in the left lancet, and that of Saint James the Great in the right. It was given by the Bakers, who are represented in the right lancet as baking the bread and in the left as selling it. Round loaves, rising like small balloons to the top of the base section on the right, attest the lightness of their bread. Another window contains one of the most attractive representations of military and ecclesiastical costume that remains from the thirteenth century: "St. Denys Presenting the Oriflamme to Henri Clement." The knight wears the costume of the first half of the thirteenth century with hauberk and stockings of mail and a loose belt from which hangs a sword, while the spirited figure of Saint Denys represents him as the patron saint of Paris, the most illustrious of the martyrs of France, wearing the ecclesiastical

CLERESTORY WINDOWS, CHARTRES. ST. PETER AND ST. JAMES, MAJOR





ENGLISH THIRTEENTH CENTURY GRISAILLE WINDOW
In the Metropolitan Musuem, New York

costume of the period. In purity of color, especially in the exquisite quality of blue, this window reminds one of the great western group. It is a glorification of the medallion idea, for the incident is similar to those so often treated in small compositions, and, notwithstanding its huge proportions, it has the same naïve clarity and charm.

Grisaille in clerestory windows gave a pleasant

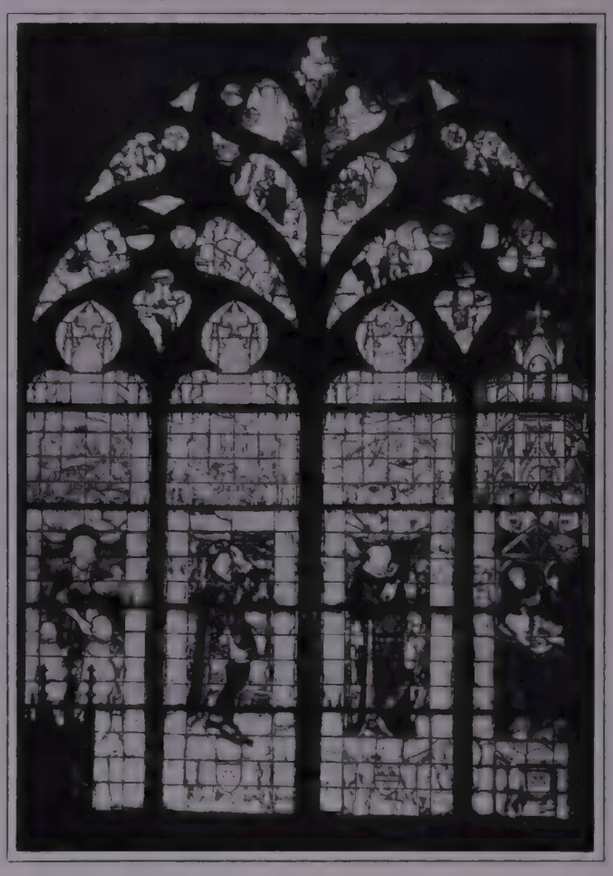


"ST. RADEGONDE" WINDOW, CHURCH OF ST. RADEGONDE, POITIERS, UNIQUE IN CHARACTER AND METHOD

effect of diffused light from above, and its success doubtless encouraged the later introduction of silvery canopies that marked the delightful quality of windows large and small in the late fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries, especially in England, where delicacy of texture and refinement of form flowered in examples still to be found in York, Wells, Oxford, Ludlow, Great Malvern, Warwick and other mellow old English towns. Cromwell and the "Puritan Flight," notwithstanding all their power and thoroughness, left some lovely stained glass in England. Grisaille with figures as color units, in single silhouettes, framed by canopies, and in groups or medallions, was probably carried further in France than in England. A most engaging composition of figures on grisaille is the Saint Radegonde window in the church of Saint Radegonde at Poitiers. It is a boldly conceived window of the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century, closely related to earlier medallion windows. Radegonde was the wife of King Clotaire (a poor sort of fellow, we are told). Although she left him for a religious life, she wears the royal robe and crown of France. The artist in glass distinguished her also with a dominant personality. Here are recorded the doings of an executive lady with a firm mouth who carried off everything—even her friendliest miracles—with a high hand. From the washing of feet to the driving of devils from her bed, she was resolute and capable, an embodiment of virtues still dear to the housewives of Poitiers.

The wealth of ancient glass in France and its countless examples of unusual interest are bewildering to those lovers of the art who long to share its unique beauty with everyone. And although we be betrayed by the zealot's devotion into vain attempts to reproduce on paper the mysterious power and serenity of those old "curtains of fire," and although we multiply words of them with equal futility, we can voice to real purpose the clamor of an army of enthusiastic pilgrims: "See Chartres—two hours by train from Paris!"

AN EXAMPLE OF FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CANOPY WORK. "THE EPIPHANY," WITH ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND DONORS (LEFT), ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, BOURGES





"DER AVENTIN" DRAWING BY GOETHE

GOETHE'S "LITTLE TALENT"

For nearly half of his life the great German poet endeavored to express himself through the medium of line

PERRIN JOYCE

THAT is what it means to be a versatile genius. You can speak not simply of talent, but of big talent; and in Goethe's case you can do even more than this. You can speak of many big talents and of one little talent. Yet it was his little talent that he wanted most to develop. It was through it that for at least the first half of his life he would most willingly have expressed himself.

Goethe's little talent was that for drawing. Let it be added hastily, in fear of a tone of patronage, that it was Goethe himself who called it a little talent. But just as we reserve our tenderest affection for little things—for little dogs and little children and little flowers—so Goethe loved this small talent of his and would have had it grow to be a big talent, had that been possible. He might have succeeded in this had the seeds been properly planted and cared for. He might have succeeded in expressing himself in line, if not with the inspiration that brought forth his poetry, at least with occasional flickerings of genius had he received the proper training in his youth. But unfortunately the Germany of Goethe's youth offered little opportunity to the budding artist. Even if one had a drawing master, as Goethe had, one only copied pictures under the guidance of a teacher who knew little himself. Such training could give no outlet to the tremendous conceptions that struggled in him for expression through the graphic arts and, failing to escape through this channel, burst forth into some of the most glorious verse in the world.

Goethe's first instructor in drawing and copying was his father—that devoted but somewhat stodgy parent who to the best of his ability gave his eldest son every opportunity for the acquisition of an excellent taste and judgment in art. In the home of his boyhood there were books and pictures, antiquities and objects of art and, perhaps most important of all, mementoes of his father's Italian travels—seeds which bore fruit thirty years later in Goethe's own famous journey. His father encouraged him to visit all the collections of paintings to be found in the neighborhood of Frankfort, to attend auction sales of prints and paintings and even occasionally to make purchases upon his own youthful judgment.



"RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HERCULES IN GIRGENTI" DRAWING BY GOETHE

William A. Speck, in his paper on *Goethe and the Graphic Arts*, says: "That a man of Goethe's diverse activities and immense intellectual resources should, for a period of forty-five years, foster the desire to become a graphic artist although genius, the first requisite of success, was denied him, is an altogether curious phenomenon. . . . Frequently there is something truly pathetic in his allusions to his lack of capacity." It is a little hard for one denied even the blessing of an ever-so-little talent to pity a superman like Goethe, positively burdened with talents. Perhaps Mr. Speck means to imply that the pathos lies in the disproportion between the greatness of the craving to draw and the smallness of the ability to do so. Torn between his many talents, it is not strange that Goethe, viewing his struggles from maturity, should have decided that the one which was never properly developed was, after all, only a little one.

It was not until his sixteenth year that Goethe, released from the bondage of the drawing master, began to draw from nature. It was at this time that he fell in love with the unprincipled Gretchen who used his love for her to further the unworthy interests of one of her friends. The blow to his sentiment and to his pride drove him more eagerly than ever to the study of art, and he made almost daily excursions into the country to draw from nature. Much to the horror of his good father, these sketches were made on any bit of paper that was handy, no matter what its shape, size or condition of cleanliness. In order to note what progress his son was making, good papa Goethe collected these odd-shaped, dirty scraps, cut them into regular shapes, surrounded them with neat black lines and placed them in a portfolio.

By the time Goethe entered the University of Leipzig, he had all of the adolescent's enthusiasm for his chosen career, and at this time his intention to become an artist was undisturbed by the later fears as to the extent of his ability. He studied under Oeser, head of the art school at Leipzig, but Oeser was unable to give his pupil exactly the training he needed, or thought he needed. Like most boys of his age, Goethe wished to see and mark a definite advance in his powers of expression; but Oeser was far more concerned in his teaching with the development in his pupils of a real love of beauty together with a sound perception and good judgment in the appraisal of art. In spite of his disappointment in the nature of Oeser's teaching, Goethe always admitted that he had influenced him more than any of his other teachers in Leipzig. Whether his teaching was good or bad for Goethe depends entirely upon the extent of his talent. If the talent was great—and some few of his drawings might justify such an opinion—then the important thing was to develop the powers of expression; but if it was indeed only a little talent, then Oeser was right in giving it at least an outlet through passive appreciation of beauty and art, since it could never be adequately

expressed in an active, creative form.

While at Leipzig, Goethe also studied under the engraver Stock and acquired what is referred to as a "respectable degree of efficiency" in etching. In judging these etchings, it must be remembered that Goethe was only eighteen years old when he did them; that he had had very little training. He made three etchings of landscapes, two after paintings by Thiele, then court painter in Dresden. Of other plates etched at this time, only two can be found, one a bookplate and the other a trade label. He also made several woodcuts but no trace of them remains.

Goethe's studies at Leipzig were interrupted by a serious illness which sent him back to Frankfort an invalid. During the enforced idleness attendant upon his convalescence, he made many portrait sketches. Two are preserved, a profile of his sister Cornelia and a drawing of himself seated at his desk. He read eagerly all that came his way on art and architecture. When he became a student in Strassburg, he was deeply moved by the beauties of Gothic architecture. Gradually there came upon him that sense of futility which all creative artists feel when they first take in fully the beauty of things already created. This humility in the presence of really inspired achievement may be the real beginning of an artist's career, or it may be the end. In Goethe's case it was the beginning of the end. It was from this time on that he began to think of his possible talent for drawing as a very little one and to doubt seriously if it could be developed. Of the Strassburg period only two drawings in red chalk survive to indicate that he had not wholly given up the idea of becoming an artist. After his return from Strassburg and before his departure for Weimar, he continued his studies under Kraus, and under Lavater he experimented in anatomical drawing and in silhouetting, then the "new rage" in Europe. He also began to write art criticism. Six months after his arrival in Weimar he was appointed to a seat in the Advisory Council of the Duchy and began to interest himself in agriculture, horticulture and mining; and from this time on his interests were so many and so varied that his disappointment over his little talent was somewhat mitigated. He wisely translated his own thwarted ambitions into efforts for awakening and developing an appreciation of art in his countrymen, and his position in the court of Duke Charles Augustus gave these efforts weight and importance.



ETCHING BY GOETHE — AFTER A PAINTING BY THIELE

In 1786, when Goethe was thirty-seven years old, he set out secretly for Italy, his plans being known only to a servant. Most of his time in Italy was spent among its antiquities and the sketches he made during his two years there plainly indicate in which direction his interests lay. But his enthusiasm for drawing was unabated and it was at this time that he reached his highest point of excellence as a draftsman. In spite of his doubts as to his ability, he still hoped against hope that he might learn to draw well. He could not fail to realize that his powers of observation were unusual; that he saw more in the faces of his friends and in the aspects of nature than others



"VILLA MEDICI, ROME" DRAWING BY GOETHE

saw. During these two years he made hundreds of sketches, in pencil, crayon, sepia and water colors. His letters speak of only two kinds of days: those on which he drew and those "schlechte Tage" when, because of rain or some other hindrance, he could not go sketching. It was his plan to use the sketches made in Italy for an illustrated edition of his proposed *Italienische Reise* but this plan was never carried out. After his death someone proposed that the sketches be collected and published but unfortunately few of the drawings had any mark of identification.*

But in spite of the continued enthusiasm with which he sketched and studied, there was gradually borne in upon him the conviction of his own mediocre ability and he finally determined to abandon art and devote himself to literature, science and his many activities as a man of affairs at the Weimar court. He said of his own work: "In drawing I had not sufficient power to seize the substance. I felt a certain dread of approaching my object too closely and restraint and feebleness were characteristic of my work." By the time he returned to Weimar from Italy, Goethe had definitely decided in favor of his big talents and the beloved little talent was reluctantly put aside. His love of art was now wholly diverted into the channels of criticism and collection, and for the remainder of his life he added constantly to his store of prints. But this was small consolation, we may be sure. It could never have satisfied Goethe any more than it satisfies a great actor, in his old age, to sit before the footlights and watch a younger generation perform the plays he has loved so well. He who has himself performed makes a poor spectator. With every print added to his collection, in every article written about the paintings and drawings of others, we may be sure that the old longing arose, the old craving returned. All his researches and discoveries in science; all of the success that crowned his efforts as a powerful and influential man of affairs; the very assurance of immortality as a poet—all of these must have gratified him; but they could never quite satisfy him.

To the mother of several children, it is the one who dies that is most lovable, most beautiful; the one she would most willingly have kept by her side. So, to Goethe, to the end of his days, it was his "little talent" which remained nearest his heart even though he had been compelled to see it wither and die; even though his other talents grew and flourished to the very stature of genius.

*The edition of *Italienische Reise* published by the Insel-Verlag, Leipzig, in 1912, contains reproductions of Goethe's Italian drawings. It is from this book that, by courtesy of E. Weyhe, these illustrations of the drawings are taken.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

ANCIENT AZTEC MOSAICS

Feathers, precious stones, gold and shell of many colors were used to decorate the Aztecs' masks and shields

Adolphe BARREAUX

WHILE modern Mexico and its people are today well known, Mexico of the past, the land to which adventurers flocked in search of treasure, occupies a vague place in the minds of even educated people. There is little realization of the great development in the finer arts of the races forming the great empire which the natives called Anahuac and which later, baptized anew by Cortes, became known as Mexico. Perhaps the greatest calamity accompanying the discovery of the western hemisphere was the ruthless stamping out of the flourishing civilization of the Aztecs and other Mexican tribes which, had their subjection been delayed a century, would have developed a superb culture and, in all probability, a written phonetic language of their own. Their intricate calendar system argued for intellectual abilities and their architectural triumphs are to be seen in numerous ruined cities scattered throughout Mexico.

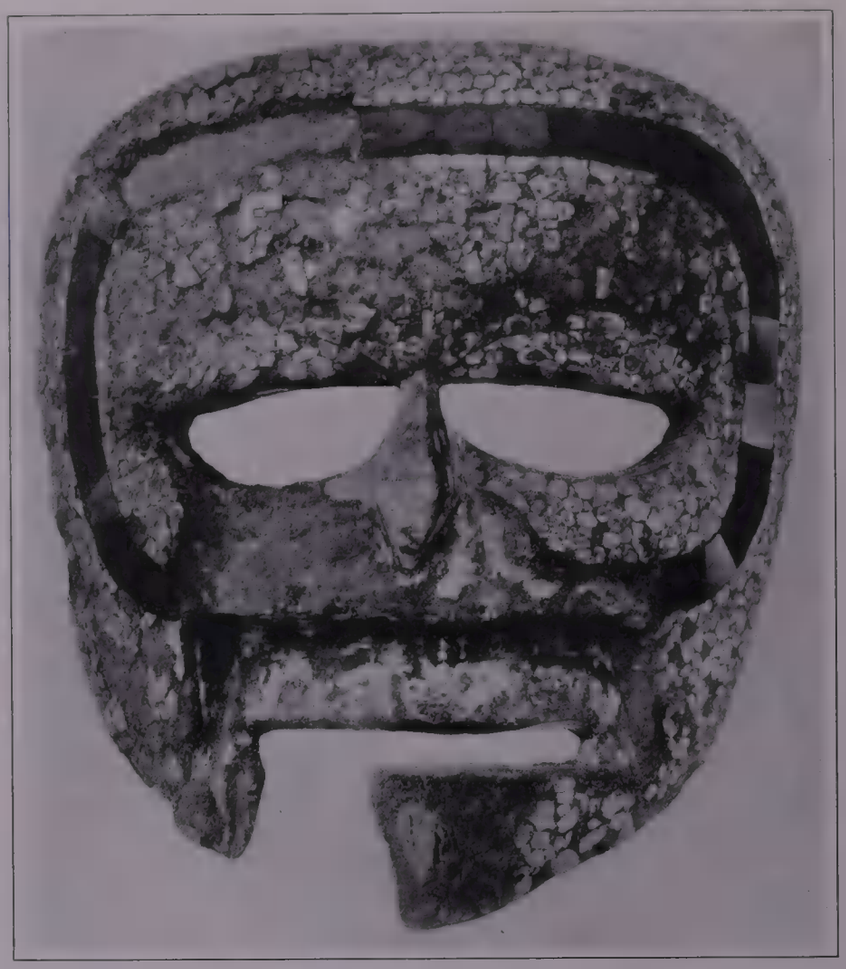


AZTEC MASK OF HUMAN SKULL WITH MOSAIC DECORATION

In the British Museum, London

In some of the lesser arts, the genius and technical skill of the Mexican craftsmen had made remarkable strides. In decoration they had attained a high development, fashioning and adorning many objects in both geometric and realistic designs, employing chiefly turquoise in lapidarian work but also making use of other stones, marcasite and shell. Their excellence in this art led to the working of idols, masks, shields and personal articles in mosaic patterns of minute composition. Many examples have been lost but records bear witness that those which Cortes sent to Charles V were greatly marveled at by the jewelers of Seville, who confessed their inability to imitate them. The soldiers of the conqueror, so fond of gold, sometimes preferred these pieces to the precious metal. Sometimes today the Indians discover ancient jewels, generally, it is noted, of coarse workmanship. Unfortunately, either from superstition or from fear of being despoiled, they break them immediately. The most important example of Aztec turquoise mosaic art known to exist at the present writing is a richly incrusted circular shield now in the collection of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York. As one of the treasures of American aboriginal civilization it is highly representative of the notable advance made by the Aztecs before they were crushed by Cortes. The rarity of specimens of this ancient Indian craft in the world today is due, no doubt, to its having been practised by only a few tribes. Apart from the Mexican region some interesting examples have been found in the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico, and like objects, but of far less skilful workmanship, have been discovered in ancient burials along the coast of Peru.

The Aztec jewelers were well versed in their art. They not only knew the value of precious stones, but could cut and polish them. In the latter process, they used a fine sand; their methods of cutting are unknown to us. At the present time, the Indians are not only no longer able to cut precious stones but are entirely ignorant of the locality of the deposits formerly so productive. The materials principally used by the Mexican artificers were turquoise, jadeite, malachite, quartz, beryl, garnet, obsidian, marcasite, gold, bits of red and other colored shell and nacre. The base of the incrusta-



AZTEC WOODEN MASK WITH MOSAIC DECORATION
In the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York

tion was usually wood, although stone, gold, shell, pottery and possibly leather and native paper were used. The mosaic was held in place by means of a strong vegetal pitch or gum (tzinacanquauhcuitlatl). The aid of fine feathers was required in the making of mosaics. There were in the palaces of the king and in almost all of the houses aviaries filled with richly colored tropical birds, especially of the parrot tribe, that were plucked once a year. Humming birds, which swarmed the honeysuckle bowers of Mexico, were much in demand, both on account of the fineness of their feathers and their delicate and varied hues.

A mosaic was almost always the work of several men. Having decided upon the design each of them began to work and often an entire day was necessary for them to match and place a single feather. No imperfection in the work was tolerated; consequently it had to be altered many times. The workmen never touched the feathers except with the aid of a smooth substance for fear of rumpling them. The work ended, it was polished with exacting care; its smooth surface often caused it to be taken for a painting, a mistake which the Spaniards made more than once.



STONE IDOL: THE GODDESS COATLICUE, WITH MOSAIC DECORATION
In the National Museum, Mexico

The enormous loot secured by Cortes in 1519 contained many treasures adorned with mosaic, according to the inventories which accompanied their shipment to Europe. Upon their receipt in Spain, the rich trophies were described by various chroniclers. Peter Martyr, who saw some of the specimens after they arrived by the ship *Santa Maria de la Rabida* from Mexico, interviewed a returning adventurer, one Juan de Rivera, concerning the wonderful new countries across the Atlantic. Much information, gleaned not only from Rivera but at first hand from Indian servants brought to Spain, went to make up his *De Orbe Novo*, first published in 1530. He speaks of "certain miters beset with precious stones of divers colors, among which some are blue, like unto sapphires;" also "two helmets garnished with precious stones of a whitish blue color: one of these is edged with bells and plates of gold, and under each bell, two knobs of gold. The other, besides the stones wherewith it is covered, is likewise edged with twenty-five golden bells and knobs: and hath on the crest a green bird with the feet, bill and eyes of gold." Las Casas describes "a helmet of plates of gold and little bells hanging

(from it) and on it stones like emeralds;" also "many shields made of certain thin and very white rods intermingled with feathers and discs of gold and silver, and some very small pearls, like misshapen pearls."

Mosaic objects formed a part of the annual tribute paid by some of the distant coast provinces to the ancient Aztec emperors of Tenochtitlan. The pictorial representation of some of these objects of tribute is preserved in an important native book, or codex, painted in colors on maguey fiber paper and known as the *Tribute Roll of Montezuma*. This codex is now one of the prized possessions of the *Museo Nacional* in the City of Mexico.

The source of the turquoise used in prehistoric Mexican art is an unsolved mystery. None of the Mexican deposits show evidence of having been worked in pre-Spanish times. It seems most probable that the Aztecs and allied peoples, through trade with the tribes to the north, obtained supplies of the stone from the Cerillos district (New Mexico) and perhaps other localities of the Southwest. The development of the art of the mosaic-workers, like that of the lapidaries and goldsmiths, is attributed to the Toltecs, under the beneficent influence of Quetzacoatl, the hero god of culture who invented the arts of smelting metals and of working stone. Although such work as described was turned out by Aztec craftsmen it is esteemed highly probable that in times immediately preceding the Spanish conquest the Aztec rulers Ahuizotl and Montezuma received a considerable number of mosaic pieces through tribute and barter with the tribes occupying that territory which now forms the states of Vera Cruz, Oaxaca and western Chiapas.



AZTEC MASK WITH MOSAIC DECORATION *In the Ethnographical Museum, Berlin*

AZTEC WOODEN HELMET, MOSAIC DECORATION *In the British Museum, London*



Richly incrusted shields or *chimallis* played an important part in certain phases of Aztec life. They were of two distinct kinds: first, military shields used



AZTEC WOODEN SHIELD WITH MOSAIC DECORATION *In the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York*

This shield, found in a cave in the Mixteca, Mexico, is the most important specimen of ancient Aztec mosaic known at the present time. The mosaic is composed of fourteen thousand pieces of turquoise.

for protection in warfare, and second, shields carried for display in religious dances and festivals. They were made of various materials and in different shapes, but the round form prevailed. Warriors of rank had their position and achievements indicated upon elaborately decorated military shields (*totochimalli*) while common soldiers carried plain shields (*yaochimalli*) generally made of flexible pieces of bamboo held in place with coarse cotton thread. There were some large enough to cover the entire body, and by means of a mechanism somewhat resembling that of our umbrellas they could be shut up and carried under the arm. The most magnificent example, illustrated here, was undoubtedly of the class used for display in religious rites. It was found among others in a forgotten cave in the Mixteca, Mexico. Professor Marshall Saville says concerning this discovery: "We believe that the objects in this cave deposit were used by the Indians after the Spanish conquest. . . . If they resorted to the cave to worship in secret their ancient gods, we can explain the worn condition of nearly all these . . . relics of a lost but not entirely forgotten civilization. There is not the slightest reason for doubting their origin in pre-Spanish times."

This shield is in an almost perfect state of preservation, a remarkable fact, considering the nearly fourteen thousand individual bits of turquoise that make up the composition and lend a

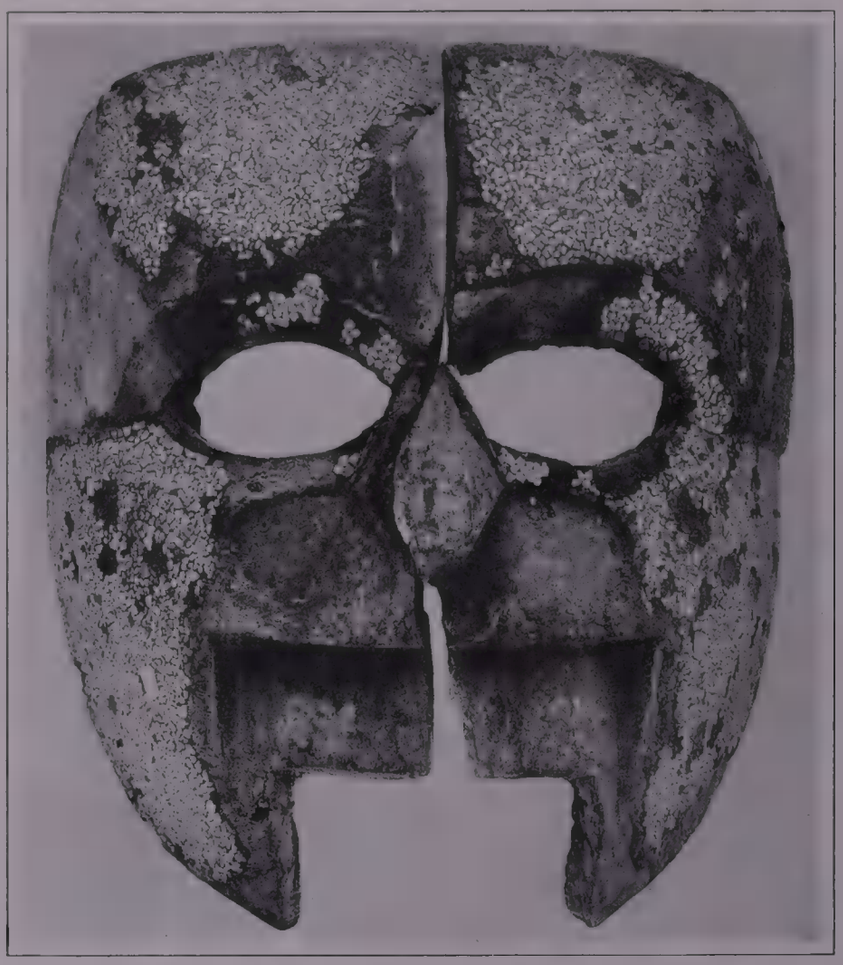
great fragility of surface. Most of these tiny fragments are circular in shape, of bluish and greenish hue. The diameter of the shield is twelve and three-quarter inches and it averages three-eighths of an inch in thickness, approximately the same in all dimensions as another, but inferior, specimen which is in the British Museum. The material of the wooden base is uncertain. It is thought to be of cedar. With a superb esthetic sense, the incrustation has been set in its bed of gum with alternating masses of light and dark stones to bring about bands or zones of shading in light or dark bluish green. The design represents a sun disc, with eight radiating pointers. The scene is thought to relate to the worship of the planet Venus, held in great veneration by the Mayan peoples. The upper horizontal band denotes the celestial regions, with the sun a rosette in the centre. A female figure, probably a goddess, is seen falling or descending from the sun. Facing the plunging figure are two human forms, one on each side, holding what appears to be a staff. Below is a hieroglyph, the familiar sign for Culhuacan, an important town in the valley of



AZTEC WOODEN MASK WITH MOSAIC DECORATION

Masks of the type shown in the illustrations were used in religious festivals

In the Prehistoric and Ethnographic Museum, Rome



AZTEC WOODEN MASK WITH FRAGMENTS OF MOSAIC DECORATION

In the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York

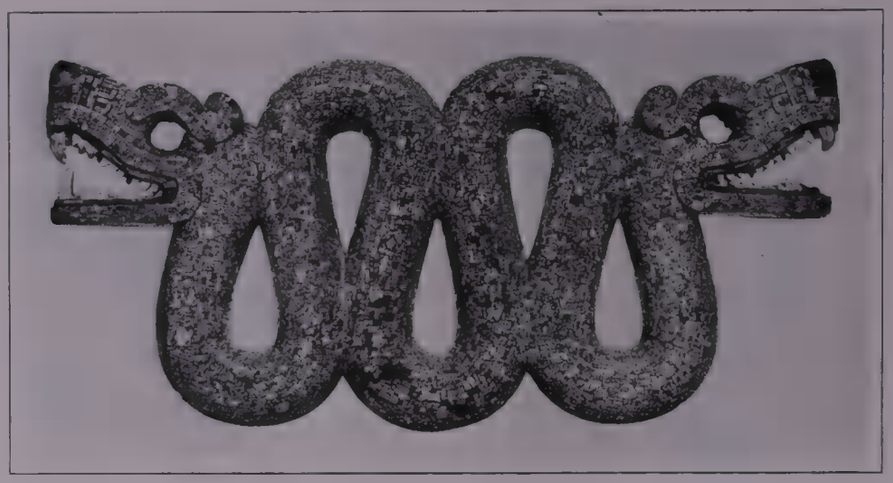
Considering the great number of mosaic treasures sent to Europe by Cortes it is quite possible that many examples of this superb art are still hidden away in southern Europe and may some day be brought to light. However, in view of the fact that the admirable collection in the Museum of the American Indian is made up wholly of pieces discovered under archeological conditions, the direction of research seems logically to be toward the desert ravines and uplands of Mexico where wooden objects would be indefinitely preserved in the dry air. A wealth of archeological material undoubtedly lies in countless caves and in the ruins of thousands of ancient settlements and burial places.

Far, indeed, is Mexico of today from the splendors of the Aztec palaces of remote, forgotten years when magnificent kings held sway over courts thronged with brown figures who were decked with brilliant feathers and glowing yellow gold. Their names are strangers to our ears. Even their memory has all but passed away and the gardens of Tezcotzinco are desolate. Lizards bask and blink on the worn carvings, while the luxuriant grasses reach higher and higher to hide these relics of the centuries. Rich tropical foliage covers the crumbling walls and myriads of insects and creatures of the jungle inhabit, with bland tranquility, the courts of a once mighty race.

Mexico in ancient times. The form of this glyph is a mountain with a curved peak. It is intimately interwoven with the legendary history of the ancient tribes of central Mexico. Through the two vertical ridges in the back of the shield are pairs of holes, evidently designed for the leather thongs that held it. The twenty-eight small holes around the edge were possibly intended for the insertion of feathers or other ornaments.

DOUBLE HEADED WOODEN SERPENT WITH MOSAIC DECORATION

In the British Museum, London

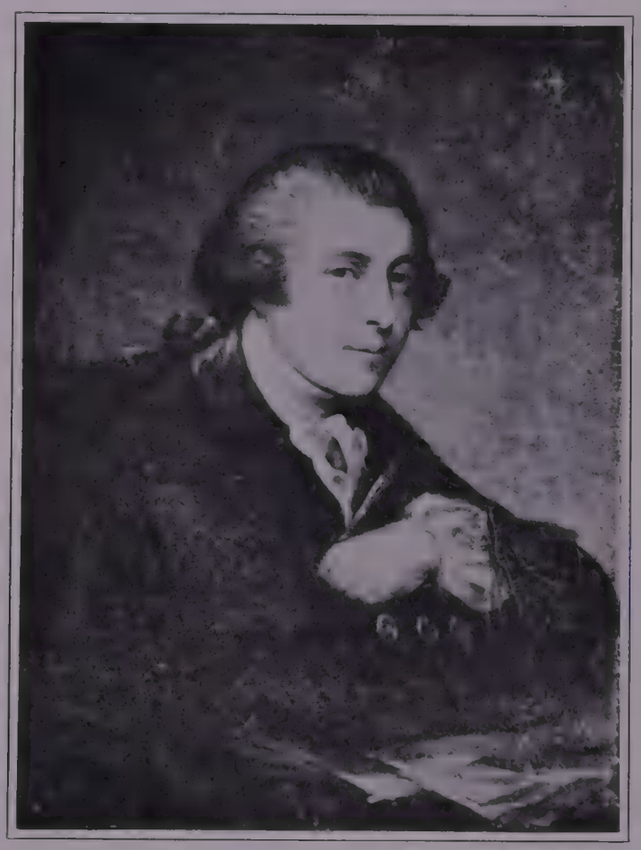


MATTHEW PRATT, PAINTER

An American artist of the eighteenth century who practised "the business of painting in all its branches"

JO PENNINGTON

PERHAPS it is because we can find out so little about Matthew Pratt that we find him so delightful. The picture of him in his setting is not made up simply of highlights. That would be tricky, but in a sense complete. It is a picture that is simply incomplete, unfinished. The imagination must work from a very few lines to fill out a thoroughly charming portrait. One sees him going his modest way, completely overshadowed by his famous contemporaries—Copley and Benjamin West, his teacher, both of whom received credit for many of the pictures actually painted by Pratt. If he painted a good portrait—and he undoubtedly did paint many good portraits—the public said: "Ah, another painting by West." And if he painted a bad portrait, they said: "Of course, what can you expect of a sign painter?" For modest Matthew did not scorn to paint a sign, or a fire bucket, or a flag; and even in the eighteenth century people spoke sneeringly of "commercial art." But before his work can be judged, his life, so far as it is known, must be understood. The limitations and difficulties under which he labored were not only those common to the painters of his time; they were accentuated by his own modesty; by the fact that, though from childhood he had loved painting, and particularly portrait painting, he viewed his own efforts with such humility that neither in his own day nor in ours has he been given full credit for his achievements.



SELF-PORTRAIT OF MATTHEW PRATT (1734-1805)

This story of Matthew Pratt begins in the present and with an incident sufficiently quaint to serve as a prelude for the tale that is to follow. It begins with the exceedingly improbable statement that two artists were visiting an art museum. Artists, in a museum? Students, perhaps; not actual artists—not *successful* artists. One is a student; then one becomes an artist and ceases to study. That is only reasonable. But these two artists were exceptional, otherwise they would never have discovered Pratt. They walked quickly through one of the galleries of paintings.

"Nothing here, of course," said the red headed artist, hastening his step.

"Absolutely nothing," said the bald-headed artist. But suddenly he stopped. "Hello, what's this?"

The red-headed artist paused impatiently. The bald-headed artist went up to a painting hanging in a somewhat obscure corner of the gallery.

"I say, look at the painting in that sleeve! I don't know anybody nowadays who could do that. What's the chap's name? Matthew Pratt? I never heard of him, did you?" The red-headed artist shook his head. Then without a word both headed for the director's office.

"I say," said the bald-headed artist to the director, "Who's this Matthew Pratt and what else did he do?"

The director grinned. "So you've discovered Pratt? Well, Pratt was——"

The director's story is too long to quote. It makes punctuation too complicated. This is his story, plus all that can be found out about one of our early American portrait painters, and one of whom we need not be at all ashamed.

Matthew Pratt was the son of a Philadelphia goldsmith. He was born in Philadelphia in 1734 and after an ordinary, common school education,



PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN WEST BY MATTHEW PRATT

he was apprenticed to his uncle to learn (in his own words) "all branches of the painting business." "This allusion to the different branches of the painting business shows plainly the degenerate state in which the arts were at that time in this country." The quotation is from Dunlap's *History of the Arts of Design in the United States*, and is given because the sentiment probably reflects the opinion of Pratt's own contemporaries. You may learn all branches of a business; but to learn all branches of an art is degenerate. Firebuckets and portraits do not mix; Dunlap is sure of that. We shall see.

Little is known of Pratt's boyhood. It is recorded that at the age of twelve he could write twelve different handwritings, had painted several marine pieces, and was ambitious to paint portraits. He attended school with Benjamin West, who is an important member of the cast in Pratt's quiet little drama. Benjamin West had exceeded Matthew Pratt in artistic precocity (you must recall the twelve handwritings of Matthew's boyhood) in so far as he had provided himself with the materials of his craft in a manner wholly unique. He was told of camel's hair pencils (what we now call brushes) but he had never seen one. He pulled hairs from the cat's tail and mounted them on a stick, continuing his depredations until the poor cat presented a sorry appearance. His colors he derived from sources no less original. The Indians taught him to make the reds and yellows they used for painting themselves, and his mother gave him some indigo. Equipped, therefore, with a "camel's hair pencil" and the three primary colors, Benjamin West set out upon a career that placed him at the head of the Royal Academy of London, and made him a famous portrait painter and the friend of a king.

Benjamin Franklin was one of Pratt, senior's, closest friends and Pratt was a member of Franklin's famous Junto—that workingmen's club which Franklin organized partly as a benefit society and partly as a debating club. Young Pratt, looking for free models, as budding artists so often do, chose his father's friend for one of his early efforts and his portrait of Franklin is the earliest authentic portrait of the mighty Benjamin. It hangs in the Manor House at Yonkers.

There is no continuity, no coherency in Pratt's story. It moves jerkily from America to England; from his uncle's workshop to the palace of the king of England where he helped West paint portraits of the royal family; from the abduction of a fair lady and an adventure with pirates to the painting of a most realistic cock for a tavern sign. There is no composition in the picture. There are simply odd lines placed here and there and you must join them for yourself. It is like the game children play. One draws an irregular line, making it as unmeaning as possible, and then the unfortunate adversary must make of it a drawing which will represent some definite object, person or animal. So the next lines drawn in this sketch have no relation to what has gone before; but they have a definite relation to Pratt's work and they do give some idea of the times in which he lived.

In 1757 he set out for Jamaica on a business

venture. The good Dunlap assures us that this must not be taken as an indication that Pratt had given up his pursuit of painting. He was moved simply by a desire to see the world. This desire was fulfilled in rather greater measure than he had anticipated, for the capture and looting of his vessel by a French privateer may have given him a closer look than was altogether desirable. Fortunately a solid British vessel came to the rescue and Matthew, apparently quite unmoved by his adventure, settled down for a six months' visit in Jamaica. A year to two after his return to Philadelphia he married Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Moore, merchant, and four years later set out for Europe. This voyage was attended by, or rather preceded by, another adventure related to West; and it is told because of the close connection between Pratt and West for the next few years.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. BENJAMIN WEST (ELIZABETH SHEWELL) BY MATTHEW PRATT

West fell in love with Elizabeth Shewell, a relative of the Pratts; but Elizabeth had as guardian an obstinate brother who swore she must wed a wealthy merchant of his own choice. Elizabeth refused; was locked in her room and all communication with her own true love, West, was cut off. They did not see each other for five years. During this time West went abroad to study and finally settled in England. He established himself in London as an artist of ability and then decided to send for Elizabeth. But again the obdurate brother locked her in her room. So three of West's good friends in Philadelphia stole to the house of the fair one, and placing a ladder beneath her window, helped her down it, into a cab and so to the dock where a vessel was about to sail for England. One of the three abductors was Benjamin Franklin. On board the vessel, with West's father who was to conduct Miss Shewell to her lover, was Matthew Pratt; and it was Pratt who gave the bride away when the marriage took place in London. The brother remained true to type and never forgave his sister. When West, hoping to reconcile him, many years later sent him a portrait he had painted of his wife, the brother refused to look at it.

The bearing of this incident upon Pratt's life is important. He became an inmate of West's household in London and for three years studied under him. In fact, Pratt was one of West's first American pupils. So strong was West's influence on his pupil that he was often credited with portraits painted by Pratt.

After these three years of study in England, Pratt returned to Philadelphia and plied his trade of sign-painting and followed his profession of portrait-painting with varying success. He made a flying trip to Ireland and on the way home met with another adventure and again came to the rescue of beauty in distress. As the boat was about to leave the dock, a young lady begged for help in paying her passage to America. She said that she came of a respectable Philadelphia family, had gone abroad to follow the fortunes of a worthless husband, and was eager to return to her home. No one would help her until her story reached Pratt. Dunlap must be quoted again, for again he displays that naïveté which makes all he tells us so delightful: "The characteristic generosity of an artist was at once excited. Pratt

became responsible for her passage money and conducted her safely to her grateful family in Philadelphia."

The rest of Pratt's career is unmarked by adventure. He lived quietly in Philadelphia, painting portraits when he could get commissions and painting signs, flags, and fire buckets when he could not. He was said to be a gentleman of pleasing manners and a great favorite in Philadelphia society. It is easy to believe. One sees all this in his portrait of himself and in all of his work, as well as in those incidents of his life of which a record has been preserved.

Pratt's portraits are so widely scattered that there is little record of them. Among the best were portraits of the Duke of Portland, one of the Duchess of Manchester, and a full-length portrait of Cadwallader Coldon for the New York Chamber of Commerce where it still hangs, and those of Benjamin West and his wife, which are now in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. "The American School" is a picture of Benjamin West's school in London, of which Pratt was the first American student. It shows West at the left "wearing green smallclothes and a black hat," correcting a drawing held by Pratt, who wears a violet suit. It was the painting of these "green smallclothes" which first attracted the eye of the bald-headed artist who "discovered" Pratt in the Metropolitan Museum. A kindly critic attempts to apologize for the lack of proportion in Pratt's portrayal of himself by the fact that it is so difficult for an artist to scale his own figure; but the weighty Dunlap, passing over the drawing in silence, says tactfully that "the coloring and effect are highly creditable to the infant arts of our country." Mr. Charles H. Hart, who wrote much about men of Pratt's time, says: "When we recall that this picture was painted almost a hundred and fifty years ago by an American who had had less than a year's study in London, we think we are justified in calling it not only a very remarkable sketch but in claiming for it a high place in art and in the history of art in America." Another critic, speaking of his portraits, says that "they show a knowledge of values surprising in a painter of this period. His posing was often artificial but that was in keeping with the taste of the time, while his modeling was delicate yet clear and his drawing always careful and correct. At his best he was the equal, and in some respects, the superior of West and Copley."



PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
BY MATTHEW PRATT

It is the faithful Dunlap who continues to guide us through the unrelated incidents and facts of Pratt's career. "It is well known that many a good painter has condescended—and many a one has been glad—to paint a sign. I have been told that it is very common in Paris. . . . Devotedly attached to his profession and governed by the spirit of the times, and feeling that the legitimate path of the limner could not support an increasing family, Pratt painted at intervals a number of signs some of which, until a few years ago, have been hanging in this city (Philadelphia). Amongst these perhaps the best was a representation of a cock in a barnyard which for many years graced a beerhouse in Spruce Street. The execution of this was so fine and the expression of nature so exactly copied that it was evident to the most casual observer that it was painted by the hand of a master."

Philadelphia in the eighteenth century was remarkable for its signs; and this is only natural when we remember that the painters of that day could seldom depend upon their skill as artists for sole support but quite as a matter of course eked out their livelihood by the painting of signs. Pratt's signs were said to be broad in effect and loaded with color; there was no niggling in style or touch. One of the most famous was his sign of the Federal Convention which hung at the tavern opposite the theatre in Old South Street. It represented a "group of venerable personages engaged in public discussion." It was painted soon after the adoption of the Federal constitution. The citizens of Philadelphia spent considerable time after it was hung in identifying the various "personages" though no one had any difficulty in recognizing Dr. Franklin whose venerable head and spectacles threw him into conspicuous relief. It would be unkind to blame Pratt for the distich that was printed beneath the picture:

"These thirty-eight great men have signed a powerful deed
That better times to us shall very soon succeed."

When Diderot wished to hurt the feelings of an artist he used to call him a *peintre d'enseigne.*

He probably felt, with Dunlap, that a painter who studied all branches of painting contributed to a degenerate condition of art. Yet there have been illustrious precedents that more than justify our own Matthew. Holbein began his career as a sign painter; Prud'hon, the romantic, painted a sign for a hatter. Chardin's first commission was for a barber-surgeon's device. Watteau made several signs, one for a picture gallery and one, appropriately enough, for a modiste. Greuze helped advertise the trade of a tobacco merchant. Gavarni and Carolus Duran both designed trademarks and Hogarth, though he might condescend to the drawing of a sign, usually affixed the signature "Hagarty."



"THE AMERICAN SCHOOL" BY MATTHEW PRATT

This is Pratt's famous painting of Benjamin West's school in London in which West, at the left, is shown criticizing a drawing or painting of Pratt's

It is more than probable that if Diderot had hurled his insulting phrase at Matthew Pratt, it would have been taken quite seriously, not as an insult but as a simple statement of fact. For Pratt, though he had loved portrait painting from childhood, probably thought of himself as a sign painter who occasionally was so fortunate as to secure commissions for the painting of portraits. There is a simplicity and directness about his painting, a naïveté, which seems to indicate that he did not know how good he was. Of course one sees in his work the influence of West; and it is therefore perhaps interesting to read West's theory of teaching. "The canvas was promptly covered with color and then brought forward as a whole in regular, well-defined steps, which gave the student as soon as possible familiarity with the brush, the instrument he was to use, rather than with the charcoal point or the crayon. They worked freely and easily, even if sometimes inaccurately."

That seems a good place to leave Pratt, who died in 1805, working freely and easily if sometimes inaccurately; using color broadly and with no niggling in style or touch. That is the way one would like to paint his portrait, covering the canvas with color and bringing his image forward in regular, well-defined steps. Only unfortunately the important outlines are missing. The most one can do is to rescue him, in some small measure, from unmerited neglect.



NORTH GALLERY OF CLOISTERS, ELNE CATHEDRAL. BAS-RELIEF ON NEAREST PILLAR REPRESENTS "THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN" AND THE "NOLI ME TANGERE;" THAT ON SECOND PILLAR "THE DREAM OF THE THREE KINGS." BOTH OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

ELNE, CATHEDRAL *and* TOWN

An ancient fortress town in the south of France where medieval spirit and art are still preserved

GUY EGLINGTON

THE IDEAL way to travel is to pick out say half a dozen towns to which one is attracted—by reason of a cathedral, a cloister, an ancient battlement, or perhaps some purely natural beauty, a river, or a view from a hill city—and draw the straightest possible line that will pass through the greatest number of towns. Impossible towns must be jettisoned till a more favorable opportunity. It is no matter that these are the very towns one most desires to see. They can wait. The high lights of a journey are seldom the things that one sets out to see; more often they are the unexpected, unknown places along the route.

It was so that I found Elne. I was in Paris, preparing to set out for Italy. On the way I had determined to visit Maillol at Banyuls, and see the Charonton "Coronation of the Virgin" at Villeneuve-lès-Avignon. It was a novel route to Italy, as a glance at the map will show. The Paris-Orleans-Barcelona line down to within a few miles of the Spanish frontier, back on my tracks to Narbonne, round the Gulf of Lyons to Avignon and then all smooth sailing.

But though Banyuls and Avignon were my objectives, I was in no hurry to get there. The Romanesque had taken hold on me and who would pass through the south of France and not fill his eyes with this twelfth-century magnificence. I pored, as I trust the reader will too, over the map. Souillac: I remembered to have seen a curious column, composed on two sides of fearsome beasts which devour each other and on the third side the same beasts and a man whom they, devouring each other still, in turn devour. Montauban: little of antiquity here, but the birthplace of Ingres, where are shown the Primitives which he, the first almost for centuries, it will be remembered in his honor, brought back from Italy. Moissac: which saw, as some hold, the rebirth of sculpture; a superb tympanum of the Last Judg-



FAÇADE OF ELNE CATHEDRAL, TWELFTH CENTURY, PARTIALLY REBUILT

ment; two majestic prophets guarding the portal; mysterious reliefs; and one of the noblest cloisters in the length and breadth of France. Cahors: seen through a happy aptitude for taking trains in the wrong direction! Toulouse: sad case of a modern city burying incalculable wealth. Carcassonne: most perfect of medieval walled cities. Narbonne: where the ambition of architects outran the purse of princes, and a completed choir serves, as at Eton in England, for entire cathedral. Memories of *langouste* mingle, alas, with those of architecture! Perpignan: sometime capital of the kings of Majorca, who ruled over Roussillon, Cerdayne and the Balearic Islands, 1276–1344. Collioure: port of Perpignan in the days when Perpignan cut a great dash in the Mediterranean world. Elne . . .

Advice from Maillol took me to Elne. Good fortune in the shape of bad revealed it to me. I was staying at Banyuls, resting, and struggling to understand the strange Roussillon tongue, struggling too to digest the too plentiful Roussillon fare and rich Banyuls wine. At Banyuls there was nothing to see, God be praised, but the sea before, open beyond the bay where the cliffs dropped sheer, and the mountains at back. Nothing to see, unless it were the bodies of the women. Maillol's models! I have heard Jo Davidson say

that Maillol never used a model. The most banal photograph sufficed for a masterpiece. But I have walked with Maillol in Banyuls and heard his internal explosions as a girl passed, the whole action of her body visible as she clambered over the rough stones up the hill. Who would give twopence for a Paris model when he has lived all his life among the women of Roussillon? There were Greek colonies in Roussillon in the fifth century, says Maillol. And one can believe it.

From Banyuls, when I had gathered a modicum of energy, I made excursions. Port Venires, Collioure, Perpignan, Elne, Céret. Maillol told me of out-of-the-way things, of the Citadelle at Perpignan, seat of the kings of Majorca, to visit which one must get permission from the military; of the Dévot Crucifix, almost shocking in its realism, yet saved by a certain fineness, a skeleton yet still a thing of beauty, a symbol to inspire worship, carved in wood by Roussillon sculptors in 1429, and hanging in a special chapel near the cathedral; of many other examples of Roussillon wood sculpture which I hope some day to study. He told me too of Elne. But one thing he neglected to tell me: that Elne—the name, a corruption of Helena, was given by Constantine in memory of his mother—is a woman, and as such only truly reveals herself at night.

But what Maillol had forgotten, my own peculiar genius effected. I missed the last train. A little thing, you will say, if inconvenient. It meant spending a night in a dead country town, with crooked, uneven, barely lighted streets, through which one feared to wander. No one to talk to, nowhere to go, no cafés, not even a wine shop visible. At the "hotel" no comfort, not even friendliness, but rather distrust for the traveler *sans bagages*. Nothing for it but to take refuge in one's room, gloomy, bare, unlighted. I made a frantic attempt to write a letter by candle light and then despairing dropped into bed.

No matter. I had seen Elne. Strange that day and night should make so much difference. I must surely have grasped something of its personality in the afternoon. A rock standing sheer in the plain—isolated outpost, as it were, of the Pyrenees—I had wandered from one end of the old upper town to the other, threading my way through incredibly narrow and tortuous alleys, between old houses that had taken their shapes and angles, it seemed, from the rock's irregularities. White, angular, forbidding houses, standing cramped yet aloof, approached by perilous slabs of stone. Absurdly small in area—no more than six hundred yards by fifty across—the impression was so intense that I had the sensation of being lost, imprisoned in an impossible invention of stage medievalism. And it was with something like relief that I escaped at last to where the houses end abruptly, and stood on the cathedral steps. Beyond the cathedral, behind the choir, a small plot of ground, where Maillol's war memorial stands, then the rock ends and one looks over the houses of the new town, over the kitchen garden plain of Roussillon, towards the sea.

But if the impression had been powerful by daylight, by night it was nothing short of overwhelming. It burst upon me as I trudged wearily back from the station. A wall silhouetted against the sky, and through that wall a round arched gateway, whence a road dropped in splendid curve to join the lower road that skirts the rock. In the foreground all was black, rocks half concealed by shrubs. Only the line of the road was picked out sharply, faint towards the foot of the curve, growing stronger as it rose, till it reached the gateway, full in the glare of an arc lamp.

An arc lamp! The incredible symbol of modernity, hung as it were between the old world and the new, made plain the road only to render it more mysterious and impassable. The gateway, empty of its doors, gaunt against the sky, seemed to offer entrance to a dead city. And indeed, beyond the harsh light of the arc, no light was to be seen. The roof lines cut the sky in sharp angles. Beyond, the solid masonry of the cathedral tower reproved with its weight the almost frivolity of the nunnery belfry, creation of a later day. And one could almost fancy that this replied, taunting the old tower with the crowning indignity of its modern crenellation.

A dead city. City in which the houses had absorbed into their stones the personalities of their sometime inhabitants. Congregation of stones on a rock, dreaming. And, standing there in the darkness, I fell to wondering what might be the true age of that rock city. Roman or pre-Roman? Helena. Not every transalpine city received the honor of an imperial name. A maritime stronghold perhaps, for the sea, miles distant now, had washed up to its very stones. It were not hard to imagine it an island even in some yet remoter day.

And then its history. Through Roman days and the unsettled days that followed. The Moors, swarming northwards over the Pyrenees in the opening years of the eighth century. Forty years more and the Franks drive them south again. A century and a half on the fringe of Frankish rule. Then, with the end of the tenth century—independence. The days of Roussillon's greatness. The Counts of Roussillon, marrying here, marrying there, fighting a little, growing in power, grow-

ing in extent of dominion. Ruling over Cerdayne, Besaln, Corbeil. Collioure fitting fleets for the eastern trade. Perpigpignan, holding the money bags. Elne, proud of her new cathedral, dowered with the revenue of countless estates, wielding from her rock power over the soul. Two centuries and a half of independence, a short span of greatness on which to dream forever.



ELNE — Clocher de l'Eglise et remparts



ELNE — Vue générale du Cloître

But with the close of the twelfth century the days of peaceful development were at an end. And now, such is the irony of fate, the very geographical situation which had given Roussillon peace turned it into a battleground. She had gotten independence through being always on the fringe of receding empires. But now the tide set in the other way. Aragon, to south, pressed northwards. France, to north, pressed south. They met in Roussillon. Aragon was first in the field. In 1172 the last Count of Roussillon, Girard II, died, leaving for heir a grandson of the great Count Bérenger III, king, through marriage, of Aragon. Aragon was henceforward, and down to the middle of the seventeenth century, master.

With one brief interlude. A romantic interlude, which has received its historian, but not yet its poet. For seventy hectic years Roussillon formed part of the kingdom of Majorca. It came about through one of those fatal divisions of feudal inheritance. In 1276 James I of Aragon died, leaving to his elder son, Pedro III, the kingdom of Aragon proper, to his younger son the foreign possessions of the Balearic Islands and Roussillon, under the title of James I, King of Majorca. Three kings of Majorca there were in all, and between foes to north and blood relatives to south, their life was anything but calm. Yet so strong in Roussillon was the instinct for independence, so bitter the rivalry between Aragon and France, that for three-



ELNE. — Vue d'ensemble de la cathédrale — Le Plateau

NOTE: MAILLOL'S WAR MEMORIAL IS JUST OFF PICTURE TO RIGHT, OVERLOOKING TOWN. IT IS AN ADAPTED VERSION OF HIS FIGURE "POMONA"
See International Studio of October, 1923.



WEST GALLERY OF CLOISTERS, ELNE. BAS-RELIEF "DOUBTING THOMAS" ON PILLAR. PROBABLY THIRTEENTH CENTURY
NOTE THE BYZANTINE SUGGESTIONS IN THE CAPITALS

quarters of a century they held their crown, if not their lands, intact. Elne might be sacked. Perpignan, proud to house a king, stood firm. At last France, in the person of Phillip VI, became insistent. The Signory of Montpellier was in question, homage to Louis demanded. The second James applied in despair to his brother of Aragon. It was Aragon's moment and she took it. Majorca fell. Roussillon fell. In 1344 the kingdom of Majorca ceased to be. Roussillon formed again and remained until 1641 a part of Aragon.

If the Majorcan adventure left one great monument in the royal Citadelle at Perpignan, the era of independence found its greatest expression in the cathedral of St. Eulalie on the rock of Elne. The former church had stood, it seems, in the lower town. Poorly built in days of uncertainty, with thought of the approaching end of the world perhaps, it stood, by the middle of the eleventh century, almost in ruin. Better days came, the fear of dissolution passed, and in 1058 it was finally decided to rebuild, not on the same spot, but for the sake of protection and the greater glory of God, on the rock itself. Now to remove the house of God from hallowed to unhallowed ground was deemed a perilous undertaking. At least so the prelates, with an eye on the wealth of the temporal and the poverty of the spiritual power, maintained. So the bishop of Elne, Bérenger II, called together the bishops of Carcassonne and Girone, the archbishop of Narbonne, the Counts of Roussillon and Cerdayne and many other notables, and a great conclave was held. It was urged that such a step could not be taken wantonly, without due reverence paid and tangible sacrifice. Whether other and stronger arguments were used to unloose the secular purse-strings is not on record. But it is clear that then, as always, Mother Church was justified in her diplomats, and the new cathedral was not only inaugurated with seeming ceremony, but the bishopric dowered with such riches in lands, priories and other sources of revenue that for centuries it vied for wealth and power with the richest in southern France. Councils were held there, ecclesiastical decisions of great moment taken within its walls. Even if the world forgets Helena, forgets too the Counts of Roussillon, in the annals of the Church Elne is sure of immortality.

Reading through what I have written, it seems to me that in attempting to evoke something of the personality of Elne, I may have neglected to prepare the reader's mind for its sheerly physical aspect. I have used the word romanesque. I have spoken of wealth. Will not the mind jump forward, picturing some such façade as that of St. Trophime d'Arles, rich with sculpture? If so, I can only ask the reader's pardon for raising his hopes only to dash them. The churches of Roussillon can lay claim to no such superabundance of riches. Rather do they give at first view the impression of poverty, of an almost desolating austerity. Nude for the most part of sculpture, the very stone of which they are built has the air of being poorly quarried, irregular in the extreme, patchy. Simple enough in the first instance, siege and sack have modified almost to obliteration the original design, and never an tempt made to restore.

The façade of Elne is a case in point. The broken arcature above the main portal, the absurd crenellation, the clumsily patched tower would seem to point an accusing finger at the capacity of the Roussillon architect. Yet—in the long run the plus items outweigh the minus. Despite poverty, despite degradation, quality is there. And what is even more important, it is a quality which one comes to recognize as peculiarly of the country, Roussillonais. Look at the portal in the façade, a single spot of white marble on a red ground. How austere in line, yet in color creating an impression of richness. Three tones sufficed the architect. White in the portal, red in the stone, and for the deeper shade he relied partly on shadow and partly on plain, thin bands of black framing his arches. You can see traces of it still, in the remains of the arcature.

The other portal, that which leads from the church into the cloister, is more elaborate and less characteristic in design, being rather



TOMBSTONE OF A BISHOP (UNNAMED, DIED 1203) BY RAYMOND DE BIANYA IN THE CLOISTER WALL, ELNE



DOOR FROM THE CATHEDRAL TO THE CLOISTER. NOTE THE TYPICAL ROUSSILLON CAPITALS AND EFFECTIVE IRON WORK. FOURTEENTH CENTURY

in the French than in the Roussillon tradition. Yet the eye of the Roussillon architect, the hand of the Roussillon sculptor, are unmistakably present, the first in the characteristic use of alternate red and white marble blocks (only one of several affinities which the Roussillon architect has with the Lombard), the second in the quality of the sculptured capitals. The doors themselves, strengthened with bars of iron channeled throughout their length and forged at the ends into volutes, are a fine example of Roussillon ironwork.

As to the interior, here again the reader will be inclined to be repelled at first glance by its bareness, unless he penetrates to an appreciation of its purely formal qualities. Dome, rounded arch, dome, rounded arch, lead gravely to the half circle of the apse, the austerity only broken by a faint reminiscence, in the flattering of the final arch, of the arco triomphale of early Christian churches. An interesting detail, for it is the only corroboration which I have been able to find for a pleasant legend, according to which the bishop of Elne brought back from the Holy Land a plan of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On this



INTERIOR OF ELNE CATHEDRAL. THE ALTAR DATES FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

plan Elne is said to have been built. It is a legend which one would like to believe, but the evidence is too overwhelmingly against it. Its value is rather in that it reminds us that communication between Roussillon and the Near East was fairly constant, a fact which may account for the form of many of the early capitals in the cloister.

The cloister. Passing thither from the church, the contrast is striking. For if the façade and interior are almost nude of sculpture, or indeed of any decoration whatsoever, a richer cloister were not easy to find. It is as though the Roussillon genius for decoration, denied outlet in the church proper through an almost puritanical cult of austerity, had here been given full rein. Not only is every one of the capitals sculpted, each with a different form, but the columns themselves are turned, channeled, twined with formalized vine shoots, palmettos, covered with sea shells, fish scales . . . almost every imaginable form of decoration, hardly two alike. The sculpture is of two periods, corresponding with the building of the cloister in the twelfth century and its rebuilding, after the sack of Elne (1285), in the fourteenth.

And so I end, conscious that I have barely begun. History, topography, architecture, sculpture, all make their demands and not one can be fully satisfied. If I have said least of sculpture, it is because the subject is too complex to be tackled at the end of an article. Conflicting influences make development very difficult to follow. All I can do is point to the photographs. For the rest, I have tried to give a picture of Elne which should be outside the camera's power.

ROCKWELL KENT—VOYAGER

The adventurous life led by a painter who began as a carpenter and who has visited far countries

F. NEWLIN PRICE

YOUTH and a mind that rides upon the seas, strong willed and pleasant, ready for tidal wave or multidinous pearls that glow in peaceful beauty. Kent, looking on life and demanding new adventure, sees no great change from time immemorial. There is still the external attribute, and, still enthroned in mortal form, writhe hate and passion, or, as the case may be, thrill love and adoration. Youth, youth unsatisfied, wondering, dreaming, questioning youth, that fain would seek the numbers to life's mystery. He journeys forth to write or sail or paint, and, at last, he makes his record of those truths that come to him, conclusions greatly proved in his living. Then away again, youth still unconvinced, but rejoicing in the riddle. Kent has worked with his hands, day by day, on a house or a well (he built six houses on Monhegan), and on winter days he painted. He knows his hands—for him they exist to do more than carry food short distances—and so he passed from amateur to expert carpenter. Kent with a union card! Here was his first great victory, ability to use his hands, to make a boat or build a house. This was no conscious egotist; he loved his work. It was his road to mature philosophy, these wells dug for two dollars each.

Pocontico Hills first received this journeyman in 1882. John D. Rockefeller now owns the place, a glorious forest on the Hudson. At ten to a boarding school, a battle of three years against church and teacher in an Episcopal academy in Connecticut; then to the Horace Mann School for four years, a constant rebel, stubborn and argumentative. Finally to Columbia and its school of architecture, still searching for the "why" of things. He stood high in his class and there came to his family some solace—perhaps he had intelligence after all! He found a poet teaching mathematics, Professor Ware, and under him "learned and loved the dullest things." It was at this time that he visited the Pennsylvania Academy show in Philadelphia and felt sure he could paint better pictures. He began to study with William M. Chase and dropped his architecture like a vessel drunk dry.

From Shinnecock Hills and the painting with Chase (1898), Kent went to Dublin and the master, Abbott Thayer, to battle with that patri-

"VOYAGING" BY ROCKWELL KENT





"WINTER—ALASKA" BY ROCKWELL KENT

arch endlessly, but to receive from him something of the heritage of his great vision. Then came his first voyage to Monhegan (1906), to paint and carpenter, and to know the sea. Alone on that black island he confronted the exuberant spirit of his own youth and longed to write himself on canvas. Back to New Hampshire in 1909, where he married Thayer's niece, Kathleen Whiting, and to them five children have been born. Life settled down heavily upon his shoulders and he went (1912) to Winona, Minnesota, as a master carpenter. He taught art at Richmond for a year and, like another American painter, Emil Carlsen, has rendered drawings for architects. He was in New York in 1913 and, having acquired some funds, sailed forth to Newfoundland the following year, only to be expelled, like an impudent school boy. So he was employed by Abbott Thayer in his investigation of protective coloration in animals, earning



"THE NORTH WIND" BY ROCKWELL KENT



"INDIAN SUMMER—ALASKA" BY ROCKWELL KENT

twenty-five dollars a week and doing splendid work. Of his Alaskan trip in 1918 you have read in his book, *Wilderness*, of which flattering things have been said, here and also abroad, where they pronounce it "the finest thing since Whitman." Returning to Vermont he felt the *wanderlust* again and in 1922, in a lifeboat, a four-ton craft, twenty-six feet long, he sailed away to Tierra del Fuego. This you may know about from the articles in the *Century*, and from his new book, *Voyaging*. In line with his work as an illustrator it is well to note his work as "Hogarth, Jr." in *Vanity Fair*, virile, strong, imaginative, and, by way of jest, with "text by Rockwell Kent." He promises some day to go around the world in his little lifeboat searching out beauty, drawing, painting, creating,



"BEAR GLACIER—ALASKA" BY ROCKWELL KENT



"ALASKA" BY ROCKWELL KENT

in his living and in his work a vital vital human document.

No wonder that the selling of his paintings seems to him quite unimportant, with his resources as a "renderer" and his success as an author. What troubles him most is the shallow, low tide of esthetic enjoyment, and foolish dogma of production. When Whistler called a sunset ugly he was wrong. To see keenly and to portray sensitively is the artist's role. The laws beneath and through art are harmony and rhythm; they come to the artist for his personal interpretation, according to his power of apprehension. Kent never uses a model. Concentrating, he will dramatize himself into the situation, whether therein he would be relaxed or gripping tightly. He would use the camera on himself figuratively and literally to find out how



"TIERRA DEL FUEGO"
BY ROCKWELL KENT



"THE HOUSE OF DREAD" BY ROCKWELL KENT

he felt or what he did in deep emotion or complacent amusement.

Originality? I find all, millions it seems, seeking originality. Dressing up to appear, making pretense, play-acting, all by intention. But genius is never self-conscious. There is little play for the element of originality in the human make-up, for the difference between folks is slight, even though no two are ever alike. It is the same with art. The "Adam" of Michelangelo will ever be a masterpiece, yet there will continue to be Adams in painting and sculpture to the end of time, or until the end of our art at least. Infinite yet slight differences exist for the artist; he retains the observation of them subconsciously and mixes with them an immense reverence for beauty even as a lover thrills and throbs. Only out of egotism rises the Tower of Babel. Other things than ego are important to the genius. Consider that line of Blake about the Saviour—"This is the race that Jesus ran, humble to God, haughty to man."

One of the greatest gifts that Kent received was from Abbott Thayer, his uncle. It was that great spirit's passion to condemn the self-expressionists, where most is needed self-forgetfulness, the hoboes of art, they who go in for value received, inflate their own importance at the expense of their fellowmen, while the true artist stands absorbed in his vision. This difference makes for genius. Like a man well out upon a sea he loves, like a mariner who steers to some satisfying goal of truth and beauty, rising with the dawn, finding energy anew, drawing strength from past endeavors, the genius makes of his art a golden pathway of communication, between himself and his lesser brothers.

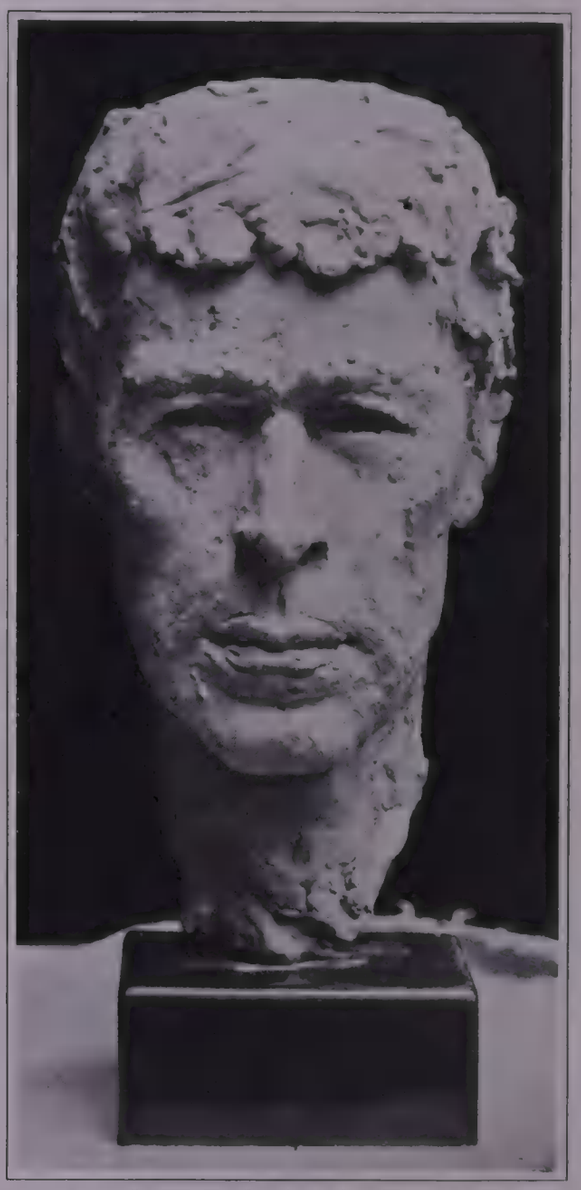
It is not true, that doctrine of many people, that beauty is for genius alone. Three college lads grow up, a banker, an engineer, and a painter. As time goes by they change, and at fifty they may feel totally ignorant of each other. Yet if each has really lived, they still can meet in truth and beauty, and never were they very far apart. It is the language of all people, intelligible in all places. It is a language that Kent can call his own. Rugged, clean cut, disciple of revolt, he seeks the truth. A mental machine well oiled, a spirit unfraid, pleasantly smiling, direct, he asks no quarter, but dwells in that delightful mood of youth, adventuring after life, thrilled by a beauty just enjoyed, beckoned ever onward by a truth not far away. Always there is the truth which he has found and recorded; always there is a more complete vision which beckons him on.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Haller—Modeler Extraordinary



"FIGURE OF A GIRL"
BY HERMANN HALLER



PORTRAIT BY HERMANN HALLER



PORTRAIT OF CARINA ARI BY HERMANN HALLER

THERE has been a wholesome tendency lately to insist upon the importance of sticking within the natural limitations of the medium. Sculptors particularly have been insisting that true sculpture is cut stone, and that modeling a clay sketch, and then having assistants point and cut it in marble is neither honest nor likely to result in good art. Unless the thing is originally conceived as stone, the transferring from one material to the other is a sort of esthetic betrayal. In the midst of the controversy it comes with a refreshing sincerity when a sculptor steps forward to insist on the virtues of modeling as such, resisting the false transposition of his values into stone or metal, fixing his conceptions permanently in baked clay—terra cotta or "lustre ware."

Hermann Haller is a modeler extraordinary. His work is frankly and joyously clay. The nature of the earth is in it. He has capitalized to the full the lightness and plasticity of his medium. It is a warmer and more intimate medium than either stone or bronze and within its limits this Swiss sculptor is master.



"THE LAST SUPPER" ROMAN FRESCO, THIRTEEENTH CENTURY

Worcester Museum Acquires Frescoes

Thirteenth century murals are examples of transition from early Christian and Byzantine to Renaissance

THROUGH the coming of the Renaissance in the thirteenth century Italian art was freed from the domination of the Byzantine tradition and the clear flame of early Christian art, which had never been wholly extinguished in Rome, burst into a brighter radiance there while Cimabue, Giotto and Duccio were working in Florence and Siena. This movement was one of the greatest epochs in pictorial art, and because the history and culmination of early Christian art are illustrated in the two wall paintings, these two frescoes, recently acquired for the permanent collection of the Worcester Art Museum from a thirteenth century Roman church, are of great importance. These frescoes picture The Last Supper and The Crucifixion, the first being ninety-three inches high by one hundred and one and a quarter inches wide while the second is one hundred and sixteen and a quarter inches high by eighty and a half inches wide. In the arrangement of the groups of figures with their nimbused heads, the spectator sees in both frescoes the last influences of Byzantine art. In the human expressions and movements of the faces and figures he sees the influence of the Renaissance while the table and its draperies show how the early Christian art had persisted through twelve centuries. These frescoes are the only works of their kind and period in this country.



"THE CRUCIFIXION" ROMAN FRESCO, THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Photographs by courtesy of the Jubn Levy Galleries



THE "ACKERMAN HOUSE." BUILT IN NEW JERSEY IN 1800 OF RED SANDSTONE AND RECENTLY RESTORED
WESLEY SHERWOOD BESSELL, ARCHITECT

AN OLD HOUSE RESTORED

In rebuilding the Ackerman House in northern New Jersey modern convenience and tradition are combined

JANE G. HOLBERTON

Historically interesting houses, unless modernized with great care, are frequently either spoiled by lack of knowledge or made into museums that are uncomfortable places in which to live. Modern adaptions of the Dutch Colonial are sometimes very charming, but more often they have so completely evolved into a new type that they would hardly be recognized by our ancestors. Convenience and speed have been made the watchword without considering that neither need be sacrificed to beauty. Anyone particularly interested in the authentic old Dutch type will find some examples still standing in northeastern New Jersey. We have comparatively few old homes to cherish. They are well worth rebuilding.

Red sandstone was used, in these houses, chiefly because of its availability. It had to be removed from the fields before they could be tilled; Dutch thrift utilized it, but Dutch patience squared it, and, in the main part of the house, laid it with great exactitude, although they were less careful in the unimportant sections. It was a peculiarity of theirs that they always put their best foot forward. In the earliest houses the roof overhung the walls to protect the clay with which the bricks were put together from exposure to the elements; later a good lime mortar was developed and the walls consequently were built higher and the gambrel roof eventually evolved. The gambrel roof is one of the outstanding American contributions to building, being an outgrowth of the desire to have more space on the upper floors and at the same time to keep the roofline as low as possible. There are houses of this type abroad, but they are in the minority whereas in this country the gambrel has been a consistent development and used to such an extent that it has become typical of our moderately priced developments. This is especially true of building during the past ten years and we may be very grateful that it has supplanted the structural horrors of a period which may be classed as the era of gingerbread.



FRONT OF THE ACKERMAN HOUSE SHOWING THE CARE WITH WHICH THE STONE OF THE MAIN PART WAS LAID

It is interesting to note the evidences of conservatism in the early Dutch settlers. While the Virginians sent home for material to build their mansions, the Dutchman cast his eye about and made use of that which otherwise would have been in his way. Red sandstone, which was used for the walls, when cut square and laid by a man with some sense of color values is a most attractive material. The pleasing variety of tones is noticeable even in a black and white plate. The gable ends were usually made of clapboard, not only because it was easier to handle but also because wood was not as scarce then as now. The roofs were covered with hand-riven cypress or red cedar shingles which outlast the modern shingle and whose larger size, by making fewer lines, preserved the general restfulness of the gambrel roof.

It is pleasant to come upon a dwelling that after having survived the vicissitudes of a hundred and twenty-four years has been restored with a reverence for tradition, undoubted enthusiasm and a thorough knowledge of the principles of contemporary architectural needs. The picturesque details have been worked out with the greatest care. It is this attention to detail which bespeaks the artist. From the preservation of the attic fanlight to the new iron work on the cellar bulkhead or stairs, there is not a note that jars. The vestibule addition, perfectly in keeping with the old house, and the modern terraces were made of stone acquired by buying a dilapidated red sandstone of the same period, carting the stone for several miles, all done that there should be no incongruity, as there would have been had new materials and old been indiscriminately mixed.

By the clever expedient of making the old service wing the main living room, the interesting old chimney breast with its bricked oven is made, as it should be, the centre of the home. The only suggestion of an overmantel is the face of the beam-like box set just under the ceiling. It is made of hand-hewn wood and put together with wrought-iron straps. On the under side is a small sliding panel which is shown open in the illustration; when closed it can hardly be discerned, certainly not unless you know where to look. It is a handy place to store small things and lends a distinctly romantic touch. On the right hand side of the fireplace are two trap doors; one of them in the ceiling leads to a fascinating garret under the ridge. It is always cool there and must have been used as a storage place for good things. In these degenerate days it houses cider—even cider is more intriguing when handed down from a mysterious region reached only by those agile enough to climb ladders. The trap door in the



THE STONE FOR THIS VESTIBULE WAS BROUGHT FROM ANOTHER OLD HOUSE

floor conceals a very practical arrangement, that of an opening in the outer wall which permits pulling the logs in from the wood-box outside.

In order to make this generous room, approximately 25 x 40 feet, partitions had to be removed as the wing was originally in several small divisions. The ceiling beams were then uncovered and left exposed. Near the fireplace they are very black. No mere boxed-in rafters could give the atmosphere that these mellowed, blackened beams do. The fireplace is at one end directly opposite two arched openings through which, by going up two steps, one enters the main section of the house. The side walls of the living room are both broken by two windows and a door. The doors are of the true Dutch style, divided in the centre. They are made of solid oak with wrought-iron hasps and hinges. In summer with the upper halves of the doors open there is always a refreshing outlook—of the river, on one side, and on the other of several hundred feet of green lawn beyond which is the main highway.

The rest of the house was restored and renovated to meet modern living conditions satisfactorily. A master bedroom was made of the formerly little used funeral-wedding parlor with its lovely old mantel left intact. Adjoining is a bathroom containing quite the last word in plumbing. In order to make this suite, the door to the main hall was blocked up and with space taken from the hall an ample closet made, and a new passageway opened under the stairway. While first planned for expediency it is one of the most engaging features of the house. It passes between two large upright posts—one of which is a stair support—the other was placed there to balance the composition and forms the terminal of a wooden grill which pierces the side wall at about four feet from the floor base. The dining room at the end of the hall is a delightful little room having an arched opening with two steps leading down to the living room. It also has an outer door opening on a terrace which overlooks the river. This is one of the original Dutch doors and has beautiful proportions. The panels are particularly worthy of note. The small upper division is unusual and is repeated on the under side of the lintel and on the jamb, whose depth attests the thickness of the old stone walls.

Next to the dining room is a tiled kitchen. A

THE DIVIDED DOORS ARE A CHARMING FEATURE





THE LIVING ROOM FIREPLACE HAS A SECRET CLOSET UNDER THE SHELF NEAR THE CEILING. THE NICHE FOR BOOKS IS AN UNUSUAL AND PLEASING BREAK IN THE WALL

kitchen entry has been built on the north side of the house of the same red sandstone as the main part. It was built primarily to preserve the balance of the exterior and not only does that but also makes a most adequate and sightly back porch. On the second floor is a study hall. Here, as on the first floor, honest construction posts and beams have been left exposed wherever possible. There is also a small guest room and bath. The entire front of the house is a master bedroom and study for the young son of the house. Here is his kingdom and here he reigns supreme. From the cellar to the attic not an inch of space has been neglected. A story and a half was made of the second floor, which made a large attic space, well lighted by fan shaped windows. Not even the fussiest housewife could find a shortage of closets or of labor-saving devices; nor would the most meticulous critic of this architectural type find it a simple matter to pick flaws in the smallest details.



AN OLD MANTEL IN THE TRANSFORMED "FUNERAL-WEDDING" PARLOR

Sometimes there is a sense of confusion in the term "Dutch Colonial" arising, in part, from the fact that some of the houses are made of fieldstone, some of sandstone and others of wooden shingles or clapboard. By a study of the early history of New York and its vicinity, one realizes that the mode

of life had a great deal to do with the variations in the mode of building. On Long Island there was very little stone—hence wood was used. In New Jersey a plentiful supply of either fieldstone and had lost some of the simplicity which was a part of their early charm. The detail of the front door of this house indicates that it was built a little later than the earliest houses of the neighborhood.



A CORNER OF THE HOUSE SHOWING THE CLAPBOARDED GABLE, THE CELLAR DOOR AND THE MAIN DOOR WITH ITS WELL PROPORTIONED PANELING

or red sandstone made for another form of construction.

Consistency being a thoroughly ingrained trait, when the Dutch became less provincial and wished to elaborate their houses, they started with the entrance front. Being too practical to give up such an excellent feature as the double door, they elaborated its details, spending more time on the paneling and on the trimming until by 1830 the entrances were showing classic lines The house was, as a matter of fact, built in 1800 by a descendant of David Ackerman who came to this country about 1662. The site was given this later Ackerman by his father; his son Peter and grandson John were born there and the latter lived in the house until his death, when, the family having scattered, a caretaker was left in charge; it was finally sold after having been in the Ackerman family for nearly a century and a quarter, to Mr. Kingsley.



GOLD SNUFFBOX, ENAMELED IN FACSIMILE OF MOSS AGATE WITH WHITE ENAMEL AND JEWELED BORDERS BY JULIAN ALATERRE, PARIS 1773

GOLD TABATIERE IN "QUATRE COULEURS" FINELY CHISELED WITH AL FRESCO SCENES AFTER WATTEAU BY JEAN JACQUES PREVOST, PARIS 1763

Both from the collection of S. J. Phillips

SNUFFBOX *in* ART *and* HISTORY

Personal accessories that grew to be exquisite art objects of gold, enamels and precious stones

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

FOR NEARLY two hundred years, beginning in the second half of the seventeenth century and ending in the first quarter of the nineteenth, a snuffbox was the most conspicuous object in the personal use of man. The ritual of its use, which we now only see on the stage in romantic plays or in revivals of classical comedies, reflected the spirit of the times and the people of the countries in which it was used, the French polite world making this ritual as graceful and as charming as the jewelers of that land made snuffboxes things of the most exquisite beauty. When snuff-taking was first introduced into Europe the boxes used to contain the powdered tobacco were strictly utilitarian in character, fashioned of such materials as bone, horn, pewter, brass and wood, ornamented only by simple designs in incised lines.

But the intimate character of this personal accessory suggested enrichment and by the time the latter years of the seventeenth century had arrived, goldsmith, jeweler, painter and enameler were outvieing one another in the skill and imagination which they were bringing to bear upon the snuffbox. As usual in matters pertaining to personal adornment, France was leading the way in regard to refinement of taste and was producing works of art that spoke eloquently of the artistic sense of the donors and flattered that of the recipients. The women, not to be outdone by the men, began equally to demand lovely *bonbonnières* of precious metals inlaid with stones or inset with tiny paintings by the foremost artists of the day. These sweetmeat boxes so closely resemble the snuffboxes that it is often difficult to decide for which purpose they were originally intended. The larger specimens are often considered to be *bonbonnières*, but since extravagance frequently suggested that a dandy's snuffbox should be of excessive proportions, this distinction can hardly be deemed reliable. By the eighteenth century the art of the snuffbox had reached its zenith. Under Louis XIV

GOLD SNUFFBOX DIAPERED WITH BLUE ENAMEL, WITH MEDALLION OF PYGMALION AND GALATEA. FRENCH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY *In the Victoria and Albert Museum*





PAINTINGS ON VELLUM FROM AN OCTAGONAL GOLD SWEETMEAT OR SNUFFBOX BY ONE OF THE BLARENBERGHES. PARIS HALL MARK FOR 1766–7. MAKER'S MARK OF JEAN JACQUES PREVOST *In the Wallace Collection*

both snuffboxes and *bonbonnières* showed rounded outlines; under Louis XV the oval shape tended to supersede the circular and the size to become smaller. In sympathy with the general refinement of taste, the ornament similarly grew more delicate and dainty. Under Louis XVI, the rectangular shape came into favor, the four-sided box being also found in many instances with truncated corners.

Of the names of the painters and miniaturists who lavished their finest work on these little boxes few records have been preserved. Though seldom bearing his signature, many of the most beautiful boxes produced under these three kings of France were decorated by the French jeweler, Petitot. Petitot was the son of a sculptor and architect and thus was brought up in an atmosphere in which he absorbed much that was brought to bear on his own craft. It was he who first perfected the art of painting in enamel, and many of the tiny scenes of domestic life, the flower pieces and the fruit motifs with which he decorated his boxes are so incredibly fine in detail, so clear in color and so pure in form that one marvels how so faultless an effect could be produced in so limited a space. Among the French enamelers of the eighteenth century three men stand out supreme. They are Julian Alaterre, Jean Jacques Prevost and Henri Clavel. All three are represented among the boxes which we are privileged to reproduce from the collection of Mr. S. J. Phillips of London.

By Alaterre is the oval snuffbox in gold, enameled with a wonderful dexterity to simulate moss agate and enclosed in a border of white enamel and jewels, set in little clusters at regular intervals. In the classic style is the octagonal snuffbox of the period of Louis XV by Alaterre and Fouache in the Wallace Collection, in which subjects taken from "The Festival of the Graces" and the legend of Pygmalion and Galatea are painted on a ground of dark grey—*en camieu gris* The exquisite little scenes are separated by spaces of emerald green translucent enamel over an engine-turned ground and some fine chasing further enriches the metal. The theme of the statue-that-came-to-life is again to be found, it may be noted, in the eighteenth century box

SNUFF BOX IN VERNIS MARTIN. WATTEAUESQUE SUBJECTS *In the Victoria and Albert Museum*





MEDALLION FROM AN ELLIPTICAL GOLD SNUFFBOX OF ADAPTATIONS FROM FETES GALANTES. ENGRAVED "ROUCEL ORFEVRIER DU ROY A PARIS;" PARIS HALL MARKS 1777–8, 1778–9; HALL MARK OF JEAN BAPTISTE FOUACHE. FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE *In the Wallace Collection*

in the Victoria and Albert Museum in which an enameled medallion depicting the episode of Cupid blessing the birth of Pygmalion's work, is set in the lid. This oval box of gold is diapered with enamel in deep, full blue, a color particularly affected in snuff and sweetmeat boxes.

Examples of the work of J. J. Prevost are to be found in two boxes of practically similar date, namely in the oval gold *tabatiere*, dated 1763, from the Phillips collection and in the octagonal snuffbox bearing the mark "J. J. Prevost, 1762–8" from the Wallace Collection. The oval *tabatière* is in *quatre couleur*, the gold being finely *ciselé* with al fresco scenes after Watteau. The octagonal snuffbox is also of gold, wrought and chased, and framing delicate paintings on vellum of a country fair and other popular and rustic scenes, by one of the Van Blarenberghes, probably Louis Nicolas, a piece of work in which the minutest detail is rendered with perfect clarity. The Watteauesque style of decoration makes its appearance constantly in connection with these eighteenth cen-

GOLD SNUFFBOX AND CIRCULAR BONBONNIERE DU HENRI CLAVEL, PARIS, 1786 AND 1779 *From the Collection of S. J. Phillips*





GOLD SNUFFBOX, GRAY AND WHITE ENAMEL WITH COLORED BORDER. NOTE THE INSCRIPTION, "GAGE D'AMITIÉ." FRENCH, LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY *In the Victoria and Albert Museum*

tation gift from a monarch to his subjects or from some official body to a member that it cared to honor. Women delighted to bestow on husband or lover a little box adorned with a miniature of themselves. Hence the frequency with which the portrait-miniature figures among the decorations. Petitot painted many a portrait on his boxes, principally of members of the royal French family and of the court. Zincke was another eighteenth century artist who did much famous work of this kind. An example of his art is to be found in the oval box of tinted gold from South Kensington, in which his enameled portrait of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, is set on an engine-turned lid, engraved within with his name and the date 1717.

The presence of a portrait added enormously to the personal feeling conveyed by the gift of a box, and many such are cherished today in the families of the original recipients as among their choicest possessions. That such gifts were so regarded at the time of their presentation is suggested by the immaculate condition in which they have been preserved up to the present date. Those referred to, in every case have the air of having just emerged from the hands of the goldsmith. Their gold is as lustrous, their enamel as unsullied as on the day when they were finished. Doubtless they were regarded as too priceless to be used, except perhaps on occasions of the greatest ceremony, a second and baser example being actually employed for everyday purposes. This would be of a smaller size and flatter shape, more suitable for carrying in the waistcoat pocket than the larger deeper boxes that were meant merely to be gracefully waved by a white hand emerging from a ruffled coatsleeve.

tury boxes, though in slightly different forms. One finds it in the snuffbox of *Vernis Martin* in the Victoria and Albert Museum, a circular box in which the painting is carried out on a gold ground, and in the oval box of gold, colored in two tints, from the Wallace Collection of the period of Louis XVI, and formerly in that of the Empress Eugènie. Here the paintings have been adapted from various *fêtes galantes* in Watteau's style. The box bears the mark of Jean Baptiste Fouache and is engraved by Roucel, *Orfèvrier du Roy à Paris*, and stamped with the hall-marks of both 1777–8 and 1778–9.

Undoubtedly a love-token is the circular *bonbonnière* in gold, enameled in pale rose with jeweled borders, and bearing in the centre of its lid a plaque depicting a maiden bringing her votive offering to Cupid's altar. This, like the oval snuffbox in gold, enameled in royal purple and in opalesque decoration with enameled pearls enclosing a classical study of a man on horseback, is by Henri Clavel, and both are in the Phillips collection. In this beautifully designed snuffbox, rich in color yet restrained, the use of the pearls is very discreet and elegant, the drawing of the horse exceptionally spirited.

The use of the snuffbox as a love-offering or *gage d'amitié*, as in the oval box from the Victoria and Albert Museum shown at the top of this page, bearing this legend at the base of the curtain enclosing the pictured group, was, in the eighteenth century, as common as that of a presen-

TINTED GOLD SNUFFBOX WITH PORTRAIT BY C. F. ZINCKE (1717) OF SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH *In the Victoria and Albert Museum*



INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

FURNITURE *of Historic* TYPES

VI. Louis XIV and His Great Cabinetmakers

Under his regime French artists and artisans were freed from the dictates of Italian modes

Major Arthur De BLES

"L'ÉTAT, C'EST MOI!" This famous phrase, freely translated as "I am France," almost invariably, like another well-remembered modern phrase, taken out of its context, explains why the styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France bore the name of the succeeding sovereigns rather than of the period as in the Renaissance and before. On March 10, 1661, Cardinal Mazarin, who for eighteen years had held in his hands the reins of government, having been dead one day, Harlay de Chanvallon, president of the Council of the Clergy, asked the young king—Louis XIV was twenty-three years old at that time—to whom he should now apply for orders, and Louis, having profited by the counsels of his former adviser, the continuator of the Richelieu and also the Machiavelli tradition, and determined to rule in his own name from then on, replied, "L'État, c'est moi." If we look at the various styles in furniture and other forms of decoration in any art, we shall observe that wherever the monarch in whose reign they were formed was of outstanding strength, the styles became known by his name, because his influence upon them was predominant, generally through intelligent patronage of artists and artisans. During the Renaissance we find the *period* given as the name, with an occasional reference to a François Premier or a Henri Deux style, after two of the most important art-loving sovereigns of the sixteenth century. The Louis XIII period would appear to be an exception, for that monarch was weak, bigoted, narrow-minded and cruel, and indeed in France, except among the purists, there is no such thing as a "style Louis XIII." It is simply considered as a degraded Renaissance style, a transition into the more virile mode of his son and successor, Louis the Magnificent.

The so-called Louis XIII style was chiefly an importation from an Italy dominated by a strong religious feeling upheld by the militant order of Jesuits. In France, the architectural mode of the period of which the Church of St. Roch, on the Rue St. Honoré in Paris, is one of the purest specimens, is called the Jesuit style, and it is easy to understand how it came to be so firmly established in France, when we consider that the mother of the king, Louis XIII, was Marie de Medicis, that her great minister, Cardinal Mazarin, was also an Italian, and that Italy in the seventeenth century was in the maelstrom of a fast-descending degradation, both artistic and political. The "baroque" style was created in Italy by Borromini and spread all over Europe like a veritable plague of bad taste. But previously to this Louis XIII style the artistic productions in the fine and applied arts were known as being in the style of the Renaissance, both in France and Italy. The names of individual sovereigns in France, when used, were simply subdivisions, just as in the opposite direction, the names of individual cabinet-makers, *e. g.*, Daniel Marot, Berain, Roentgen, and so forth, were sometimes given as style names, subdividing the modes named after Louis XIV, XV and XVI. In England, while the art mode of the second half of the sixteenth century was a form of the Renaissance style, it is called Elizabethan because of the influence of the Virgin Queen upon the political events which led to its introduction.

We find similar phenomena in Chinese porcelain when we talk of Han, or T'ang, or Sung, or Ming wares, sometimes sub-dividing the later years of the last-named dynasty by the use of an emperor's name, *e. g.*, "Wan-Li enameled ware." But we never speak of "Ch'ing" wares, except in a very general way. We almost invariably call them Kang'hsi, or Yung-Cheng, or Ch'ien Lung, porcelains, because these emperors themselves took great interest in the development of ceramics, and by the orders given to the carefully-appointed viceroys of the province of Kiang-si, where the imperial factory of Ching-te-Chen was situated, gave a direct impulse to the industry.

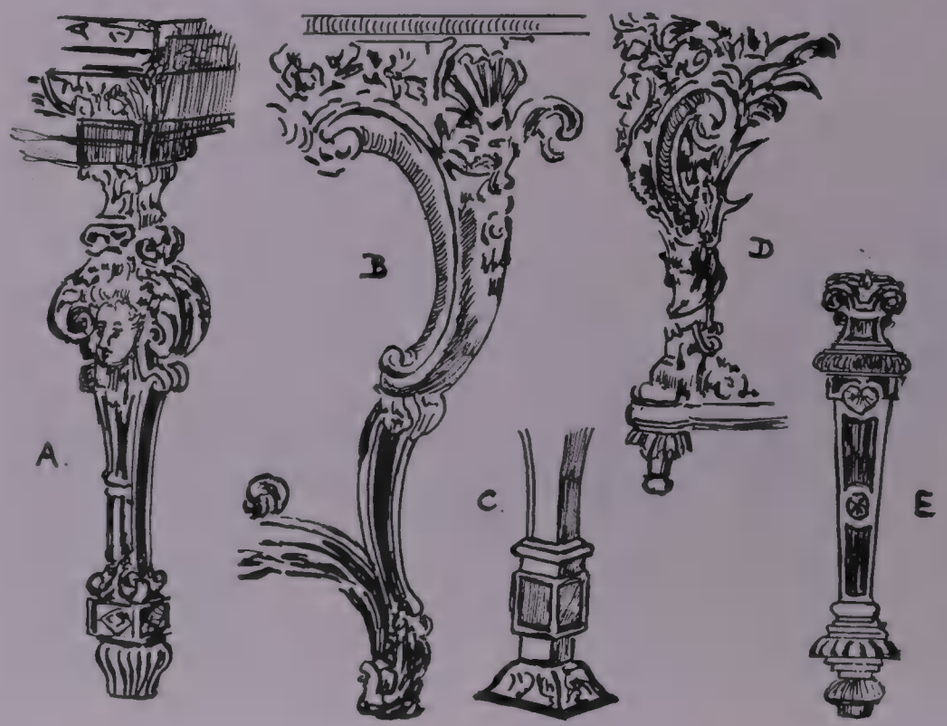
In respect of Japanese color-prints, a form of art which was thoroughly despised by all well-bred, cultured Japanese, we find no period name attached to them, hardly even a century, and they are simply divided into classes of work: primitive, or polychromes, or landscapes, etc. In England, during the Stuart dynasty regime, the general feeling of the whole succession ran toward the support of art by intelligent patronage of artists and craftsmen, and so the period is called

Jacobean, which has no reference to James I personally as a founder of style forms, but is used as was the term "Jacobite" for supporters of the Stuart claims against the Dutch "usurpers." The term came from James II, not James I, and was used originally to identify those who followed him or held communication with him at the court of Louis XIV at St. Germain. Cromwell and William of Orange both inspired personal styles, the former because of the simplicity of Puritan ideas and costumes, the latter by his direct patronage, and that of his Dutch friends, of craftsmen, either natives of Holland or having taken refuge there, like Daniel Marot, after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 made it perilous indeed for a Huguenot to try to live in Paris even though he were a favorite cabinet-maker to an all-powerful king. The Georges of England, being utterly devoid of artistic feeling, simply inspired a generic name for the style of 1714 to 1745, viz., early Georgian, and from then on starting with Chippendale a new fashion came in of giving to furniture the name of its designer, thereby indicating that the craftsman had, as it were, taken command, and himself formed the styles and the public taste required for the absorption of their products.



LOUIS XIII CHAIR WITH PEDESTAL LEGS WITHOUT A STRETCHER

Now Louis XIV was, first and foremost, a monarch of great personality, with overweening pride, partly in himself, but chiefly in his country and the greatness of her name. "L'État, c'est moi" and ambition for himself and for France in the eyes of Louis XIV and even his people were one and the same thing. France was forever delivered from the Italianism of the Medicis and their satellites, although it took some time for French artists and craftsmen to convince Louis of the meretricious quality of the architect and sculptor, Giovanni Bernini (1598–1680), one of the architects of St. Peter's in Rome, and rejoicing at that time in the reputation of being one of the greatest artists of the day. Louis, who in 1661 had taken the title of the "Roi-Soleil," and had risen so high in his own estimation as to consider himself a "vice-Dieu," a vicegerent of God, had not been able to resist the temptation of inviting to France so famous a celebrity as Bernini. Upon his arrival he requested him to make plans for the termination of the Palace of the Louvre on the side facing the old Church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, whence had rung out the fatal tocsin of St. Bartholomew's Eve. But, in spite of Louis' love of the gaudy and ostentatious, the Italian was worsted in the contest by a Frenchman, Claude Perrault, whose plans, impos-



LOUIS XIV TABLE, CONSOLE AND CHAIR LEG TYPES

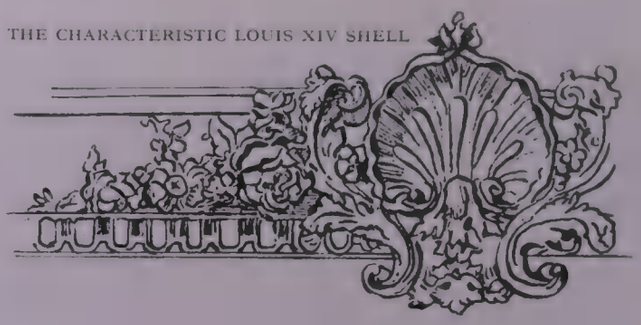
C, E: EARLY TYPES
A: CIRCA 20 YEARS LATER
B, D: LATE STYLES



LOUIS XIV ATTRIBUTE OR PANEL ORNAMENT

ing as they are, clash terribly with the pure Renaissance inner court of Pierre Lescot, and break all rules of classic proportions with their double columns and strange inter-columniation. Now, as a result of this ambition to place his country in the forefront of the art world, and imbued with the knowledge that anything in the shape of pageantry, glitter and show makes a stronger and more direct appeal to the general public than the purer, more chaste, forms, Louis XIV gathered around him the most brilliant artists he could find, principally among his own people. In 1662 he made the famous Jean Baptiste Colbert his Minister of Finance. Two years later he made him *Directeur des Batiments du Roi*, a title which carried with it the superintendency of public buildings, arts and manufactures, and again in 1669 entrusted him with the charge of the French navy. In all these capacities this brilliant minister played an important role in the building up of the "Greater France," but it was in his second post that he offers the greatest interest here, although as Minister of Finance he so accumulated the resources of his country that the royal treasury was enabled to pass safely through a period of extravagant expenditures such as has never been equalled in western lands since the days of ancient Egypt except perhaps by that mad imitator of the "Grand Roi," Ludwig II of Bavaria, the patron of Richard Wagner, who in his palaces of Herrenchiemsee and the Hermitage and Neuschwanstein imitated the most reprehensible side of his namesake's character without the saving qualities of his great love for France and his desire to make her name immortal in the annals of Art. Unfortunately, Louis XIV's love of display showed itself too much in the ephemeral forms of pageantry and lavish entertainments, to such an extent that Colbert

THE CHARACTERISTIC LOUIS XIV SHELL



was constantly forced to remonstrate with him, and on one occasion to write to his royal master, "A useless meal costing three thousand livres inflicts upon me incredible suffering for I consider it essential to refrain from all unnecessary expense in order that your Majesty may have millions to spend without stint whenever by doing so you may promote your glory and the great name of France."

Colbert, with his protégé, Charles Lebrun, was directly responsible for the renown of France in the realm of art, just as Richelieu had in his time done so much to promote the cause of *belles-lettres* and natural science by his foundation of the Académie Française (1632) and the Jardin des Plantes, respectively. In 1660, Lebrun, who was, with the religious painter of the life of St. Bruno, Eustache Lesueur, a pupil of Raphael's disciple, Simon Vouet, had painted a picture for Fontainebleau palace entitled the "Clemency of Alexander" which by its elaborate, rather grandiose, classicism made a strong appeal to this king, who loved to be portrayed in the armor and laurel-wreath of a Caesar. Two years after, Lebrun was appointed *Peintre du Roi*, the king's painter, in which capacity he decorated the famous gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, so well known to travelers as the hall in which the crown jewels of France are now on exhibition. Colbert had seen Lebrun at work at the Chateau de Vaux, where Colbert's predecessor, Nicholas Fouquet, had surpassed even the royal magnificence and so brought about his own downfall, with perpetual imprisonment for his punishment.



LOUIS XIV CHAIR WITH THE COMMONEST FORM OF "X" STRETCHER

Colbert, struck with the artist's evident capabilities for enhancing his lord's grandeur, caused him to receive the important appointment of director of the Gobelins tapestry factory.

In this capacity, Lebrun exercised an incalculable influence over the art products of the entire reign, and in spite of the strictly academic manner which he worked, his pictures are fascinating by their evident relation to the psychological feeling running throughout the kingdom during the reign of *le Grand Monarque*. Lebrun had one characteristic which will appeal to American readers. He was an inveterate worker, never yielding to flattery or a desire to exploit to the full his high position. Between the date of his appointment to the Gobelins and his death in 1690, he made the cartoons for nineteen sets of hangings, equal to no less than 17,153 yards (nearly 10 miles) of tapestries, while he also painted an immense number of pictures, mostly portraits and battle subjects; supervised and even designed in many cases the decorations of the new palaces of Versailles, Marly and St. Germain; drew up plans for a number of miscellaneous structures including churches such as St. Eustache, in front of the great markets in Paris, the splendid Versailles fountains, the Porte St. Martin and Porte St. Denis, the gates of Paris on the Boulevards—and even designed the superstructures of the great brilliantly-decorated ships of war for the new navy, and the royal plate; all this in addition to his routine work of supervising his principal job at the Gobelins factory. Lebrun also possessed the gift which the late Andrew Carnegie used to characterize as the essence of administrative genius, that of surrounding himself with capable assistants, and so we find working under his supervision not only his fellow-countrymen but Flemish and Swiss and Italian artists and craftsmen, such as the famous Jean Jans and his son, who executed the great "Alexander" series of tapestries, the painters Van der Meulen, who executed battle scenes, Monnoyer, the flower painter, Noel and Antoine Coypel, and such skilful sculptors as Philippe Caffieri, the father of the great metal-worker of Louis XV, Jacques Caffieri, and Coysevox, and a number of prominent cabinet-makers among whom the most important were of course Charles André Boulle and Daniel Marot.



DESIGN FOR PILASTER BY JEAN BERAIN. NOTE THE RESEMBLANCE TO RAPHAEL'S FAMOUS PANELS

Among the great designers who were associated with Lebrun, though not actually his employés, were the famous Le Pautre and Jean Berain. Jean Berain's designs were usually light and airy, something after the manner of Raphael's decorative panels in the Vatican, while those of Le Pautre were heavier in their leafy scrollwork, and in a way more in keeping with the general tendency of the period. Berain was frequently inspired by the long-necked grotesques of Jacques du Cerceau, and his work was perhaps more original and French than that of Le Pautre who followed almost slavishly in much of his frieze work the work of the Roman sculptors. It is unnecessary for us to say more about these two men—as our space is limited—but we must stop a moment with Daniel Marot, on account of the important part he played in the evolution of furniture design not only in France but even in England. Daniel Marot revived the pedestal leg which had died away in France after a momentary appearance, *without a stretcher*, in the reign of Louis XIII, through the Italian influence which prevailed at that time. But Marot saw the possibilities of its fine proportions and



MARQUETERIE LIQUEUR CABINET BY BOULLE

good lines as had previously the sixteenth century Florentines, and he made it the basis of his style. The pure Daniel Marot leg is a square pedestal shape with an incut moulded neck, at the summit, a projecting ornamental moulding just below it and then a tapering shaft terminating in another projecting moulding and a square foot. And by the development of this type of leg and its successors can one place a date with almost mathematical precision on a Louis XIV chair. First, we find the absolutely rectilinear back, altogether devoid of any curves whatsoever, and completely upholstered. With it are pure rectilinear pedestal legs, and a diagonal stretcher in the form of a perfectly straight-lined "X." Then began to assert itself a feeling that a roundness here and there would relieve the severity without detracting from the dignity of the chair. So the pedestal leg still square in the tapering section was capped with an inverted cup of leaves or petals, such as acanthus or lotus, while the corners of the back were scrolled, thus breaking the straight top line. The stretcher of this date also began to curve, in the first of those reverse curves in different planes which are such a blot on the artistic shield of the early part of the *Grand Monarque's* reign. This type, however, died out almost as soon as it was born, probably because it made its first appearance on a royal chair—now in the Metropolitan Museum—and so immediately came in for the criticism of a highly-cultured and finely-perceptioned group of courtiers. Then the upholstered back began to lose its stiffness also, and the top line broke into a gentle serpentine arch, but this only happened when the pedestal leg had died out and been replaced by legs composed of a couple of reversed curves, which in their turn at the beginning of the eighteenth century became the cabriole leg. The origin of this cabriole leg was, of course, Flemish, derived from the "S" scroll turned on its end. At first it was turned straight to the front as we see it in Charles I English chairs. Then it was placed cornerwise and the "Dutch Cabriole leg" commenced its fifty-year reign. At the same time the backs lost some of their rectangularity, not only at the top but even on the sides, while the arms from running out from the back in perfect parallel lines, began to splay outwards, first just at the ends, then along their whole length. In the first nineteen years of the eighteenth century, of which the last four belong properly to the Regency period, the furniture of the Louis Quatorze style approached so closely to the Rococo mode of the Regency period and the reign of Louis XV, the Well-Beloved, that many connoisseurs even are deceived as to their date, and museum attributions are in only too many cases erroneous. One point alone will, however, definitely place a chair and even a table or console, though in the last two instances the rule is less rigid, as Louis XIV or Louis XV. We have seen how the pedestal-legged chair, *without a stretcher*, illustrated here is Louis XIII. It is so classed by French experts—it is a well-known piece at the presidential *Palais de l'Elysée*, yet Strange in his "French Interiors, etc.," calls it Louis XIV, probably because of its legs. Now it can be laid down as definite rules: I. That a Louis XIII *French manner* chair has either no stretcher at all, or an "H" stretcher, that is to say, a bar on each side connecting the front and back legs, and another joining these two sidebars. II. That a Louis XIV chair always has a stretcher, and that that stretcher is always placed saltirewise, that is to say, diagonally, joining a right front leg to a left back leg. III. That Regency (1715-1723) chairs, in the first half of the period, approximately speaking, follow the Louis XIV stretcher rule, while in the second half they approach the Louis Quinze no-stretcher principle. IV. That a pure Louis XV chair has much shorter legs, which require no stretcher and there

fore have none. These four laws are almost constant, the exceptions thereto being, when thoroughly examined, found to be later reproductions or frankly fraudulent copies of pieces of the Louis XV or Regency modes. The dates will always be found to be corroborated by other details such as the ubiquitous concave cockle-shell of Louis XIV, or the thickly-strewn carved flowers and foliage of the Regency. Naturally, only wide experience can provide the instinct for the true period of a piece of furniture, and this fact is the cause of three-quarters of the false attributions which do so much harm to the cause of connoisseurship in America, for the critic as a rule bases his attribution too much on certain minor points, such as a curvilinear leg and not enough on general feeling. The shell, previously mentioned, is the decorative motive *par excellence* of the Louis XIV period. It is found everywhere—see illustration—on the apron or valance of a chair, at corners above the leg, in the arm ends, in the cresting—though rarely—on an architectural cornerstone, in tapestry borders, in fact a pure Louis XIV work is seldom without it somewhere. It was a development of the shell-like crown that pagan grotesques wore in Renaissance carving, and underwent that strange evolution, through that loss of comprehension of the original meaning of which I spoke in my last article. In England, the shell became convex, the outside uppermost, on those on Queen Anne furniture. Chippendale used it in the French manner as did his disciple, that most brilliant of American cabinet-makers, William Savery, of Philadelphia, by whom there are a number of splendid pieces in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.



QUEEN ANNE MARQUETERIE CHEST OF DRAWERS. DERIVED FROM THE DUTCH

Louis XIV furniture is extremely ornate, but its decoration—aside from the work of Boulle and his school—consists of carving of the wood itself into scrolls and volutes and flowers and the typical shell. Louis XV pieces of the larger type, such as tables and desks and cabinets, are usually made with parquetted veneer panels as the main body and metal appliques—*cuivre doré* or as we call it ormolu—providing the rococo ornamentation. Volutes are as much a feature of the Louis XIV as of the Louis XV style, but that of the former reign is a simple curve, curled in at the ends, whereas that of the latter is a double parallel curve joined together with bars modeled so as to form "O"-shaped holes between each pair. The French call these connecting bars *bretelles* or braces. The word rococo, which began to come into general use around the year 1718, is a corruption of two words, *rocaille* and *coquille*, rockery and shell, expressing the principal decorative motive of the Regency and the reign of Louis XV. But the shell, here, is not the Louis XIV cockle-shell, as some writers aver, but the volute, which is a sectional view of that mollusc.

The period style of Louis XIV was destined to play a most important role in the evolution of English eighteenth-century styles, although on account of the hiatus of nineteen years, during which English furniture design came under a pure Dutch domination, the influence of the *Grand Monarque* is almost unrecognized and the credit for influence upon the Early Georgian mode given to Louis XV. Even in France, the "eighteenth century" as an art term is generally taken to refer to the "*Bien-Aimé*," Louis XV. But whereas the pedestal leg of Daniel Marot, rounded to suit the English taste, was a direct child of that Louis XIV feature, it was an early one, while the ornate period of that monarch's reign was repeated in England, in the so-called "Decorated Queen Anne" and "Lion" sub-divisions of the Early Georgian style. This subject will be treated in our next article.

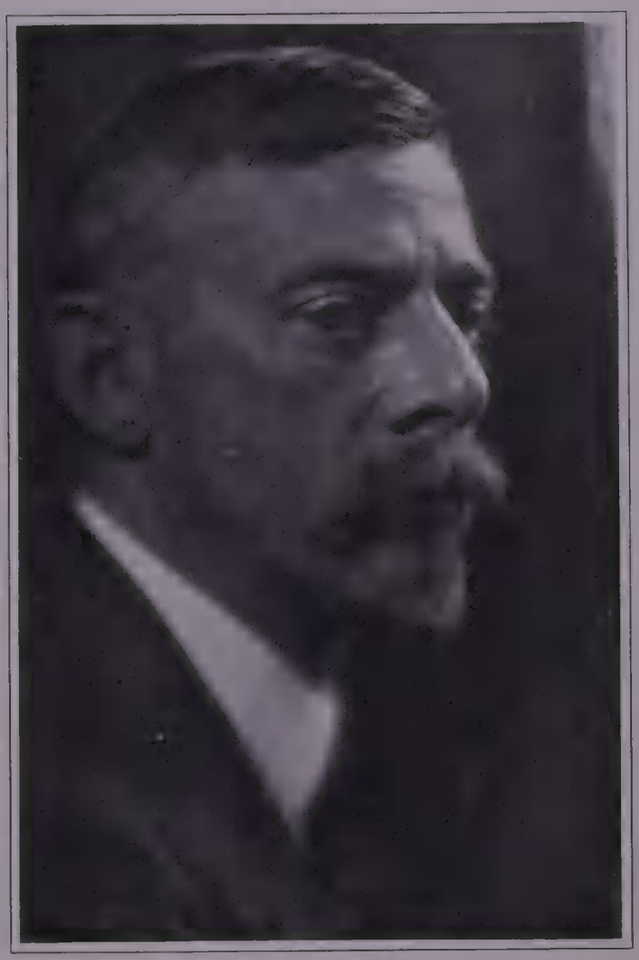
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

LOUIS DESSAR, TONALIST

Painter who began his artistic career as a portraitist later followed the Barbizon tradition of landscape

William B. M'GORMICK

AMONG the students who went to Paris in the last quarter of the nineteenth century to study with Bouguereau, Robert-Fleury, Benjamin Constant and at the *École des Beaux-Arts* it became a tradition that every one of them who became a really first-rate figure painter was destined to "go in" for portraits. This tradition, when looked at in retrospect after nearly forty years, became an actuality in the beginning of the professional careers of most of these students. Many of them, indeed, have become famous in that field, while others, after painting portraits for short or long periods of time, have abandoned that form of art chiefly because of an inability to harmonize their ideas with those of their sitters. What causes influenced these men who have turned away from portrait painting, as in the case of one who became our most renowned painter of sporting dogs, towards other categories of painting would furnish an interesting contribution to the psychology of art if they were all recorded. But no single one of such explanations would present so wholly artistic a reason as does the case of Louis Paul Dessar who won his first public honor through a story-telling picture, was a portrait painter for nearly ten years, and yet is now best known as a painter of landscapes, almost the last of the school of American "Tonalists" who were the most popular artists of the country in the first decade of the twentieth century.



LOUIS PAUL DESSAR — *Photograph by Pirie MacDonald*

Dessar began his career as an art student in the schools of the National Academy of Design in the 1880's, in that period when art in the United States was still feeling the first great awakening caused by the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, an event whose profound influence on the arts and crafts in this country is too faintly acknowledged by our art historians, too little appreciated by lay students of these subjects. The foreign art shown at the Centennial, and more especially that of the French section, seemed to have in it an irresistible appeal, particularly for our younger painters, and they responded to it by following the star to where it blazed over Paris. Dessar was among the second flight of young Americans who went to France to study in that era of the rise of the *Beaux Arts* as the dominating influence in art schools and as the successor to Munich in that role. For individual teachers he had Bouguereau and Robert-Fleury, the great Tony suggesting in class one day that Dessar should develop a painting from a sketch he had made. The young American went off to Etaples at the first opportunity and painted from studies made there "The Departure for the Fishing" which won for him the third-class medal at the Salon of 1891. This work is now in the Omaha Art Galleries.

But the tradition of the honor-winning figure man of those teachers and that school unconsciously, perhaps, worked its spell on young Dessar who was not then twenty-five years old. The tradition operated with him for eight years after his return to the United States in 1892 and during all those years he painted portraits in New



"THE WOODCUTTERS" BY LOUIS PAUL DESSAR

York in the winter, going to France every summer, his most famous subject of that time, although not his most important portrait, being Richard Croker the political boss of New York. The difference is marked between fame and importance owing to the fact that Dessar's resolution to shift his ground was formed while painting the portrait of a New York society woman in her own drawing-room in which were hung some of her husband's then famous collection of paintings. As Dessar stood in that room at work on the canvas, painted there for the sitter's convenience, surrounded by some of the most beautiful landscapes of the Barbizon school, these stirred him as he rarely had been by either portraiture or the figure.

As he worked there, so Dessar tells the story, with those calm and exquisite visions of the French countryside and forests spaced around the walls, there came to him the conviction that in such paintings there were preserved sounder traditions of the uttermost beauty in art, a more profound realization of its finest message, than can be found in the two *genres* he knew best and to which he had been devoting fifteen years of his life. By the time he finished the portrait he had determined that he must justify his conviction through landscape humanized by workers in the fields and woods and the farm animals with which their toil is associated. The portrait completed he went to France putting such things away from him for good and all; and under the spell of those remembered canvases in that luxurious drawing-room, working in the French landscape, he wrought out of the portrait painting Dessar a new figure in the American art world, Dessar the "Tonalist."

Since the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century the hitherto placid current of American art (disturbed violently only once—and that by the followers of the Impressionist school who broke away from the National Academy of Design to form the Society of American Artists) has been swirled this way and that under the coming of the schools of Cubism and its even more freakish successors. So many rows have been generated by the advent of these short-lived movements that memories of events in our art world before the "Armory Show" was held in New York must be limited to those who took an active part in them. And except to such, the place occupied by the Tonalists between 1900 and 1910 is scarcely known. As it was, in those years there



"MISTY MORNING" BY LOUIS PAUL DESSAR

was little heard of in picture galleries or in art talk but the Tonalist school and of the men who followed it, Dessar, Kost, Minor, Bogert among others. All the leading collectors of American paintings bought these works eagerly, showed them in loan exhibitions with pride, and fought for them spiritedly and with many dollars.

But this Tonalist movement, in common with all art movements that are overdone by their disciples, came to an almost abrupt end before it was more than a few years old. Of its leading figures only Bogert and Dessar survive today and Dessar's conviction has never once failed him nor has success ever deserted him. Exhibiting less often than the average American landscape painter (a one-man show by him is practically unknown nowadays), he works steadily at such canvases as are reproduced in these pages, in his isolated home crowning Becket Hill near Lyme, Connecticut, from spring to late autumn, and in a studio in New York in the harshest winter months. His sheep wander slowly along tree-embowered lanes beneath a softly brilliant sky, his oxen and horses haul loads of wood through the same rustic thoroughfares, his woodcutters ply their long saws through felled trees, each one of these motives being found on his estate that spreads its six hundred acres over farm and pasture and woodland. It was a part of Dessar's conviction as to the high qualities of those immortal French landscapes which so changed the current of his artistic life that sound craftsmanship was not the least of their attributes, and that such work is not accomplished dashingly but only after slow, laborious days. As a rule he spends two years working at one of his paintings before he is ready to have it leave his studio and this interval represents unfailing effort to acquire a soft but definite brilliancy and a quality of permanency that comes from his long and scientifically practical study of pigments and the action of light rays on them. If Austin Dobson, who in one of his charming poems complained of the scant time we have for art's delays, could have watched the slow progress of one of Dessar's canvases he might still have written that phrase but he could not have believed in it so firmly.

Dessar does not make a merit of this method of working. He simply believes that good work in creative art can not be arrived at otherwise. And by his slow, patient earnestness he arrives always at the kind of pictorial beauty which so fired his ambition when the world and he were twenty-five years younger.

Photographs by courtesy of the John Levy Galleries

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

THE OTHER DAY at luncheon a famous actress and eminent critic—this not being a day-book I can't mention names—were discussing what was wrong with the theatre. The actress complained of her audiences. She told of all the trying audiences she had had to play to, how they chattered, how they coughed, how they always laughed at the wrong places. In particular she told of a man who the week before had, from his seat in the front row of the stalls, carried on an enthralling and painfully audible conversation with himself all through the first act. She had glared at him, but to no effect. He was thoroughly contented with life. So, in the interval she had him removed.

We were all of course duly sympathetic, the critic especially so. For my own part I was a little sorry for the man, too. By the second act he would probably have been fast asleep, and I have always thought that to be able to sleep through a second act must be a most precious gift. But the critic thought differently. A drunken man in the front row of the stalls was to him a symbol of the disrespect in which the drama is popularly held. He propounded a theory. Children, he said, are brought up to respect poetry, music and painting. They are taken to children's symphony concerts at the age of seven, go to the Metropolitan for study hours every week. Thus a reverence for great art is instilled in childhood. But for the drama they are taught no such reverence. On the contrary, they are forbidden to go, until prohibition is powerless. At the worst the theatre is stigmatized as essentially immoral. At the best, it is just a "show," a form of extravagance and dissipation. Now were the child taught to reverence the drama in the same way that he is taught to reverence art and music, conditions in the theatre might be wholly different. Such was my friend the critic's argument.

I tried to protest, but words—alas—come slowly to me and I was drowned in a flood of eloquence. I could only boil at the suggestion, as I boil now at the very thought. With all its faults, the theatre is a human place; but to introduce a spirit of false reverence were to make it as inhuman as a concert hall or a museum. Friendly folks join in theatre parties, with dinner before and supper after and maybe dancing. Their faces are happy. They are out for a good time. But whoever saw a happy face in a museum? Whoever heard of a museum party? People go to a museum to be "educated," without knowing what education means. They hate to seem ignorant. They want culture. Pah! What is the use of culture, of knowledge, of education, if their possession does not add a greater zest to life? What is the cultural value of an enforced interest concealing unutterable boredom? The theatregoers have the right spirit. They pay their money and ask only to be given a good time.

No theatre audience, however dumb, ever approached the dumbness of a museum crowd or concert audience. And if you doubt this statement consider for a moment that the prize audience in town, the Philadelphia, sat through and applauded a programme consisting of Bloch's *Solomon*, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, with Stravinsky's *Symphonies* sandwiched in between! Offer a theatre audience a bill of mixed Maeterlinck and Bernard Shaw and there will be a riot. They are no gourmets: but pickles and ice-cream!

My dear, let me retract my sympathy. On the contrary, you are fortunate to play to an audience of human beings. *En ce qui concerne l'art*, I positively long for the day when I shall see a drunken man in a museum. Oh for the day when a gay party sets off singing: "Let's go to the Met. and see old Botticelli." After all, why not? There is far more gaiety and life and vigor in the staidest of Florentine Madonnas than there is in the *Follies*. And that is sober truth.

And here is another bit of truth. Art is reverenced, granted. Well, as I write, Duveen has just opened the most astounding exhibition of Italian painting ever seen outside of Italy. The entrance fee is $2 to be devoted to the Fifth Avenue Hospital. Were you there? Two dollars, I said. And a seat at the Music Box costs . . . ?

No one should be allowed inside a museum until he or she is of age, and the word "Art" should be given an improper connotation and thus erased from polite conversation.

If one could only clear away this cant of reverence one could breathe easier. A satirist is needed. One who would laugh impartially at artist and public. A titanic laughter might move mountains. And what rich material lies at his hand. Having slammed the art public here goes at the artist. A true story. It was at Neuilly, at the house of the worst sculptor in France. A charming man, of course, with a profound knowledge of Gothic. We sat at tea, Madame doing the honors, the master absent. We talked of post-

war conditions. Of how hard life was. Large dinner parties were almost out of the question, since servants had gotten so trying. Box parties at the opera were so rare. We thought of the town house at Neuilly, of the fourteenth century chateau entirely furnished with pure Gothic—and sighed sympathetically. Evidently life was hard. Those English were to blame. And Wilson. . . .

By way of changing the subject, we inquired after the Maitre. He was well. But—*helas*—he scarcely worked these days. He had lost heart. You see, said Madame, he knew every stone in the façade of Rheims. He had studied them since he was a child. He loved them. . . . And when Rheims was destroyed, he lost heart. What is the use, he said? If my work is to suffer the same fate, what is the use?

By way of reparation to French sculptors, another story, this time of Aristide Maillol. Maillol lives at Banyuls, on the Gulf of Lyons, a few miles from the Spanish frontier. It is the old province of Roussillon, that formed with Spanish Catalonia, for a hectic half century, part of the kingdom of Majorca, a pawn in the game between Their Majesties of France and Spain. The king of Majorca had his capital at Perpignan, where his splendid Citadelle even now stands, though vastly enlarged in later centuries and today degraded to the rank of barracks. All this has no direct bearing on the story, except to explain the fierce local pride of the Perpignanais. It is the same pride that you encounter throughout the provinces of France, a legacy of feudal days when Provence and Acquitaine were real politics and France hardly yet a name. But in Roussillon this pride is intensified. The peasants speak, not French, but Catalan. The bourgeois too when at their ease. There is a Catalan literature, Catalan poetry, Catalan music. They are French—yes. And over the border they are Spanish. But deep down in their hearts they are neither French nor Spanish. They are free and independent Catalans.

So when a prominent local painter dies—what do they care whether Paris has ever heard of him? —they must do him honor. A committee is formed, a memorial projected. There must be a statue—costing of course as little as possible—flowers, eloquence, memorial odes. . . . Above all, the names of the committee must appear in all the local papers, together with their photographs.

The death of poor Terrus—for some reason he is always spoken of as *le pauvre Terrus*—afforded an excellent opportunity for flowers and eloquence. Terrus painted rather lovely landscapes, unambitious, but not without charm of color. Also he was a true Catalan, coming from an old Elne family. So the inevitable committee was formed, on which Maillol, as a friend of the artist, was invited to serve. The inevitable financial discussion took place. Oratory was forthcoming in plenty, but precious little hard cash. So Maillol, who cares more for placing his work on a fine site in perpetuity than for any financial return, saved the situation by offering to donate the bronze head which he had made of Terrus some years before—you can find it in *The Arts* for February under the title of "Head of M. T." The offer was made subject to two conditions, that Maillol should select the site, and that the committee should have a marble pedestal made, following Maillol's design. The offer was joyfully accepted and plans went forward.

Thereupon Maillol was taken ill and forced to leave the conduct of the affair to his son. The site was duly chosen, the pedestal made, and the day of "inauguration" drew near. Maillol was just well enough to attend. When he arrived, the committee were all assembled; the mayor in state, surrounded by his councillors; the Perpignanais in their best clothes, with flowers in their buttonholes; relations of *le pauvre Terrus* from Elne; friends from Ceret and Port Vendres. The orators were ready with their eloquence, the poets with their odes, all the world with flowers. Maillol took his place, only glancing across to see that the bronze was in position. It was—but under it a pedestal—at the very thought Maillol's beard begins to quiver and his speech to resemble a locomotive getting up speed—not Maillol's design but—"*mais . . . mais . . . c'était une horreur!*" (The parsimonious committee had sought to improve on Maillol's design and had commissioned a pedestal from a local architect.) His shoulders shaking with anger, Maillol strode through the crowd, seized the bronze in both hands, and tried to wrench it by main force from the pedestal. As it resisted, he picked up the nearest implement he could lay hands on—a hammer—and was proceeding to smash the marble when one of the committee, in terror for its safety, ran up and showed him how it was attached. Unscrewing the bolt that held it, Maillol lifted the bronze from the damaged pedestal, thrust it under his arm, elbowed his way through the crowd—and went home, leaving them with their eloquence, their odes and their flowers, in front of a decapitated and dishonored pedestal.

What followed is not recorded, for Maillol, who told me the story—marveling still at his own fury—did not stay to see. But the scene can be imagined. The whole town was split into two

factions; on the one hand the few supporters of Maillol; on the other the friends of the outraged architect, the family of Terrus, the committee, above all, the disappointed orators. The newspapers published violent attacks, written probably by the aforesaid orators. The partisans of Maillol replied. Finally an enterprising journalist on *Le Coq Catalan* decided to submit the matter to a higher court. He addressed a round-robin to all the leading sculptors in Paris—Bourdelle, Despiau, Bernard, Brancusi . . . , asking them whether in their opinion Maillol was justified in his action. The result was a triumph for Maillol. The sculptors were unanimous.

But the feud was not dead when I arrived in Banyuls, months later, though a partial rapprochement had been effected. A new pedestal had been made, faithful this time to Maillol's design, and the definite inauguration was to take place on the next Sunday. This time all went well, though the assembly was sadly diminished. The speeches were duly made, the odes declaimed. There were flowers, though not in such profusion. Half of the town at least was happy. The other half looked forward to the return match—*la revanche*.

In effect, another distinguished citizen had had the grace to die in the interval. A similar committee had been formed. Fresh odes were in process of composition. A bust had been ordered of the worst sculptor in the neighborhood. And when I left Perpignan I saw, opposite the Maillol bronze, the rejected pedestal, neatly repaired.

Pauvre Terrus. . . .



Continuing in the same vein the following somewhat libelous verse and accompanying woodcut are too good to be passed by. I have no right to reprint them, but doubtless the publishers will not mind, if I state that they are from a little book of jingles entitled *Libellus Lapidum* (*The Little Book of the Stones*) by H. P. and D. J., printed and published at St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, Sussex, and on sale at the bookstore of E. Weyhe. H. P. is one of the Pepler family and D. J. stands for David Jones, a pupil of Eric Gill. The St. Dominic's Press is run by Gill and Pepler.

EPSTEIN AND JOHN

Epstein and John
have both "got on";
we should not scoff
if they both got off;
for, to mention
our intention
in saying this
which might be mis-
understood,
they seem too good
and tough
for the rich
to which
a Lavery is savoury
enough.

Condolences to Sir William Lavery may be in order.

The first fact which emerges from this year's *Salon* (Exhibition of the Salons of America, Inc., independent society founded by the late Hamilton Field as a protest against the monopoly of management in the Independents) is that it is fatal to show a picture in New York. Someone is bound to copy it.

Of course, most of us have known that for years. The Renoir school (headed by Kenneth Hayes Miller and numbering how many scores of pupils?), the Pissarro school (immensely in vogue, endowed with academic sanction, and so numerous that it can not be centralized), the Cézanne school (waning in popularity; I should say that Grossman is now the leading exponent), to say nothing of the hundreds of paintings perpetrated yearly *in the manner of* van Gogh, Gauguin, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, etc., have taught us that it is as unsafe to place a picture near an American artist as it is to leave a child near an open fire; with this

important difference, that in the one case there is likely to be a merry conflagration, while in the other one is lucky if one gets a pillar of smoke! And this is true not merely of the "moderns" and their foreign models; the Academy is in no better way. The Carlsen school (I speak of his still-life manner) must have numbered well over a dozen, years ago, and as for the followers of Redfield, Madison Square Garden were barely large enough to show their work. (I note that the Metropolitan bought one of the latter the other day; not a Redfield, but it will be in fifty years, if the label gets lost.)

But the astonishing thing about this year's Salon is that is shows in striking fashion the rapidity with which a personality is able to impose himself. Thus in February the Whitney Studio Club gave an exhibition of Maillol's sculpture, at which some drawings were shown. And in March the New Gallery launched the Russian *décorateur* Soudeikine. Mind you, here it is no question of anything so intangible as an *influence*. The painters in question have deliberately abdicated their own eyes in favor of someone else's. It is like the old game that children still play of asking each other who, if they could change, they would like to be. All the girls plump for Mary Pickford, and the boys hesitate between Rudolf Valentino and Bill Hart. But whereas in the child's case the game may have a certain biological justification (vide the Shavian theory of creative evolution in *Man and Superman* and *Back to Methuselah*), in the artist's case it operates in precisely the opposite manner. Whereas the child will tend to expand by the imaginate effort of dramatizing himself into the personality of another, the artist tends inevitably to shrink by the shutting off of his own imagination and the adoption of a purely external *procédé*. N. B. It is not very hard to draw *somewhat like* Maillol. I have tried.

What is to be done about it? Most of us, who are quite content with a picture so long as it is reasonably well done, will say "Nothing." I demur. An obviously haunted picture is damnation. I don't care how distinguished the ghost is. He may be a great artist like Maillol or an illustrator like Soudeikine. It is no great matter. Indeed the second case may be preferable to the first. A copy of a Soudeikine is still an illustration, even if second hand. A copy of a Maillol is mere emptiness. No, the need is for a general protest against the whole tribe of plagiarists, however talented, however distinguished. After all, Monet and Pissarro were in their prime forty years ago. Cézanne has been dead eighteen years, Gauguin twenty-one and van Gogh over thirty! Even since the Armory Show ten years have passed. Is is not time that the *retardataires* were laughed out of court?

After all, this is—or was to be—the age of the individualist. . . .

The second fact which emerges from this year's *Salon* is more promising. Modern American painting is beginning to crystalize and there are signs that the resultant will be as little like Picasso as it will be utterly unlike Sargent. The Cézanne—and other—esques had best look to their laurels. But this is a subject for next month, when we will discuss the whole season.

A word about sales. The "blind" auction of Jerome Blum's pictures at the Anderson Galleries has resulted in ninety-eight pictures being sold for around $3000. While this is not "big business" as the newspapers understand it, its significance is in many respects far greater than the much advertised $30,000 sales. One hears a great deal about the prices paid for Winslow Homers and their importance to American art. To my mind the purchase of a $100 picture by a man of small means is infinitely more important than the purchase of a $40,000 Winslow Homer by a millionaire collector. Indeed the advertizing of high prices tends to put art back into the class of unattainable luxuries, and frightens away potential buyers. In this sale (bids were placed in a sealed box, and the highest bidder became the owner, irrespective of price) *at least fifty people became picture owners who had never bought a picture before*. Sales like the Hartley-Rosenberg auction, the "Artists' Derby" and the Blum sale are slowly creating conditions under which the artist may in future be able to live.

Apropos of the portrait published in the May issue I have received the following:—

DEAR SIR:—

On page one-fifty-one of the May INTERNATIONAL STUDIO you have shown a portrait which immediately drew my attention. Unhesitatingly I looked for the name Nordfelt.

To your first question I say that I think it is splendid. I have already answered your second. To your third I say yes. To your fourth I say: I do not know of any American *portrait* painter capable of painting a head so full of power but I do know of an American *painter* who *can* and *does*. He is Nordfelt of Santa Fe.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) HOMER L. DODGE,

Professor of Physics,
The University of Oklahoma.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CHINESE SCULPTURE. *By Leigh Ashton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $15.*

THERE has been accumulating in recent years a body of magazine material on the subject of Chinese sculpture written by authorities like Berthold Laufer, Lawrence Binyon, Paul Pelliot, Edouard Chavannes and Stephen W. Bushell, but so far no book has appeared other than the portfolio devoted entirely to animal sculpture by H. d'Ardenne de Tizac, keeper of the Cernuschi Museum in Paris. Upon these and an occasional note in the bulletin of some museum the student of Chinese sculpture has been forced to depend. Yet the art of sculpture was one of the most important, if not the most important, of the varied expressions of Chinese creativeness, and there exist both in America and Europe many pieces of the first rank whose presence calls for just such a book as Mr. Ashton's. It is true, of course, that European scholarship has been able only in recent years to deal with any division of Chinese art, but the gap has been lessened noticeably by the appearance of a series, of which this volume is one, on the arts of China, some of the authors being Hobson, Waley, Hetherington and Pope-Hennessy.

The present volume, although a study of sculpture, provides the historical background which few readers are able to bring to the subject. Mr. Ashton goes back to the origins of sculpture in the distant Hsia period, beginning about 2200 B.C., and, noting the first objects that may be called sculpture, some bone carvings found on the site of the city of Yin of the Shang dynasty (1766–1122) and also the occasional bronzes of the Chou (1122–255 B.C.) and the Ch'in (221–210 B.C.) periods, he reaches the Han dynasty which supplies the first considerable number of works in stone, both in the round and in relief. Since the book was published word has come from China of the discovery by Carl W. Bishop of the Freer Gallery of Art of some stone sculpture in the Wei Valley near the great stone horse, at the grave of the general Ho Chü-p'ing (117 B.C.), which is illustrated in Mr. Ashton's book. The Han period is pre-Buddhistic, and the sculptures that survive, including the remarkable bas-reliefs whose influence persisted through succeeding dynasties, are largely funerary. Buddhism entered China during the first century A.D. but its real influence in art did not make itself felt until the third or fourth century. It then took the field, and except for the animal sculptures which were inspired by a kind of symbolism that long antedated Buddhism, the sculptors of China rarely thought of any subjects other than the God of Mercy, Avalokitesvara, Maitreya, the manifestation of the Buddha as the God of Love, and Amida, the creator of the Western Paradise. In later times the identity of the God of Mercy, Avalokitesvara, became merged with the Goddess of Mercy, Kuan-yin, who is perhaps an earlier figure than that of the God, eclipsed for a time by the new beliefs. It was during the Sung epoch that the sexless divinities which had prevailed since the introduction of Buddhism were exchanged for those of feminine form as a result of the translation of the Tantric sutras and the worship of the Sakti or feminine energy of these deities.

There is a chapter on the distribution of cave sculpture in China and a map showing the location of the principal caves. There is a chapter on the detection of forgeries, and, as an introduction to the whole book, there is a description of the materials used, which included, besides the conventional stone, wood and bronze, dry lacquer, employed in a process which is described in detail.

Of the more than seventy sculptures illustrated, the oldest is a Chou bronze in the Eumorfopoulos Collection, London, and the most beautiful a Kuan-yin of the Sung period from the same collection. Fully half of the illustrations outside of the funeral groups in China are in collections in this country. Among them is the beautiful pillar formed by four Bodhisattvas in the Metropolitan Museum, a stone figure of Maitreya from the Freer Gallery, a stone Avalokitesvara from the Havemeyer Collection, New York, a wooden statue of Kuan-yin from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and a kneeling Bodhisattva owned by Greville L. Winthrop of New York.

ENGLISH HOMES. PERIOD II—VOLUME I. EARLY TUDOR, 1485–1558. *By H. Avery Tipping, M. A., F. S. A. Country Life, London. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $25.*

MOST of the books on periods in architecture fall into one of two classes: either they are so technical that they interest only architects and decorators or, lacking scholarship, they seek general interest through sentimentality. It is therefore with great pleasure that one finds a book in which the author has been able to combine complete technical data and historical fact and incident in a way which will give satisfaction and enjoyment to both professional and layman.

The book may be divided into two parts; an introduction in which the origins and characteristics of the early Tudor style are explained, and detailed descriptions of twenty-seven of the finest examples of houses of the period. There are more than four hundred illustrations, reproduced from excellent and well-chosen photographs. These, with Mr. Tipping's text, will give the reader a clear comprehension of this style. In addition to that the author has used his material so well that a definite picture of England in the sixteenth century is given. It is evident that a great deal of careful research has gone into the making of this volume but the text is never heavy. One feels that Mr. Tipping has a complete grasp and a real fondness for his subject and so has been able to present it simply.

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART. *By Sir Charles Holmes. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.*

WHAT the director of the National Gallery in London has done in this volume is to write a glorified guidebook to the Italian sections of his museum or, to regard it from another viewpoint, a study of art limited to the field covered from Duccio to Guardi based on the works by these men included in the collections of the National Gallery. The seeker for light on modern art will find but little illumination through these pages and that only of a most reactionary kind, Sir Charles laying down the rule that it is only through the study of the old masters that the young artists of today may really learn the essentials of their trade. To those who care most for the old masters and enjoy reading competent critical studies of

them Sir Charles' text will afford great pleasure. He knows the paintings in his great gallery by heart. His memory is rich in anecdotes not too familiar. His enthusiasm is of a piece with these other qualities. And in spite of his deprecating air as to his work it is first rate, although the seeker for information about modern art will find little here. Selected to give point to the letterpress, the illustrations serve this purpose admirably and will help both reader and student.

OLD NAVAL PRINTS: Their Artists & Engravers. *By Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N. The Studio, Limited, London. Price, 3 Guineas.*

One of the minor consequences of a war afloat is a sudden increase of interest on the part of landsmen in many matters concerned with maritime affairs. Among collectors in the art world this takes the form of a desire to possess pictures of ships or to own a ship model or two. The publishers of Commander Robinson's work seek to satisfy the first of these ambitions. Of course a volume of reproductions of prints is simply a substitute for the real things, many of which are inaccessible to the average collector either because they are in museums or of such great rarity as to command prohibitive prices. As a substitute, however, this collection will serve its purpose admirably if the naval print collector is satisfied to end his record with the year 1815, when "the era of fighting under sails practically came to an end."

About one hundred prints are reproduced in the volume, twenty-four of them in color. Arranged chronological order they cover the period from the "Ark Royal" of 1587 to the capture of the "President" in 1815. Commander Robinson's text contains a modicum of consideration of the artistic aspects of these prints with an oversupply of British naval history, although each reproduction has beneath it a complete statement of its makers, publishers and dates. The historical note below Rosenberg's engravings of Huggins' picture of the capture of the American schooner "Gypsy" in the war of 1812 states she had "two ferocious dogs" on board that fought with the crew against the British boarding party, these being dogs of war in earnest.

THE ART OF FRESCO PAINTING. *By R. La Montagne St. Hubert. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. Price, $1.50.*

There is a constant reminder of Cennino Cennini in this little book on the technique of fresco painting; it is equally direct and simple, although it has not the charm of the Italian. There are a regrettable number of typographical errors, and, even more unfortunately, the author, who gave this material in a series of lectures at the American School of Fine Arts at Fontainebleau, falls slightly short of perfect command of English. He falls so little short that this probably was not noticed in his lectures, but the reader is sometimes mystified. For instance, such a passage as this (he is contrasting the way in which the old masters transferred their sketches to the wall with modern methods) is rather difficult to figure out: "The criticism that I bring to bear on this old tradition of rough-casting the wall, and the summary sketch made by means of colors simply diluted with water but that the rough-cast, already dry, absorbs no more and which, remaining on the surface will find itself absorbed by the definite mortar, impregnating even to coloring it in places with these colorations so lasting, of oxide of iron." However, this occasional ambiguity by no means nullifies the value of the book for the artist who is mastering the processes of fresco painting. It is crammed with directions, hints, cautions, based not only on the author's experience but also on that of his teacher, Paul Baudoin, a pupil of Puvis, who spent a life-time in wresting the secrets of fresco painting from the Primitives and from Giotto. This is literally a text book, describing step by step, the preparation of the wall, the mixing of the mortar, how to transfer the sketch to the wall, colors, brushes, patches, retouching and the application of gold. A final chapter on early French and Italian frescoes felicitates the former for their freedom from "sacrilegious restoration," and laments the modern retouching which the latter have undergone, particularly in encaustic, which has given a heavy look to their color.

A SAMPLER OF CASTILLE. *By Roger Fry. The Hogarth Press, Richmond, England. Price, 25 shillings.*

Roger Fry seldom adopts, in any of his writing, a pontifical air. In this book, the record of a holiday in Spain, there is almost no trace of the professional art critic on tour. There is, however, a pleasant series of comments and impressions of cities and towns, inns, palaces, cathedrals, artists and bootblacks. The essays are not precious or whimsical: they are the accounts of a man with sensitive perceptions of the things that have interested him. Through them all runs a quiet humor which is only too rare in a book whose underlying theme is art. Reproductions of sixteen drawings by the author are included in the volume.

TAPESTRIES OF THE LOWLANDS. *By Heinrich Göbel. Brentano's, New York. Price, $15.*

This is the first of a series of four volumes which the author intends to be a complete history of tapestry weaving. In its present form, an English translation condensed from the German, Dr. Göbel presents over five hundred illustrations of Flemish tapestries, a series of plates of weavers' and manufacturers' marks and one hundred pages of condensed but illuminating text. This latter includes chapters on the making of tapestries, the interpretation of the designs and symbols and a review of the products and characteristics of each of the Flemish looms. In addition to the black and white illustrations there are two fine color plates. As a book of reference, both factual and pictorial, it is of real value.

MEDIÆVAL CRAFTSMANSHIP AND THE MODERN AMATEUR. *By Newton Wethered. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, $3.50.*

Until one turns to the actual title page of Mr. Wethered's book and reads there the explanatory subtitle, "more particularly with reference to metal and enamel," its general title is completely misleading. Within the compass of the subject of craftswork in metal and enamel, however, the letterpress is first-rate as a guide to the amateur worker in these mediums who may wish to become a professional. In addition to explaining the joining of metals, it describes enameling in its several phases, the manipulation of sheet-metal, niello, casting in metal, casting in clay, and there is a chapter devoted to suggestions of color for woodwork. In its field this is a decidedly worth-while crafts guide for the amateur.

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

MANY books on English furniture do not even mention the delectable Windsor chair, which we all know and love. This is, perhaps, because no great cabinet-maker can lay claim to its design. It was probably country bred and its sturdy simplicity born of the lowly three-legged stool, an ancestor whose characteristics were easily reproduced. Almost any local carpenter could make a seat of one piece of wood and bore holes in it into which the legs were thrust. Of such a type were the first Windsors. Stick legs without a stretcher and the arms extended in one piece around the chair. Later the seat, to be more comfortable, was fashioned saddle-form, and there were variations in the number and shape of the spindles that formed the back.



ENGLISH WINDSOR CHAIR FROM STAIR & ANDREW

The varying forms of the splat are the clues which lead to the date of production. The finest designs were produced about 1740 to 1770, the cabriole legs being slender and well shaped and the fiddle back delicately ornamented. The wheel-back variety was a later development and when the horse-shoe or bow-back became popular, the splat was dispensed with entirely. Many of our own types were direct copies of the bow-back chairs. In the delightful studios of Stair & Andrew one can find many varieties of old English Windsors and can study the subtle charm of line and proportion that gives them their distinction. They have long held their popularity and this may be due in part to the fact that they are really comfortable, a virtue denied many other examples of antique furniture.

LIGHTING is a subject upon which we have just begun to touch. With the modernists it plays a salient part, because the strong colors used in their decoration depend for their harmony and effect upon the modifications and subtleties of light. We are eliminating the chandelier which has its legitimate place in salon and ball-room, and the inverted dome which, unhappily, had and still has so great a vogue.

Much delightful pottery is made here in America, but we must concede that China and Japan have made the richest contributions to the potter's craft. The whole essence of their art seems hidden in the inscrutable mystery that clings to the magic hues that have found their



LAMP FROM YAMANAKA & COMPANY

way, we know not how, into the bowls and jars and vases of old China and Japan. When mounted, those rare old pieces make exquisite lamps. Yamanaka & Co. not only have brought many such beautiful examples to this country which they have transformed into lamps, but they have also utilized for this purpose delightful figures of gods and goddesses made of porcelain and bronze, jade and smoky crystal, lapis-lazuli and enamels, which were probably taken from ancient temples.

THERE is much to be said about the proper proportions of a lamp—not only should it conform to the size of the room and the table upon which it stands, but it should also portray a sense of balance, the base sturdily sustaining

the shade and the thing as a whole forming a beautiful composition. To achieve this will necessitate good judgment in selecting the shade. In contour it should harmonize with the lines of the bowl, vase or whatever form the lamp assumes, and its color must be wisely chosen both in relation to the lamp and the room. There are innumerable varieties of lamp shades ranging from those of the strictly "tailored" type to those flaunting frivolous frills, so that "style" also plays an important role in their choice. Miss St. John



SKETCH FOR A ROOM BY MISS ST. JOHN

specializes in assembling all kinds of lamps for all manner of rooms. She gathers together interesting bits of pottery, unique examples of carved wood, brass candles and bronze vases, some domestic, others imported, and transforms them into lamps, selecting those most appropriate to a given environment.

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IT HAS TAKEN us a little time to recover from the horrors of the "what-not" period, but at last we are able to appreciate the full beauty and usefulness of that rather princely piece of



SIXTEENTH CENTURY CABINET FROM A. KIMBEL & SON

furniture—the cabinet. Perhaps there is no other example of the cabinet-maker's art upon which such richness of craftsmanship and wealth of design has been lavished. There are some delightful examples of old cabinets to be had at A. Kimbel & Son—one, a fine old sixteenth century French piece embellished with handsome carving done in high relief.

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

Of all the "Old Masters" modern painters are most in sympathy with Giotto and El Greco. And, in any discussion of art, these two names stand for fixed quantities, for an approach, at least, to finality in their respective schools. Whereas Giotto has for centuries been recognized as one of the greatest artists it is only within recent years that El Greco has been brought out from the obscurity which enveloped him for so long. Even today the work of this master is by no means as widely known as its quality warrants. Many of the lesser Italians are more familiar than this Greek who lived and worked in Spain. For this reason, and because of the relation between his work and some of the best that is being done today International Studio will publish, in the next issue, a splendidly illustrated article by Justin Blake on this painter's life and work. It is written from a catholic point of view, since the author believes that all works of art, no matter of what period, have a common quality. He has tried to show the close relationship between the work of El Greco, admitted to be great art by even the most conservative, and that of some of the so-called modern painters about whom there is, also among conservatives, some doubt. Whether he succeeds or not is for the reader to judge.

In the August issue International Studio is going to try an experiment. In that number will be a story by Stephen Chalmers, a fiction story, which he calls *The Man Who Couldn't Paint*. It is quite long—in other publications it would be called a novelette. The scene is in Laguna, California, among the artists who make up the colony there. It is the story of a man who won an immediate, but unmerited, success as a painter, a man whose real abilities were of a totally different kind. How he struggled and failed and how he eventually, with the help of a girl, found himself, forms the plot. It is an unusual story, and both in the subject and in the telling has a close connection with art.

During the sixteenth, seventeenth and part of the eighteenth centuries the events of the day, political, judicial and scandalous, most of the things, except the radio pages, which make up the modern sensational newspaper, were announced to the public by broadsides. These were folio sheets, the earlier ones in black letter, frequently rhymed and illustrated by woodcuts. Often these woodcuts had no relation to the subject of the broadside, for, evidently, the printers had only a limited stock of cuts which they used for all occasions. But many of them were remarkable for their economy of line and decorative qualities and almost all of them were amusing. The ballads written for broadsides were the subject of scorn, not unmixed with envy, among the literati, since they enjoyed a greater popularity than the work of many of the more finished poets. Even then "best sellers" were considered low. Little has been published in American magazines about these old sheets, among the rarest prizes of the collector, which have historic, literary and artistic interest, and yet are full of a robust humor, a quality which Jo Pennington, in an article on "Broadsides and Ballads" in the August issue, has preserved.

Early in the nineteenth century George Baxter began making color prints in England. For technical skill these surpassed anything that had been previously attempted, and as a result of his work color printing was revolutionized. It is doubtful if any successor has bettered the technical quality of his prints. For the first part of his career he made copies of other artists' designs, but from 1839–1853 practically all his work was original. Although his intention was to put color reproductions within the reach of those of moderate means, and although he sold his prints for very low figures, those that can be found today command high prices. There are many enthusiastic collectors of "Baxters" in England. For the August number, Mrs. Gordon-Stables has written an article about these prints and the man who made them. It will be illustrated by several halftones and three reproductions in color.

The serried ranks of brownstone houses in New York are being broken. For some of this relief the newer commercial buildings are responsible but in several cases the old houses have been remodeled and given new fronts. Where a number of these adjoin the effect is remarkable. They are not only pleasing in themselves but they show, by contrast, how unnecessarily ugly the chocolate soldiers of the Victorian era have made the city's streets. In the August issue there will be an article on one of the most interesting of these new groups, by George H. Shorey. This article will be illustrated by numerous reproductions both of photographs and of drawings by the author.

Malcolm Parcell is a young artist who was first introduced to the metropolitan art world through his prize-winning canvas in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in 1919. He was represented in the Carnegie Institute show in 1920. In May of this year the Macbeth Galleries gave an exhibition of his work which completely fulfilled the promise of the few pictures he had previously shown. William B. M'Cormick has written an article about Parcell's work which will appear in the next issue. He has made particular reference to the excellent quality of the artist's portraits and to the remarkable poetic strain which pervades his work. The painter's range is wide. He has done splendid work in portraiture, landscape and figure painting. That this young painter has marked talent is evident and readers of International Studio will be interested to see the examples of his production which will be used as illustrations.

Frederick Soldwedel, whose water-color "Swans" is reproduced on the cover of this issue, is an architect and decorator as well as a painter. His training and practice as an architect have unquestionably given firmness to his draughtsmanship but his color sense is that of an artist. The drawing which we use as a cover is one of several studies of swans which Mr. Soldwedel has painted. Thirty of these were shown recently in New York at the gallery of Kips, Ltd. His work in water color is not confined, however, to the depiction of swans. In a previous exhibition Mr. Soldwedel showed several landscape studies which he had made in California. These were particularly notable for their fresh and brilliant color.

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THERE is shortly to be placed on the American market a limited edition of the two portraits illustrated herewith. The oil painting is from an original in the possession of Lieut.-Col. Frederick Pepys Cockerell, 20 Brompton Road, S. W. 1, lineal descendant of the diarist's sister Paulina. The picture is in colour, and is enclosed in a hand made frame. The medallion is in plaster in ■ pearwood frame under a convex glass. Each reproduction is of the exact size of the original, indistinguishable therefrom, and will be signed and numbered by the above named vendor as proof of authenticity. The picture and medallion may also be seen at the Proprietor's Stall at 4 Cavendish Lane, British Empire Exhibition, Wembley.

The picture is that referred to in the Diary of the 11th June, 1662. In the back of the frame is a facsimile of the petition in Pepys' own handwriting countersigned by James II ■ few days previous to his flight from England, that the arrears of £28,000 odd, sterling due to Mr. Pepys from the then government, should be paid to him. The debt is still outstanding.

The medallion signed on the back, J. Cavalier fecit A.D. 1683, is inscribed round the rim as follows SAM. PEPYS. CAR. ET. JAC. ANGL. REGIB. A. SECRETIS, ADMIRALIAE.

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Aug. 2	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Aug. 2	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
Aug. 5	New York	Bremen	Southampton, Cherbourg, Queenstown	United States	Republic
Aug. 5	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	United American	Resolute
Aug. 6	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
Aug. 6	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita
Aug. 6	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Aug. 6	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
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Aug. 7	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Wuerttenberg
Aug. 7	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Belgenland
Aug. 7	Boston	Liverpool	Direct	White Star	Vedic
Aug. 7	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Samaria
Aug. 7	Quebec	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia
Aug. 7	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Laconia
Aug. 8	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
Aug. 8	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Cassandra
Aug. 9	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	President Roosevelt
Aug. 9	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United American	Deutschland
Aug. 9	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Aug. 9	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
Aug. 9	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star	Megantic
Aug. 9	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia
Aug. 9	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Aug. 9	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Lancastria
Aug. 12	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren
Aug. 13	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	America
Aug. 13	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
Aug. 13	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Aug. 14	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
Aug. 14	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Lapland
Aug. 15	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
Aug. 15	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Saturnia
Aug. 16	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
Aug. 16	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Lafayette
Aug. 16	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United American	Cleveland
Aug. 16	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Aug. 16	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
Aug. 16	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Saxonia
Aug. 19	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	La Bourdonnais
Aug. 19	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	United American	Reliance
Aug. 19	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
Aug. 20	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Aug. 20	Montreal	Antwerp	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
Aug. 20	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
Aug. 21	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama
Aug. 21	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Thuringa
Aug. 21	New York	Genoa	Azores, Naples, Gibraltar	White Star	Arabic
Aug. 21	Quebec	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Carmania
Aug. 21	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	California
Aug. 22	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montroyal
Aug. 22	Boston	Genoa	Azores, Naples, Gibraltar	White Star	Arabic
Aug. 23	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth, Queenstown	United States	President Harding
Aug. 23	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Mount Clay
Aug. 23	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Aug. 23	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
Aug. 23	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Albania
Aug. 23	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
Aug. 24	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
Aug. 27	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Aug. 27	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland
Aug. 27	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Aug. 28	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
Aug. 28	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Zeeland
Aug. 29	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
Aug. 29	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Athenia
Aug. 30	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United American	Albert Ballin
Aug. 30	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Aug. 30	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
Aug. 30	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star	Doric
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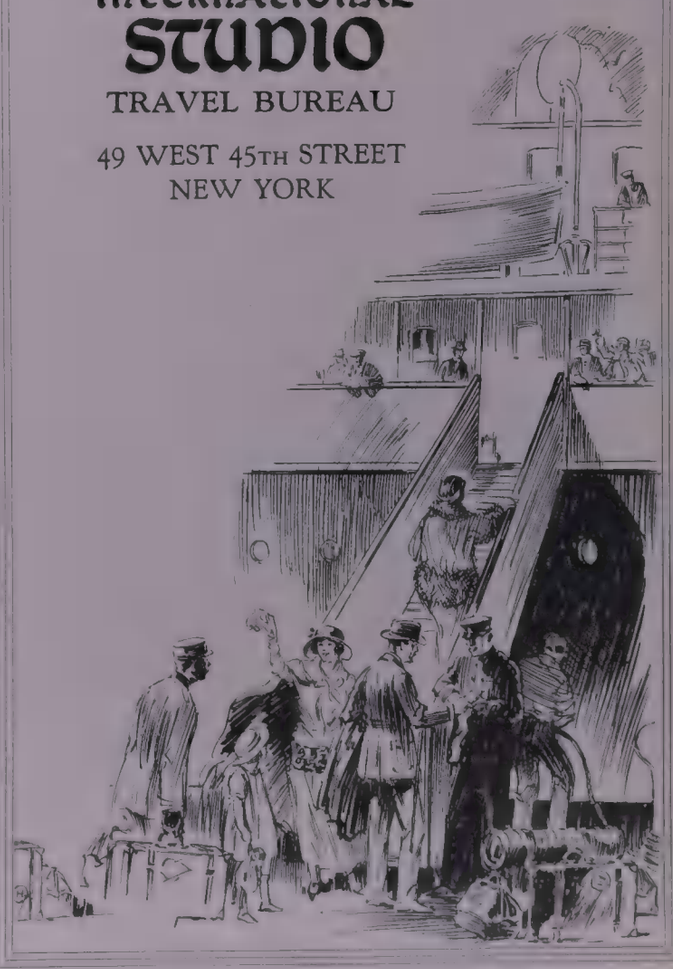
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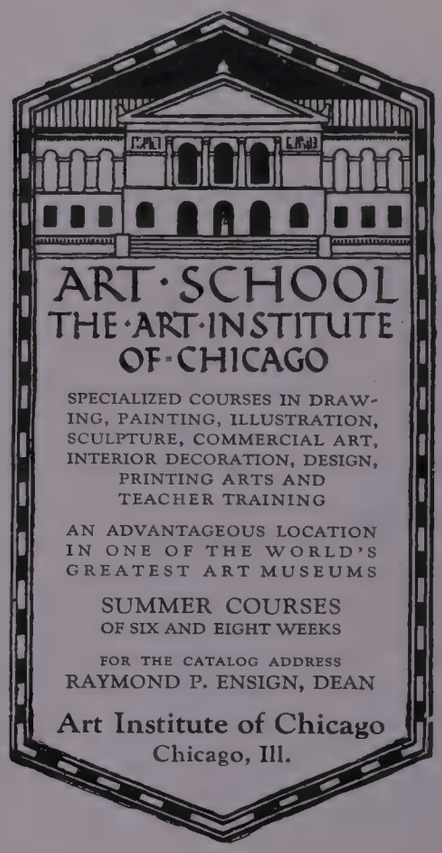
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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume LXXIX

Number 327

August 1924

EL GRECO, *Modern Old Master*

Sixteenth century painter's work was almost unknown until French artists "discovered" him fifty years ago

JUSTIN BLAKE

El Greco is both an old master and a modern painter. It is by reason of this paradox that he becomes a means by which we may test the true value of our beliefs about art.

He would be brave, indeed, who dared question the greatness of Michelangelo or Tintoretto. Their work has lived through the centuries; has, with the passing of time, gathered a great weight of veneration; has become with that of the other masters of the Italian Renaissance the standard by which all other art is judged. There is no quarrel with the standard. Rightly understood the art of any period confounds imitators, cleverness pursuing "originality" as an end, and empty prettiness. For art and art alone is the measure of esthetic values. Too often, as has generally been the case with the Italians, the superficial qualities of a work of art, its technique, its subject matter, its age, have been confused with the main issue. It is not because Michelangelo was a great painter, nor because he told a story with a dramatic skill which has seldom been surpassed, nor because he executed important commissions, that his work has endured and ranks among the finest we have known. Andrea del Sarto was as fine a painter and, technically, often a better draughtsman; although his narrative lacked the fire of Michelangelo's, it was still beautifully told; he was one of the great in his day. But he was a painter only; Michelangelo was both painter and artist. It is for that reason that almost anyone can name ten of Angelo's works to one of del Sarto's.

There is a quality to painting or sculpture which only art can give, call it "spirit," "grace," "significant form," "rhythmic dynamism," "design" or what you will, according to the predilections of the school of criticism you follow. So that, after all, neither the position which a painter may have held in his own day nor the remoteness of that day can serve as guides to appreciation.

All of this is pertinent to a consideration of El Greco, for, granted that he was a pupil of Tintoretto's, court painter to Philip II, and the foremost painter in sixteenth-century Spain, and that, under other circumstances, a wealth of tradition equal to that surrounding the Florentines would have built around him, it is none of these things which entitle him to the name of artist.

From the fate which has met the painters and and artists of the Renaissance it would seem evident that, given time, public opinion is right. Suppose for a minute that there were such a thing as a truly sensitive critic who, nevertheless, had seen nothing but contemporary painting. Let us suppose further, and this is not so difficult, that he was in violent disagreement with the public about contemporary art. Nevertheless if he were brought to a collection of Italian paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries his judgment would, probably without exception, accord with that of the public whose opinions he had previously considered worthless. He would, therefore, be forced to acknowledge that only about those things which were novel would the public be wrong or doubtful, that in the course of time, even the apparently insatiable craving for pictorial sweets was cured. And he would be right, but only partially.

For it would seem that long association is not altogether necessary to a general appreciation of



"THE EXPULSION OF THE MERCHANTS" BY EL GRECO

In the Frick Collection

DETAIL FROM "THE BURIAL OF COUNT D'ORGAZ" BY EL GRECO

In the Church of San Tomé, Toledo





DETAIL FROM "THE BURIAL OF COUNT D'ORGAZ" BY EL GRECO

art if only a respectable cloak of antiquity can be thrown over it. El Greco is a case in point. Here is a man whose work has only a limited measure of the superficially pleasing qualities which are thought to tickle the public taste. It has many which, from a modern hand, would shock and give offense. The figures are "all out of proportion," even more so than are Michelangelo's. There is violent movement in his compositions, a strident boldness in his coloring. There are no "quiet and restful passages." And yet the public has accepted him as an "old master" and this in one generation. Thirty or forty years ago, apart from a most restricted group of painters in Paris, El Greco was hardly more than a name to even the historians of art. Today he is everywhere regarded as one of the greatest artists of all time; he has even achieved the ultimate honor of a classification and is called the "supreme example of the baroque in painting."



"THE BURIAL OF COUNT D'ORGAZ" *In the Church of San Tomé, Toledo* BY EL GRECO

Because of the controversy, still rife, over the merits of the "modern" painters who were contemporary with his rediscovery and whose work is in many ways so closely allied to his, the circumstances of his long neglect and sudden elevation are worth review. We are forced, willingly or not, to judge on the merits of the work alone. There is almost no tradition or biographical data. We can not, as with the Italians, play safe and accept the verdict of time. We are confronted with an "old master" whose work, so far as our knowledge of it extends, belongs to the period which saw the beginning of "modern art."

Spain for many centuries has been a barren and neglected historical field, most particularly with regard to art. Spanish art, with the exception



"PIETÀ" BY EL GRECO

of Velasquez and Goya, is almost as great a myth as are the French Primitives. European writers have followed the judgment of the German Justi that there was little of importance in Spain and nothing of value in the man with the Greek name. The Spaniards themselves had forgotten their greatest master. Works of art live by being seen. Those of El Greco had, until recent times, been relegated to the lumber rooms of palaces and monasteries; many of them have been lost or painted over beyond recognition. You see, they were not generally admired when they were painted and so, probably, when the discerning patron who ordered a picture, either for himself





ABOVE: "PENTECOST;" AT LEFT: "THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST" BY EL GRECO

Both in the Prado, Madrid

or for the church, died, the scandal was hushed up and the picture hidden away. It is not so long ago that, if you could find one, you could buy an El Greco for a few dollars. One purchased about forty years ago for twenty dollars would bring more than that in thousands now.

It was in France among the artists that the modern appreciation of El Greco was born. Manet, who traveled in Spain in 1865, was among the first to recognize the artistic value of his work. His friend, Zacharie Astruc, who had been in Spain before him, had told him with enthusiasm about the El Grecos, an enthusiasm which Manet later shared. Thèodore Duret was with Manet in Toledo and after having been shown some of the pictures, bought several El Grecos. Millet owned one which later became the property of Dégas, and Astruc brought a number into France. This was before the Spaniard, Cossio, had collected and published all of the information concerning the life of Domenico Theotocopuli (El Greco) and had catalogued all of his then known paintings. It was several years later, however, that El Greco was formally introduced to the public. The result



"THE RESURRECTION" *In the Prado, Madrid* BY EL GRECO

is too generally known to need repetition here. Many of those who are interested in art, the author among them, have been amazed at the rapidity with which the great qualities in El Greco were recognized and acknowledged. For he is not one whom one would think of as a painter for the public. There is, as I have said before, but little of the "pleasant" quality so necessary for the contemporary painter who would be widely accepted. But great art is there and the triumph of El Greco is the triumph of the layman, for, with the barrier of "modernism" which stands between



"CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF SIMON" BY EL GRECO

In an English collection

him and much that he might otherwise enjoy, he saw and was moved.

It does not seem that such a barrier should be an impassable one; that the date of a picture should have so great a bearing on its appreciation. That it has from both academic and modern schools is, however, only too evident. There is a type of modernist who judges by the smell of paint. If it is quite fresh and the picture sufficiently queer he proclaims it good. But such an attitude is hardly more unreasonable than that of the man who admires the Byzantines and the



"TOLEDO" *In an American collection* BY EL GRECO

Primitives, with all their distortions; Michelangelo, who never hesitated between anatomy and the needs of his composition; El Greco whose departure from "nature" is often great, and then condemns Cézanne and the school which derives largely from him. Cézanne himself is almost an "old master" now; the Impressionists, about whom such bitter controversy raged, have long been accepted as great artists. Fifty years ago their pictures annoyed people, made them angry, set them to writing letters to the newspapers, all of it a great waste. For today these same pictures give the same sort of people much pleasure—from which it would seem that the irate critics and citizenry of that earlier day were wrong and that they missed something. To be wrong is not so bad; it is a condition which everyone with sufficient courage to have opinions achieves with astonishing ease; but it is most unfortunate to miss, through prejudice, any of the joy to be derived from art. And to err in judgment because of veneration for the past and a consequent disregard for the present is, while perhaps natural so far as art is concerned, a form of blindness. Age casts a glamor over a painting, but neither the *patine* to which the amateur or dealer points with pride nor the fly specks which he neglects to mention add esthetic value. True, there is "a tone which only age can give," but it is not at all certain that dullness is more than a negative virtue.



"THE APOCALYPSE" BY EL GRECO

In the Zuloaga collection

It is not, therefore, because El Greco lived in the sixteenth century that his work is great art. By reason of the mistaken attitude into which we are all inclined to fall that fact made the recognition of his art more easy. His work is great because it has that thing which countless writers have sought and failed to define; the quality, whatever it may be, which adds to our perceptions of, and our ability to perceive, beauty; that which arouses an esthetic emotion.

This quality being emotional eludes definition in words, which are the terms of the intellect, but something of its nature can be stated. It is apparent, not only in the work of El Greco, but in that of those artists whom by common consent we call great, that there exists an organization of form and color which is of greater importance to us esthetically than the subject matter or technique. That is as near as we can come, I think, to a definition. For however great our learning, we never *know* about art; we perceive it or fail to, not by reason of erudition or its lack, but by sensibility. To appreciate art, therefore, one must be free from intellectual bias as, by reason of its antiquity, we were freed from many of the possible prejudices we might have entertained about the work of El Greco. If we can extend that freedom to a consideration of what is called "modern art," for want of a better term, the results will be surprising and we shall see and enjoy a beauty which might otherwise have remained hidden.

With this in mind, however. The purpose of art is not to create intellectual exercises nor to add to the dreariness of a world already too solemn. In reality it has no purpose, only a result—to create emotional joy. If you can get it from El Greco, you should get it from Cézanne; if from Cézanne . . . .

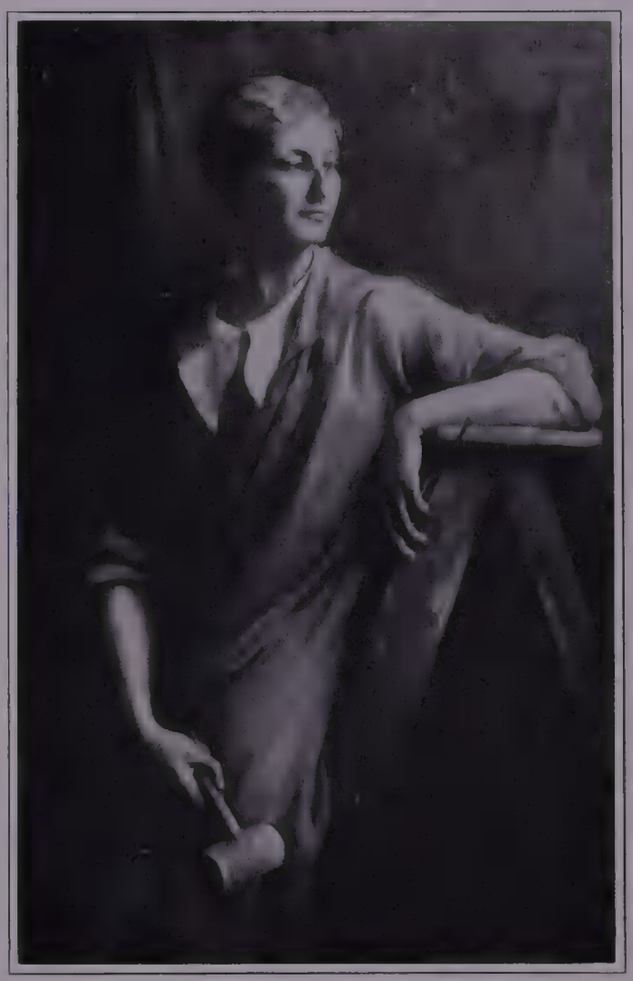
INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

American sculptor who rose to fame modeling animals crowned her career with a Joan of Arc

F. NEWLIN PRICE

ENERGY your panacea, oh, artist, work when the light is bad, when the light is out and all your thoughts are blue, when pleasure beckons and the distant hills call. Work, for never was great art a side-show or an afterthought. It dominates or dies. Energy—if we could just release the flood tide of its power there were no stopping of success, no evidence of failure; but few have the capacity to hold and use and exercise this power. To write, however, of Anna Hyatt Huntington we must dwell long on work.



PORTRAIT OF ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON
BY MARION BOYD ALLEN

Certain it is that this sculptor rises from some rich lode of genius where work and love of beauty join to express in marble and in bronze a rare translation of the hidden joy; opposite to ancient ways when the Chinese were wont to find a piece of marble and gaze into its depths as if it were a crystal ball and, after pondering, gradually to feel that it meant some form, a Buddha or a group, perhaps a leaping fawn; then to work at sculpture, just enough to give the stone a voice, till slowly came the dream from out the solid rock, a vision in whose necromancy the worker found expression; perhaps with the Greeks the seeking to idealize a god that seemed a symbol of their life most beautiful in human form. Today it seems all changed. The sculptor finds his wax or clay a malleable spirit, a willing captive to the worker's scheme, to picture our better selves, idealized, made godlike.

A thoroughbred, as some great Arab steed or champion of Kentucky fields, is Hyatt of Hyattsville, Maryland, an old southern family, pioneers to the new land. Anna Hyatt Huntington's first call was to music, that ephemeral, mental, spiritual, illusive art; her final urge to sculpture, where, in the solid crystalized melody of art, she found her metier. It is no part of my desire to chronicle a detail of her journey from Cambridge, Massachusetts, where her father was a beloved professor at the university, to New York the mecca of art. There must, however, be paid some homage to the pilgrim in art who stately marched, surely, slowly, forward to artistic achievement. The art of Anna Hyatt Huntington is of and by and for her first, and therefore belongs to the world, a genuine thing. It holds that intangible quality of the pure. Life has been met. In the direct eyes of the artist, realization and apprehension, comprehensive, dwelt, and in the working there evolved a genuine achievement. The quality is priceless, eternal, and comes to works of art through labor, work, application and pursuit. The fortunate possessor creates out of the maze of time, out of the phantasmagolia of countless elements an invisible and iridescent rainbow of energy that drops its golden brew into the inanimate stone to thrill and tantalize those who have ventured forth to view the beautiful.

To sculptors the line "something to get your teeth into," expresses the current of an artist's soul, surely a definite satisfying conception. From the violin that absorbed and thrilled with its transitory dream, intangibly lovely yet not satis-



"WHITE HORSES OF THE SEA" BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

fying to her, Miss Hyatt in that charmed circle of her home, by accident or predestination came to modeling. Her sister had completed a clay figure of a child for exhibition, when on the day before the exhibition the leg fell off, and her father, Professor Alpheus Hyatt of Harvard, said: "Anna, put that leg on." She was sixteen, and the solid, concrete, full-dimensioned expression of sculpture immediately appealed and held her chained. Things grew crystalized, and her career of work in modeling began. Through study in Boston with Kitson, who taught her the rudiments, she received the formative detail of a schedule of motion, a track for her hands to travel. A relic of these days still adorns the studios in Twelfth street, the Death Mask of Napoleon, a gift of her enthusiastic teacher. To Gutzon Borglum then, and here there came greater knowledge of horses, and a new faith of modeling, to feel the moving muscles of the steed. Horses fascinated her and she spent years back in Maryland, where she raised and trained horses and learned to model foals so inimitably and acquired her accomplished horsemanship.

"COLTS AT PLAY" BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON





"ELEPHANT ATTACKING LION"
BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

A child of art grown up and ready she came to New York. First Fifty-ninth street, later in quiet Twelfth street with Brenda Putnam, each to work along, definitely unlike; the one Diana, some Greek goddess or esthetic Amazon, fighting great battles of artistic statements, huge, gigantic in proportions. The other not so statuesque, more the artist of motherhood and youth, and less the Grecian statement of a god. Here in the Twelfth street studio there gathered people, perhaps an informal Sunday salon over which Miss Hyatt's mother presided (now sweet eighty-two and off to Europe, writing home fine letters of delight, adventure, observation) and in the gathering grew no wild bohemian tangent of our art, but beauty rightly worshipped.

At evening when your mother reads there is event, the world falls off, and you are with the things that are yourself, tranquil emotions come and go, quite naturally, no sham of pretense or forbidding dread; your mother reads, and on such evenings Miss Hyatt sat and listening let her fingers play with red wax, that most difficult of friends, and there were formed a puppy, great Dane full grown, or sea lion, or wolf, or just a flat long paper knife with a crouching jaguar for a handle. Such was her art, and such her rare ability. These paper knives, unique, will be a priceless heritage. They came all undesigning, accidents, and grew from pure unconscious effort.

Perhaps the first great work was in 1900, when she cut from out blue granite two great Danes for Thomas Lawson. Carved them herself, for no hired sculptor may shape the art, perhaps contribute in obscurity; she alone cut the stone. Certainly the first great international achievement was a figure of Jeanne d'Arc, made in Paris, submitted and admired, given mention and a prize; this Jeanne she presented to a French convent of the name. This same little statue she looked on later and all unsatisfied remade, to win the competition for our Joan of Arc on Riverside Drive.



"JAGUAR AND CRANE" BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

Remade it with the help of a gorgeous fire horse that in Gloucester, Massachusetts, came daily to her studio to pose, a horse which was so powerful, so beautiful, that you and I would pause to thrill at that great frame and supple power and underneath whose gray coat the muscles played the unconscious symphonies which Miss Hyatt could portray. No wonder Saltus, the late J. Sanford Saltus, whose great love was Joan, found money for its permanent erection.

There were commissions; a giant lion on a boulder for the Dayton High School, a fox on a granite block to commemorate an Indian battle, the "Mare and Foal," the delightfully humorous bears and cubs, the "White Horses of the Sea."



"JOAN OF ARC" BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON

Like every great irresistable force the work started, the world well lost, forgotten; and then it burst forth a completed finished thing. Bronx Park knew Miss Hyatt much those days. With Dr. Hornaday she enjoyed a real friendship and an inspiring association, the keepers each found

fine delight in bringing out the elephants for her to work from. It is a page of fact and work and tireless application. One day a haunting vision of a jaguar reaching up to capture a crane, and then her hands created a whirling gorgeous statue. It seemed unreal. Later at a movie, if you please, she saw just such a jungle tragedy, and found great pleasure in her past accomplishment.

To do and satisfy is easy for the careless, but Miss Hyatt felt a hidden austere master, whose demands were nothing less than beauty, nothing short of fact, and so she courted these wild beasts to feel their beauty in the flowing rhythmic line, in all the lusty play of muscle underneath that line. Anna Hyatt Huntington is serene and direct, there is no tangle of suspicion in her point of view, a worker, there haunt her mind no vagaries of caprice or commercial adventure, no bargaining with fate, no gambling. In that same deep concentration in which she isolates herself for work, there can live no shallow artifice. The fact, the truth, is king. The world a distant island in a many colored sea. She will return when she has found her monument. An incident of that absolute absorption may be mentioned. The Joan of Riverside Drive, giant equestrian, grand silhouette against the sky, that is Anna Hyatt Huntington. It grew, was finished with a sigh, its tracery completely beautiful. She had forgotten to sign her masterpiece, and the foundry had to telegraph for Miss Hyatt to hurry back and sign her wonder work.

When the Diana was exhibited it brought great prizes, yes, but most of all it was a final fact.



"SAINT JOAN OF ARC" BY ANNA HYATT HUNTINGTON
In the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York

It proved her completeness; she could model the human figure. For if Hyatt's work is great and an art contribution for all time, that work is in her animals, horse, jaguar and company. The two great statues of Jeanne d'Arc and Diana are her sole contribution in figure composition. It has been said that there is so much action suspended in the animal works that they at the same time delight and tire the observer. That criticism comes from a phlegmatic world, a world which tolerates the static and avoids the dynamic, and yet around, above, beneath us all there is that ceaseless ebb and flow of currents swinging off to quick return. Certainly I may claim that it is not those which have no motion in the bronze which are her great works. But then to me a high school equestrian statue has no emotional impulse.

Hail to the work of modern sculptors. It grows apace, finer and stronger, but for the really great we must all go back some thousands of years to admire a life that showed far finer tastes and achievement. Crete, Sicyon, Athens, the invention of casting, the work in gold and ivory, the superimposing of copper and silver on iron, the beautiful statuettes of cedar wood, gorgeous idols, magnificent thrones for their gods. America, spender of dollars, realize that artists in those days were honored, sought and paid far better than you pay them.

To dream of design; to find some tracery that dwells within the realm of human joy, and build some castle of the mind that satisfies. Effort and release, to strive and intimately possess. That is A. V. H. H.



"THE BALLAD SINGER" WOODCUT BY INIGO JONES

Old English BROADSIDES

These illustrated "newspapers" of the seventeenth century gave their readers a rhyme, a tune and a picture for a penny

JO PENNINGTON

IT HAS BEEN the fashion for so long to admire all things Elizabethan that one hesitates to join in the chorus of praise. Yet the reader of the modern newspaper, who must be content with news with a prejudice (technically known as a "slant"), sensational stories in a monotonous and sordid key and "features" which must be followed with exacting regularity, may be pardoned for looking back a bit wistfully to the seventeenth century when one's news was told in rhyme, with a moral, a picture and a tune to boot. For these were the advantages of the broadside over the newspaper of today. Even when the "merry new tune" had been memorized and the news had grown stale and the moral assimilated, the broadside could still be pasted on the wall that its pictures of hangings, earthquakes, sieges and wooings might enliven the leisure hours of the family and provide at once a library and a picture gallery. Even the children found profit and pleasure in them, for they could learn their letters from the heavy black type and have the woodcut to guide them in grasping the sense of the rhyme.

A broadside, strictly speaking, was a sheet of paper printed on one side so that it might be pasted on the walls of churches, theatres and public buildings or inserted in a cleft stick. The word usually suggests the ballad broadside printed in black letter with a woodcut to illustrate it; but in this form also appeared all announcements of church and state—papal indulgences, political statements, proclamations of all kinds issued by the government, and the news of the day. After black-letter broadsides had had their day, announcements were often issued on sheets printed in white letter; but as these were seldom illustrated and come more nearly into our own period, they have less interest for students and collectors.

As broadsides multiplied in number during the early part of the seventeenth century, woodcuts became scarce and printers began to use any that could be found regardless of their suitability for the rhyme with which they were printed. A ballad with the title, "There are really happy hours before us yet" was printed with a woodcut showing a funeral urn marked "Finis," and a weeping willow. But if the news had a thrill, the tune were merry and easily memorized and an illustration of



ILLUSTRATION FOR A MORAL BALLAD. ONE OF THE FINEST BROADSIDE WOODCUTS



AT RIGHT: WOOD BLOCK FOR "A LAMENTABLE DITTY COMPOSED UPON THE DEATH OF ROBERT LORD DEVEREUX, LATE EARL OF ESSEX, WHO WAS BEHEADED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON, ON ASHWENESDAY IN THE MORNING, 1600"

TO THE TUNE OF "WELLADAY"

some kind provided, who would complain? Surely not we, long accustomed to "faked" photographs, who read, beneath the photograph of a woman of dubious age and attractiveness a caption which assures us that she is a beautiful young bride.

For epitaphs, executions, military events, love stories and earthquakes every printer had stock cuts which were used again and again to illustrate the broadsheet—so frequently and for so long that they became worn and defaced almost beyond recognition. The "execution block" was usually so made that it could illustrate either a single or a double hanging; the gibbet, the crowd of spectators and one criminal being fixed on the block, to which could be added another criminal or corpse if the occasion required. There were also broadsides without rhymes bearing simply the likenesses of prominent persons. One such portrait of Elizabeth was displeasing to her majesty who apparently had the quite human failing of refusing to believe that a likeness did her justice. She therefore issued a proclamation forbidding "paynters, prynters and gravors" from issuing any such picture until "some cunning person mete therefor shall make a naturall representation of her majesty's person, favor or grace" as a pattern for others to copy. There must, however, have been many a "cunning person" cutting blocks for the broadsides. With a great economy of line they expressed themselves with a clarity which more "serious" artists have often missed. And, because their method was original with themselves, they achieved a result greatly superior to that attained by most of their modern imitators.



The Bedfordshire Widow;

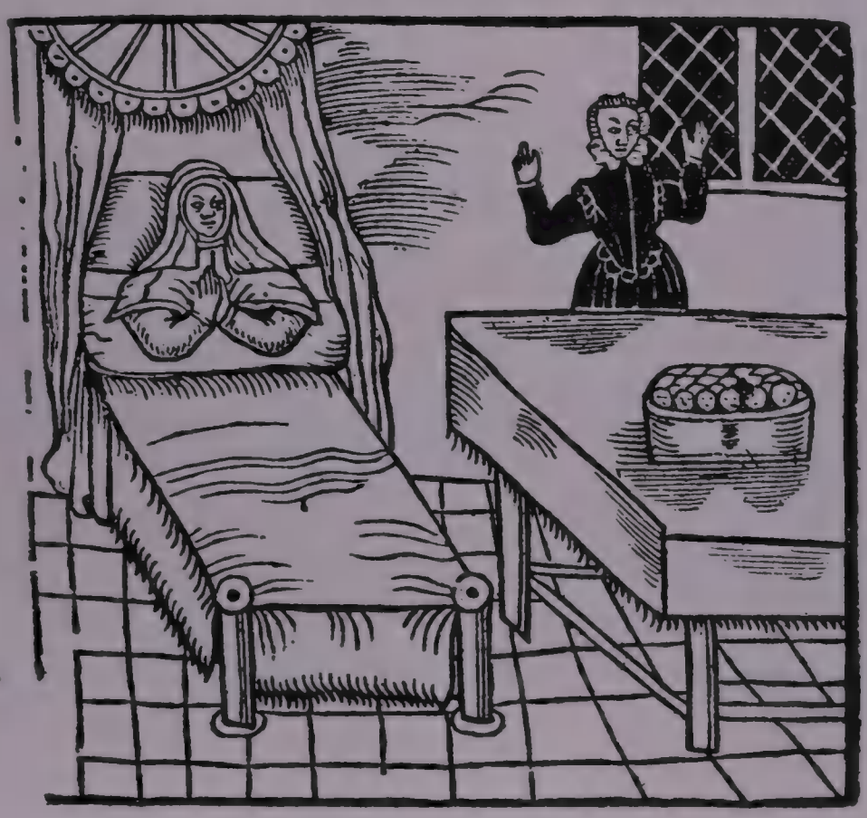
Or,

The Poor in Distress Reliev'd.

Being a full and true relation of a Poor Widow, whose Husband was dead, and she turn'd out of doors by her Creditors, and forced with her three Children to lye in the street and beg for bread; and how that Queen Mary, walking in her Garden and hearing her beg, came to her, and caused her Children to be cloathed and put to nurse, and gave the poor Widow a weekly pension to maintain her as long as she liv'd.

To the tune of, *Let Cæsar Live Long.* Licensed according to Order.

ABOVE AND BELOW: WOODCUTS FOR THE BALLAD OF "THE BEDFORDSHIRE WIDOW"



These broadside woodcuts belong to the beginning of printed illustration and their influence upon succeeding generations of illustrators has been great. Hogarth, Pyle and Lovat Fraser, among a host of others, owe much to these early block makers. Many of the blocks have, apart from their topical interest, real artistic merit, and that many of them appear "modern" is simply further evidence of the fact that there is little that is really new in art. In this connection the illustrations of "Fayre Warning," "Glad Tydings from Heaven" and "The Stag" are of particu-



"THE STAG" WOODCUT FROM A RELIGIOUS BROADSIDE



ABOVE: WOODCUT ILLUSTRATING THE BALLAD "GLAD TYDINGS FROM HEAVEN" TO THE TUNE OF "THE DOLEFULL SHEPHARD"

lar interest. In fact, little artistic apology is needed for the great majority of the woodcuts. And in a day when so many illustrators in line are, with great sophistication, striving for naïveté, it is refreshing to come upon the genuine article.

There are evidences of several influences in the drawing of the blocks. Many of them, such as those for "A Statute for Swearers," "A Lamentable Ballad" and the two for "The Bedfordshire Widow" are strongly reminiscent of the earlier illuminated manuscripts, and a strong Gothic tendency is evident in those for "Glad Tydings" and "Fayre Warning." Suiting his design to his medium the block maker evidently found the less complex forms of tapestry, stained glass and illumination most adaptable to his needs. He was, moreover, much closer to the primitive than to a renaissance which had little more than touched English painting. Much of the character of the blocks is probably due, also, to the black letter with which the sheet was printed. Typographic fitness demanded a strong design, and it is worthy of note that with the coming of the open, or "white," letter the illustrations became weaker and less interesting.

A pleasant History of a Gentleman
in Thracia, which had foure Sonnes, and three of them none of his own; shewing how miraculously the true heire came to enjoy his inheritance.

To the tune of *Chevy Chase.*



The ballad which told the news of the day was the commonest form of broadside. So dear was it to the heart of the people that repeated attacks by both church and state could not diminish its popularity. It flourished under abuse and thrived on suppressions and fines, even as our yellow journals do today. The man of culture had his more dignified "news letter" to acquaint him with current events; but these were stodgy affairs with neither woodcuts, rhymes nor tunes; quite respectable, but dull. As a rule, of course, the intelligensia sneered at the broadside; but there were among them some who valued, collected, frankly admired and enjoyed them. Charles Sackville, Earl



WOODCUT FOR "A NEW BALLAD OF BOLD ROBIN HOOD. SHOWING HIS BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE, AT TITBURN BULL-RUNNING"



WOODCUT FOR "A STATUTE FOR SWEARERS"

of Dorset, was a collector of broadsides and used "often to read them with great delight, much admiring the simplicity and nakedness of the style; yet he was a man of admirable sense and understanding." Samuel Pepys had a fine collection of which he was very proud. He tells in his diary of the funeral of a friend which grew so tedious that one of the company drew from his pocket some ballads for their amusement. Pepys read them aloud and "the rest of the company came about me to hear and very merry we were all, they being new ballets. By and by the corpse went"—merrily, doubtless, to a new tune.

In addition to news rhymes and ballads, prose announcements of the government and the church were printed in broadside form. Even the papal indulgences were often adorned with woodcuts, for without a picture, a broadside might easily be overlooked. Of course these illustrations were dignified and pious, such as a design showing the Virgin surrounded by the apostles, and a dove descending. Government announcements usually bore the royal seal and covered a wide range of subjects. These of course were in prose. There were broadsides urging adventurers to go to the new colonies—to Ulster, for instance, or to America. Then there were simple warnings such as the "Caveat for the Borrower; or a perfect Table of Usurie"—slightly ambiguous since it might serve to make clear to Shylock just how far he could go and yet keep within the law. Another helpful government proclamation will appeal to many of us today: a broadside giving "Necessary Instruction to cast Account by, serving for all such as are unskillful in the Art of Arithmeticke."

Personal attacks and rebuttals, statements of rival politicians, and news of every kind from military manoeuvres, victories and defeats to reports of earthquakes, murders, deaths of kings,





WOODCUT FOR A RELIGIOUS BROADSIDE, ILLUSTRATING REV. XVIII, 7, 8

When Pepys attempted to arrange his enormous collection of broadsides in some sort of order, he found the task a difficult one. The range of subjects was so wide that classification was a problem. His grouping was under ten different heads:

1. *Devotion and morality.*
2. *History, true and fabulous.*
3. *Tragedy, viz., murders, executions and judgments of God.*
4. *State and times.*
5. *Love pleasant.*
6. *Love unfortunate.*
7. *Marriage, cuckoldry.*
8. *Sea; love, gallantry and actions.*
9. *Drinking and goodfellowship.*
10. *Humorous; frolics and mirth.*

Only deliberate waggishness, it seems, could have grouped the items from five through nine as they are.

weddings, plays and duels—all appeared on broadsheets to delight and thrill the populace. Usually they were written in rhyme, but sometimes the account of the event itself was written in prose with a moral in rhyme at the end; and frequently they ended, like the plays of the day, with a hope for the continued health of the king or queen.

The dying confessions and speeches of criminals provided the most popular form of ballad. Apparently the privilege of making such a statement atoned not a little for the loss of one's head. Sometimes the condemned one did actually put his last thoughts into rhyme; but more often the ballad maker wrote it for him in the first person. One such unfortunate wailed through seventy-two verses the hardness of his lot and poured his warnings and lamentations without ever setting forth the nature of his crime!

Newes from *Hollands* Leager:
OR,
***Hollands* Leager is lately up broken,**
This for a certaine is spoken.

To the tune of, *Canons are roaring.*



The influence of the ballad makers was naturally enormous though they were restricted by the laws and the dictates of their employers, the printers or stationers. A popular ballad maker of established reputation could venture farther in the liberties he took than the more humble scribe. The latter's highest ambition was to make such a hit with a ballad that the printer of it would keep him in ale for a fortnight. Only the greatest among them were permitted to sign their rhymes because in their case the signature helped in the

sale of the broadside. The average ballad maker was a wretched creature who lived from hand to mouth and whose muse must always be "whetted" with ale. This was usually given as proof of his degeneration and rascality; yet he seems to have been justified in trying to drown the sorrows of his lot in the flowing bowl. For the printer purchased all rights to the ballad by the payment of a sum usually not exceeding forty shillings; and though reprints might be made for many years, the author got nothing after the initial payment. Some ballads were reissued at intervals for a period of three hundred years; and though the printer and his heirs continued to profit by them during that time, the poor author must be content if he had wherewith to "whet" his muse for the production of further ballads. Let us rejoice that we live in the days of royalties when the author of a popular song can purcuase a fleet of motor cars and a Long Island home with the profits of a single song.



The Mournful Subjects;

Or,

The whole Nation's Lamentation, from the Highest to the Lowest: who did, with brinish tears (the true signs of sorrow), bewail the death of their most Gracious Sovereign King, Charles the Second, who departed this life Feb. 6th, 1684, and was interr'd in Westminster-Abby, in King Henry the Seventh's Chappel, on Saturday night last, being the 14th day of the said month, to the sollid grief and sorrow of all his loving Subjects.

To the tune of [*When*] *Troy Town*; or, *The Dutchess of Suffolk*['s *Calamity*].

Martin Parker was one of the greatest figures among the ballad makers. His success was such that he need only sign "M. P." to his rhymes to have them read by everyone. His chief rival was Laurence Price. Elderton was another favorite and his rhymes were both scurrilous and indecent. He supplemented his income by dabbling in the law, coaching actors and begging favors from court ladies. Deloney was a silk weaver by trade as well as a ballad maker but in spite of a double source of income died in poverty.

The attitude of the time towards ballad makers is expressed by Hotspur in Henry IV when he says: "I had rather be a kitten and mew than one of these same metre ballad



WOODCUT FOR "A LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE TRAGICAL END OF A GALLANT LORD AND A VERTUOUS LADY, WITH THE UNTIMELY END OF THEIR TWO CHILDREN, WICKEDLY PERFORMED BY A HEATHENISH BLACKAMOOR THEIR SERVANT: THE LIKE NEVER HEARD OF"



WOODCUT FOR A BALLAD OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON TO THE TUNE OF "FLYING FAME"

mongers." Jonson says that a poet should detest a "ballad maker." Beaumont, when one of his plays missed fire, said that its unkind reception might "drive him to balladry." This bitterness was due to several different causes. Parliament felt it necessary to keep a check upon ballad makers to prevent treachery and disloyalty. The church was particularly bitter because so long as the people loved and read ballads they neglected the Bible and works of piety. Devout persons who wished to attack the ballad broadside were, nevertheless, compelled to use that very form if they wished to reach the people. John Baldwin, author of "Canticles or Balades of Solomon" said he "wished to God that his own work might once drive out of office the bawdy ballads of lecherous love that commonly are indited and sung of idle courtiers in princes' and noblemen's houses," but here surely self-interests lurk behind piety. One favorite form of attack upon broadsides by religious persons was to "moralize" a popular ballad; that is, either to rewrite familiar verses and give them a moral tone or reset old ballad tunes with new and pious verses. In this way, "Row well, ye mariners" became, under the touch of piety, "Row well, Christ's mariners;" "Fain would I have a prettie thing to give unto my Ladie" was modified to "Fain would I have a godly thing to give unto my Ladie." One questions the taste of the devout versifier who changed "Dainty, throw to me" to "Jesus, come Thou to me."

The distribution of ballads was accomplished in several ways. They were often placed on bookstalls; they were sold to itinerant vendors who were glad to include in their pack or ribbons, laces, thread and cheap finery some new ballads of love; and when they sang them in some lonely farmhouse, "the poor country wench melted, like her butter, to hear them." The chief source of distribution, however, was the ballad singer or "chaunter" who purchased quantities of broadsides from the printers and learned the tunes to which the rhymes were sung, for the purchaser's penny entitled him to both the rhyme and the melody. If the chaunter were young and not too repulsive, he made a fair living. It is said that two brothers, "the one with a squeaking treble and the other with an ale-blown bass," earned twenty shillings a day by their combined efforts. But if, as was more often the case, they were old and ugly and even deformed, with voices that "made as harsh a noise as ever cart-wheel made," it was not so simple to make a living. These singers seem to have been just a step below the ballad makers in the social scale. They were often the friends and accomplices of pickpockets whom they could help in plying their trade first by collecting a

The Milke-maid's Life;

Or,

A pretty new Ditty, composed and pen'd,
The praise of the milking paile to defend.

To a curious new tune called, *The Milke-maid's Dumps.*



crowd and second by keeping the attention of the persons in it engaged. One ingenious rogue in Bartholomew Fair sang mournfully against cut-purses and conjured every man in the crowd to make sure his purse was at that moment safe. Whereupon each man felt for his purse and the pickpocket knew just where to find them.

The ballad singer took his pack to the doors of theatres, to markets, fairs, bear-baitings, taverns, ale-houses, wakes or any place where crowds might gather. During the Civil War in England and after the Restoration women singers became more frequent and sometimes a man and a woman sang together. When several singers took part the performance was semi-dramatic and was called a Jig.

"It is a comfort," says one student of broadsides, "to discover that twentieth-century journalism is an inheritance." There are many points of similarity. The broadside reports of murders, hangings, thefts, matrimonial troubles are not unlike the accounts we read in our own papers; but the former had the advantage of being written in rhyme. As for the speed with which publication followed an event, they were not far behind us. An earthquake one day was heralded early the next morning—and in rhyme. Then, as now, events were sometimes proclaimed before they actually took place. Printers frequently sent popular ballad makers to "cover" important events such as hangings, public meetings and entertainments. Interviews with famous persons were recorded and if the interviewed one proved coy, the interviewer supplied the lack from his own invention.

When the broadside migrated to America it was not very popular. At first it was used solely for the announcements made by colleges and for government proclamations; but gradually it was used for epitaphs—lugubrious verses that were pinned to the pall covering the coffin and adorned with an engraved border suggestive of mortality. It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the dying speeches of criminals began to appear in broadside form and with them the first woodcuts used here.

It is as impossible to tell the whole story of broadsides in a single article as it would be to tell the story of journalism since black letter went out of fashion. One might write heavily and at great length of their value to the historian, their power to overthrow monarchies—as when Lilieburlero "sang the Stuarts out of England"—the charm that survives in many folk songs that are still sung, the morals they inevitably preached (more religious than ethical) and their value as antiquities. But surely there are some of us who enjoy them quite simply; who like to look at the pictures and read the rhymes, not with the critical eye of the connoisseur but merely because, like the Earl of Dorset, we admire them for the simplicity and nakedness of their style, though we pride ourselves on being of admirable sense and understanding.

Another Bloody murther committed neere Ware in Hartfordshire, by some notorious offenders who were executed in the same moneth.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Finis

BAXTER'S COLOR PRINTS

Examples of the work of this nineteenth century artist, engraver and printer are now eagerly sought by collectors

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

"WHAT ENGLAND collects today, America will collect tomorrow," is an impertinence that one commits to paper with the blue pencil of the editor, swaying, like the sword of Damocles, above one's script. Yet I venture to append it to this short resumé of the romantic career of the Baxter print, in the conviction that the New World, hitherto practically untouched by the Baxter cult, is bound ere long to be intrigued by it. For George Baxter, the "Doré of color-printing," as he has been aptly named, and the inaugurator of a fresh era in illustration, was something more than the supreme artist-craftsman—he was also an historian, and while he left behind him a mass of work that has never been technically surpassed, he also provided posterity with a singularly vivid and complete record of the first half of the Victorian era.



"DOMESTIC HAPPINESS" BY GEORGE BAXTER

Born in that, one of the most profoundly inartistic of periods, this wood-engraver's apprentice stands in the same relation to color-illustration as Caxton to printing proper. The pioneer within him saw visions of a time when colored pictures, while of a merit that should make them fit adornments for the wealthy home, could yet be produced at a cost which would place them within the reach of the mass of the people and develop within them that faculty of esthetic appreciation which the ugly materialism of the early nineteenth century was doing its best to stifle. If in his endeavor to combine merit with cheapness he achieved bankruptcy, he but shared the fate of such enthusiasts in printing as Bartolozzi, Ryland and Jackson, all of whom discovered good handwork in color printing, offered at a moderate price, to be incompatible with personal gain.

The son of a printer, born in the year 1804, George Baxter gave early promise of marked artistic ability in the wood engravings with which he embellished his father's publications. Considerable fame had reached him in this connection while yet in the twenties, and had he been content to follow along the same lines, affluence would undoubtedly have been his portion. But his mind was obsessed by the conviction that by multiplying the use of blocks and by combining the functions of wood and of metal, it might be possible to reproduce in printing nature's own tints and moreover to supply such reproductions in such quantity as to reduce to very slender figures the price at which these might be put on the market. In order that the mechanical quality of the purely machine-made picture might be ruled out, the manipulation of the various blocks would have to be carried out by hand, a point which accounts for the fine accuracy of outline observable in his work. Where machine-printing, operating at great speed, may produce unevenness and blurring, the hand-printed picture triumphs, under Baxter, in superlative neatness of technique.

The first Baxter color-print was produced in water-colors from wood-blocks alone. The famous "Butterflies," a study of three butterflies alight on a stalk, was published in 1829, apparently as a book-illustration, though it has never been traced in connection with its original volume. It is now a collector's prize, specimens being extremely rare and fetching up to £100 in the sales-room. Should the collector be fortunate enough to discover it in its bound state, its value would, of course, be very considerably increased. In considering the sums now brought by Baxter color-prints, it must be borne in mind that his original prices ranged from a few pence and in no case exceeded the sum of ten shillings. Charges were fixed according to the size of the picture, which might vary from a couple of square inches to as



"MORNING CALL"

From a Color Print by

George Baxter



"SHORT CHANGE"

From a Color Print by

George Baxter



"NEWS FROM HOME"

From a Color Print by

George Baxter

These prints are reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Ernest Etheridge, of Birmingham, Secretary of the Baxter Society

much as three square feet, and according to the number of blocks and printings involved. Today it is scarcity rather than size or elaboration which first determines market values, and some of the smalles prints fetch the highest sums. Unfortunately for posterity the original cheapness of the prints had its inevitable result in scant attention



"THE BRIDE" PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER

being bestowed on their preservation, so that where a production at once more costly and less admirable might have encouraged care, the Baxter print has too often met with neglect. As examples of present-day values, the £700, which is the current price of good examples of the pair of prints of "Charles and Maria Chubb," and the £200, which is the average value of a copy of "The Launch of the Trafalgar," may be cited.

The second stage in Baxter's process was reached when he introduced the use of oils and thus succeeded in intensifying the depth and tone of his prints as well as in extending the range of gradation in color. He proceeded to use a foundation-plate of steel, thence to introduce other types of metal such as zinc and copper, and ultimately drew on practically every method of color-printing yet pursued for one detail or another to help him in his ends—that of coloring by hand the completed print excepted. By constant and untiring experiment, the variety and boldness of the effects achieved became infinitely extended and, one after another, difficulties of technique found themselves solved. Among those which proved the most baffling was that of the tendency of the prints to lose their brilliancy, and although with time Baxter did succeed in largely overcoming the problem of oxidation, exposure to a strong light is always to be avoided in this connection. The collector of Baxters will either preserve his collection in a portfolio or hang framed specimens where they are not directly exposed to the rays of the sun.

When we consider that in no Baxter print produced after those of the early experimental stages, were less than ten separate blocks employed and that in some cases as many as thirty might be used, each necessitating a separate printing by hand, we are enabled to form some

slight conception of the indomitable ardor and industry of the enthusiast-printer who, working against pecuniary odds, has yet left some four hundred complete prints to his credit. Where a strong magnifying glass applied to modern color-printing will reveal ragged outlines, the same test in the case of Baxter's printing will merely serve to demonstrate the more convincingly the faultless register, the wealth of clean-cut, minute detail, the conscientious neatness which are the distinguishing features of his work. Small wonder that so laborious and painstaking a business did not imply a sound financial venture! Not content with the multiplicity of printings involved in his process, Baxter further introduced a system of "overlaying" by means of which he was able to secure a stronger impression of color where required. Further, in order to accentuate high lights, he emphasized these by printing in white pigment, a method which again increased the complexity of his system. The peculiar bloom, which conveys something of the effect of a printing on ivory was probably obtained by means of hot-rolling prints, but this point was jealously concealed by the inventor and the secret died with him. The delicate surface of the genuine Baxter is one of its salient features and it is by this characteristic that it is the most readily distinguishable from the faked copy.



"QUEEN VICTORIA ON A BALCONY" PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER

The finest period of Baxter's work was also its most unprofitable, for, as may readily be understood, it was a hopeless proposition to render self-supporting so lengthy and exhausting a method. Faced with the alternative of continued bank-

ruptcy or a modification of system, Baxter was eventually forced to eliminate some of the various steps in production and inferior work naturally resulted. Though he entertained a profound contempt for chromo-lithography as a mechanical and inexact process, unequal to dealing with minutiæ, yet he was obliged to recognize it as a powerful competitor and in some degree to adapt his method on similar lines. But in the meantime he had compassed a feat such as seldom falls to the lot of a single inventor—he had not only originated a new process but had led it to a state of perfection which no successor had ever surpassed.

Up to the year 1839, Baxter carried out the bulk of his prints from the paintings of other artists, not copying the original too closely, but rather interpreting its design while adhering to its main characteristics. From 1839-1853 is the period during which he used almost exclusively his own designs, and to this succeeded seven years, closing with his retirement in 1860, during which he gave up original work and devoted himself again to copies. Being endowed with that artistic temperament which is proverbially unable to fulfil engagements on time, he soon decided to abandon illustration commissioned by publishing firms in favor of the production of independent prints, and we find him proceeding from the illus-



"PRINCE ALBERT ON A BALCONY" PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER



"COPPER, YOUR HONOR" PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER

tration of "Cabinets of Paintings" and the production of a large series of missionary prints, carried out in conjunction with the *London Missionary Society*, to the publication of a number of portraits of notabilities of the day. The portrayal of human features interested him above all, and he delighted especially in compositions crowded with numbers of small figures, to the detail of which he gave meticulous attention. To this side of his talent Baxter gave rein, in the year 1841, in the production of two famous prints (they now fetch anything up to £116), in which dozens of individuals take their part, each a characteristic likeness and correct in every accessory. These were his "Coronation of Queen Victoria" and "The Opening of Her First Parliament," both designed, painted, engraved, printed and published by himself. Their success led to special facilities being granted to him for attendance at court and parliamentary functions, and to opportunities being provided for a number of portraits of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort and other members of the royal family. The portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert on the balcony, here illustrated, are specimens of the work proper to this period. Thence onward he was engaged in portraying every notability of his day. Collectors will be familiar among others with his presentments of Wellington and Peel, Napoleon III and his consort, Jenny Lind and Nelson, as well as those of a number of divines and of individuals prominent in the missionary movement.

But perhaps the greatest charm attaches to the prints that touch on simple, everyday themes, sometimes sentimental, sometimes playfully humorous, which comprise a large proportion of the smaller pictures. Of the sentimental group, "First Impressions" and "Domestic Happiness," here reproduced, are typical examples. These fetch at the salesroom up to £45 and £110, respectively. They breathe the very spirit of early Victorianism. Illustrative of the kindly, humorous type are "Short Change" and "Copper, Your Honor?," the former a clever study of a small urchin, evidently deficient in either honesty or mathematics, who is unable to produce for the perusal of an irate grandmother the correct coins to tally with the minute bill which a magnifying glass will enable one to detect.

The cheapness with which Baxter sold his prints led to their adaptation to a variety of purposes. Collectors, in addition to seeking them in books, portfolios and souvenirs, may perchance come across them as decorations on needleboxes, pocketbooks, card trays, or pasted either into old scrapbooks or onto the covers of music-scores. Between 1849 and 1859 some twenty music scores were published thus embellished.

Unable to cope with the rapidly growing demand for his prints, Baxter in 1849 began the practice of extending his patent to certain licensees, of whom Le Blond proved himself the most accomplished. On Baxter's death in 1867, Le Blond took over practically the whole of Baxter's plates and the collector is thus faced with the necessity for

distinguishing between the output of Baxter himself and that of his licensee, as well as of detecting forgeries, pure and simple, such as engraved pictures colored by the brush. In order to differentiate his own work from that of his collaborators, Baxter, on adopting the licensee system, commenced to sign his prints and engraved his name in the body of the plate. He also instituted the custom of supplying a mount, impressed with a seal showing the name of the subject and that of the press producing the picture. In a way this method of the mount has but complicated the question of authenticity for one is frequently confronted by a Le Blond print on a Baxter mount. Although the growing scarcity of genuine Baxters has directed increased attention to the works of his various licensees, and accordingly forced up prices of their prints, these are of distinctly inferior merits. Not alone are the printings frequently out of register as a result of careless handling of the blocks, but in many instances a number of the prescribed printings have been left out with consequent loss of depth and brilliance of tone.



"FIRST IMPRESSIONS" PRINT BY GEORGE BAXTER

Whenever a print is found to be of less than the published dimensions, the collector must be on his guard. For it is a common practice among the faking fraternity to cut from a Le Blond picture the portion containing his signature and to market it as an authentic Baxter. Even mounts are faked and in this connection it should be noted that only those bearing the address "Northampton Square" are worth attention. In collecting what are now familiarly known as "Baxters," *tout court*, it should be noted whether or not the copy has been taken from an unworn plate, whether it has been touched up or repaired and whether it is undamaged or uncut. It should have been under all its blocks, and if belonging to the period of the mounts, should have its original specimen attached. It will add to the interest of a collection if different stages of prints, from the first pull (usually in a neutral, grey, bluish or purplish tint) to the finished impression can be secured.

England has now a *Baxter Society*, which publishes for the information of its members the results of its researches. It is by the courtesy of the Society's secretary, Mr. Ernest Etheridge, of Birmingham, and by that of the *Baxter Times* that we have been privileged to reproduce the examples here illustrated.

Naturally, from the change of process involved, the three prints which are illustrated in color are not exact reproductions. It is impossible to give the effect of from twelve to twenty printings in four. There is a depth of color and tone in the originals which it would be impossible to reproduce by any means save Baxter's own. But the illustrations do serve to show the fine color achieved by this artist-printer as well as the wonderful technique of his engravings. With those shown in black and white they will give the reader as good an idea of the character of the prints as, without originals, it is possible to do.

The Man Who Couldn't Paint

STEPHEN CHALMERS

"IT BEATS all!" Strode exclaimed, slapping the novel's covers together and planting the volume on the table with a bang.

"So bad as that?" asked Bishop, the newcomer, himself a writer of things more or less printable.

"Bad? Lord, no!" protested Strode, painter of "marines" and dean of the Carmel colony. "I wasn't referring to the novel. You've read it, of course? Who hasn't?"

Bishop hadn't—at the time; but he read it that night after hearing the story Strode told him. For the moment all Bishop knew about the book was its title, *The Spirit of the Beast*, which glared in red letters from the front cover above the name of the author.

It was not Bishop's first encounter with the title and the name. In fact, he had declined so far to buy or even borrow and read the novel simply because it was extensively advertised, not only by publishers' "blurbs" but by such newspaper critics as review books in their spare moments from regular departmental work—such as editing the sporting page or laying out comic strips. And Bishop, himself a writer, but not as yet listed among even the near-sellers, condemned the "modern stuff" he proudly admitted he couldn't write if he tried. He avoided as lowbrow anything that was bawled from hoardings or ran serially adown single columns flanked by barkers chanting the merits of cereals, sausages, fountain pens and toothpaste.

But Bishop and his literary daintiness are not the story. Neither is that best-seller of 1917, *The Spirit of the Beast*, except as a resultant phase in the transformation of its author.

"As I was saying—or about to say further," Strode explained, "it beats all how in this business of artistic expression so few of us find our *metier*. Right here in Carmel, where we were all artists up to a short time ago, but now call ourselves painters to distinguish us from authors, scenario-writers, gum-print men, woodcarvers, bookbinders and other 'artists' who are mixing in—right here in Carmel there are painters who ought to be growing cabbages, poets who ought to be writing ads, scenario-writers who might better, even more profitably, run a chicken-farm, and a large percentage who ought to be mixing mortar instead of colors, or peddling fish instead of magazine stories.

"Take, for example, the case of Gerard deGraaf.

"It's a bit appalling," Strode went on, prodding with his foot the eucalyptus log in the studio's open hearth—"it's a bit appalling to think of the many millions who have been born and lived and died ingloriously mute. But that isn't half so disturbing as to think of 'the years we waste and the tears we waste,' some of us, in misdirected effort.

"I'm holding no brief, you understand, for the boneheads who refuse to believe they have no talent, who even nurse the delusion through thick and thin that they are geniuses! The tragedy to me is where there is talent, even genius, and the gifted owner thereof, quite aware of the gift, doesn't know how to express it, but is perfectly certain that he does, and is doing it.

"Take Bob Ingersoll, now. Some of us are grateful that he followed the line he did. Some of us aren't. But I often wonder what might have been the result if he'd turned that tremendous intellect of his, that amazing gift of verbally expressed reasoning, into the channel of straight literature, say? Or if Woodrow Wilson had confined himself to writing down ways to Utopia instead of trying to lead as Moses toward the Promised Land?

"Lots of examples, ancient and modern, will suggest themselves to your own mind. But the case of Gerard deGraaf will show you in a small way, perhaps, what I'm getting at.

"Gerard joined the Carmel colony of artists ten or eleven years ago. Came from Pennsylvania. Dutch ancestors. While he was getting his art education his people had money. When it came Gerard's turn, there wasn't any money left.

"Still, he had all kinds of faith in himself. There was no reason why he shouldn't have had. He had talents—a variety of them. He could sing, act, write verse and playlets. He was the life, light and laughter of the colony. He had been taught to paint, too—Fine Arts in his own state, *École des Beaux Arts* and *Académie Julien* in Paris. All he needed was to be able to paint.

"He hadn't been here a year before he scored in a way that made some of us old plasterers gape. He painted a picture called 'After That, the Dark.' It was exhibited at the Institute, Chicago, and won honorable mention. If merit is to be judged by the amount of attention a canvas receives, that picture ought to have taken first prize. It created a furor—and much acrimonious discussion.

"The thing was simplicity itself, plus that

something which may be the genius touch, or accident. You were first arrested by the title. Then, when your eye gazed on the picture, involuntarily the rest of Tennyson's poem and the whole beautiful melancholy of its thought enveloped you like a soft mantle. *'Twilight and evening star, And after that, the dark.'*

"There it was—all that. But you could not lay a mental finger upon how it was achieved. Not even your hardened, analytic technician could. It was there; that was all. Yet from the standpoint of art—well, it was atrocious! But, after all, what is art? Rule o' thumb, or achievement by any means?

"Here is what he had done, as nearly as anyone could describe it. He had painted a Pacific sundown such as you may see almost any evening of the week here at Carmel. In the foreground there was an inchoate something, a daub which the imaginative might conceive as representing rocks, on the supposition that they could hardly be sand or trees. And rocks were due to be there, anyway.

"In the middle ground was a belt of bluish-green, flecked to make waves. (I am putting this to you in lay terms and just as the picture must have appeared to the layman's eye.) From a vague horizon of mixed crimson and gold spread a comet's tail of sunset reflection almost to your feet. The background was an evening sky deepening upward from that crimson-and-gold horizon blur to opal, tourquoise and indigo shades. High up to the left was an early star, a mere flyspeck of frosty white. In the middle, in that crimson-gold blur, was the sun just balancing for its evening plunge.

"And there was the thing that got you! By some trick of the brush, or touch of genius, that sun was actually moving. It was slightly out of shape, as the sun often is in the horizon haze. As you stared at it the shape changed. Now it was circular, as a conventional sun ought to be; now it was orange-shaped, as it is apt to be at sunset; and again it was like a Japanese lantern or some ship's light swaying gently aloft.

"The thing possessed a strange fascination for all who looked at it. You couldn't just glance at that picture and pass on to the next exhibit. You wanted to linger and see that sun actually set! As you looked the picture frame seemed to disappear; your being merged into the scene; you were possessed by that rather sweet unhappiness which makes even ordinary persons watch the sun sink down into the big sea—makes the soul come to rest as the world itself similarly seems at a momentary standstill. Even as you watched that red-gold blur in the centre of the canvas, the sea and the sky and those impossible rocks appeared to darken as if night were indeed creeping over the world. And, of course, you found yourself repeating, 'Twilight and evening star, and *after that, the dark!*' Well, after all the discussion about the thing's technical shortcomings—I won't repeat some of the things said about it by real painters, I haven't the gift of anathema—the canvas was sold for five thousand dollars to an advanced spinster who cried every time she saw it in old Kahn's window after the exhibit. Kahn was deGraaf's dealer, you know.

"'I know what I like!' the spinster told Kahn as she wrote the check. Incidentally, a number of excellent paintings by unknowns have gone at low figures—also atrocious daubs at high figures—to persons who have known no more about art than just one phrase.

"Well, on the strength of that check and the seemingly indisputable fact that he had acquired a reputation, Gerard deGraaf married within a year. The wife he took to his bosom wasn't the girl Carmel had expected to celebrate. The Mrs. Gerard deGraaf who presently poured tea at the studio wasn't Nanny Wadsworth. Mrs. deGraaf had been a Miss Berwynd, a pretty little thing Gerard hauled out of the surf after a wave had snatched her and her easel and water-colors off the beach.

"That was just the day after Nanny Wadsworth, looking every inch the colony's darling with her bobbed hair and loose yellow smock, with one eye cocked speculatively and a cigarette dangling from her lip, told Gerard quite frankly what she thought of half-a-dozen canvases he had spread before her sophisticated gaze.

"'Jerry,' said she, 'I've got to tell you the truth whether you like it or not. I hate to do it, but it may be an act of mercy in the long run—like giving poison to the sick.

"'You can't paint.'

"It would be impossible to report the scene thereafter. The colony got it second or third-hand anyway. But Gerard had the artistic temperament. Also, he had his fair share of vanity. Furthermore, he was a very talented young man. Don't forget that. *He* didn't. Somewhere back of his many veins of talent there was a mother-lode of genius. He knew it; only he didn't know enough about himself, nor had he traced these outcroppings of talent to their source.

"Nanny had no talent. At least, she said so herself, and for the moment Gerard was quite in agreement. As to his inability to paint—Good Lord! Was she insane? Or, like some women, merely expressing a degree with a superlative? She

said he couldn't paint! What, then, was the matter with the Chicago Institute? Hadn't 'After That, the Dark' sold for five thousand dollars—and its painter at that time an unknown?

"'I like it myself,' Nanny admitted, 'but I'm like the old lady who bought it—I'm sure I can't tell why.'

"'Go! Go!' shrieked Gerard, incoherent with rage, disappointment, lacerated pride and hurt love. For he did love Nanny.

"And Nanny left the studio—'kicked out,' as she casually related at the Pink Rabbit, where she and others assembled nightly in the little booths and drank tea and smoked cigarettes and talked art after the manner of *La Vie de Boheme*. These were the Hobohemians of Carmel.

"Nanny Wadsworth, I should explain, was not an artist of any sort; only a clever little woman who might have been accomplished in anything to which she cared to apply herself. She came to Carmel about a year before all this with her brother, who was not very strong but had a gift for woodcarving. So he combined climate and business. He made very wonderful picture frames—hand-carved, you know. Looked at a painting and when he framed it the carved design seemed part of the picture. His work was much in demand presently; but he isn't touching carving tools any more.

"But Nanny, his sister—she wasn't artistic. Didn't pretend to be. But she liked the free life of the art colony. She hadn't been here a week before she had joined the Hobohemians, bobbed her hair, donned a yellow smock and learned to smoke a cigarette in public with the proper degree of abandon. A pose, of course; but we are all posing as something—some of us seriously, even to ourselves. Nanny's wasn't serious, even to herself. She was having the fun of it, while brother got his health back for a time and made picture frames and, incidentally, quite a lot of money.

"She hadn't been here a month, either, before she began to absorb some very decided and usually correct ideas about art—I mean the painter's art. At first she was like Gerard's spinster patron. But presently Nanny Wadsworth could put forward a very cogent reason why she liked or didn't like a thing. Landers, who is perhaps the biggest man we have here, told me once he was always on pins and needles when he showed Nanny a canvas; all ashake until the oracle spoke, because, as he said, she usually made a snapshot bullseye.

"Well, after Nanny told Gerard deGraaf that in her judgment he couldn't paint, he was a very unhappy man. Nanny, no doubt, was an unhappy woman. She made no bones of the fact that she was quite fond of Gerard. Frankly told me one evening in the Pink Rabbit that she never knew how much she cared for him until they'd had the falling-out. She smoked more cigarettes than usual, appeared more Hobohemian, and it was not always tea that was poured in the little pink cups at the Rabbit.

"Gerard, on the other hand, appeared to recover his equilibrium almost at once. That same evening he himself appeared in the Rabbit—as much himself as if he had just sold another freak sunset. Nanny was there in the corner booth with young Colson, the desert painter, and Gray, the Scot whose 'Cañon Sycamores' won a bronze medal at St. Louis, and Pauline Verrall of the Arts and Crafts Shoppe.

"DeGraaf pretended to have some important mail to consider and did not join the circle in the corner booth—did not even appear to have noticed the little party. I happened to blow in for a bite of supper on my way in from San Francisco. Gerard, seeing me, declared that he had been just about to order. We supped together.

"He presently confided to me that he'd had a narrow escape from the bonds of matrimony; in fact, told me how near the altar he and Nanny had been when she spilled the orange blossoms by attacking his art.

"'Too bad!' I said. 'Nanny's a fine girl for all her Hobohemian disguise. You might have done worse. As to her criticism of your work, it is too soon to go so far, perhaps, as she did. But you have not found yourself yet, my boy. One picture does not make a painter, although one success indicates his probable capacity for other successes. As to Nanny's ability to criticize, she hasn't any—technical background. But though I profess to be no literary shark, I have, I believe, as good a taste in reading as the next man.'

"This led to a discussion of books, authors, literature at random. And here Gerard deGraaf shone. As 'father' of the colony perhaps my opinions on painting might command the respect due to old age, but in literature I was, compared with deGraaf, as a child walking in darkness.

"'Well, I know what I like!' I countered when he had me cornered. The story of Gerard's spinster patron is a Carmel byword, you know.

"'And I can't say that I like this Bernard Shaw of yours,' I continued, 'or this Spoon River man. The one knocks down the pillars of society and offers no better support for the house of life. The other, Spoon River, seems to me to kick over all the rules of subject and treatment in poetry. I incline rather to Poe, whose religion was to make

beautiful even that which is dreadful and to do so with the most perfect technique.'

"'Oh, that's all right!' cried Gerard, who was always in a hurry to recover the floor when he had mounted one of his numerous hobby-horses. 'I agree with you about Poe, of course—about beauty of thought and form of expression. But don't be too hard on Spoon River. He meant well and did well—perhaps better than you think. But Shaw now! You are wrong, quite wrong! The only trouble with Shaw is that while he sees the supports of this merry dance-hall are all askew and in danger of involving the revelers in disaster, he can recommend no solution—no immediate solution. Furthermore, the man has failed to get a grip upon his undoubted genius. Between that and his inability to perceive and offer a cure for the sores he so mercilessly exposes, he compromises on the role of part-Iago, part-Machiavelli, part-Mephisto and laughs in his sleeve over the mischief he's making. But nevertheless he's right, Shaw is! Only he may be making matters worse by his ridiculing of many a sore subject, encouraging the ribald to make a jest of that which is tragedy. Yet I suppose if some other genius arose and, without the Shavian humor, gravely stated the same facts, tore the same fallacies apart, riddled the same shams, similarly but in all seriousness stripped off the clothes which make us seem what we are not, and paraded human nature so that we might at last perceive that the spirit of man which was supposed to be in the ascendant was not, despite all our achievements, much above the animal—perhaps even nearer to the beast than ever through this very Roman holiday of conceit—if anyone did this in all solemnity, he would be put down for a preacher, a reformer, a pessimist, a coiner of jeremiads, a person of low mind and improper thoughts, of bilious liver and jaundiced intellect, and his warnings set aside after one amused reading.'

"'Oh, I tell you, Strode, we are come to a rotten pass in the world's history!'

"He raised his voice—a Pink Rabbit privilege—and was now declaiming. Everybody could hear him. Perhaps he was pleasantly conscious of it. Perhaps he was particularly aware that across the room, in the corner booth, was Nanny Wadsworth, her eyes fixed upon him encouragingly, admiringly, silently applauding, and the burning cigarette, forgotten, dangling listlessly between her slightly stained fingers. Her lips were parted and her whole interest seemed for him. Young Colson and Gray, observing her distraction, had also turned their attention to the cause of it. Landers, who had dropped in in the meantime and was sitting alone, was leaning back, enjoying himself immensely as Gerard deGraaf's words poured out in a silver torrent that would have made the man from Nebraska wonder who diverted the headwaters.

"I doubt if even a lightning stenographer could have caught that speech word for word. It was a wonderful and fearful thing; wonderful as extemporaneous speech, fearful as an arraignment of modern conditions. Nanny and I, if not the others, had reason to know that Gerard, by education and natural appetite, had absorbed an amazing amount of classical knowledge, particularly concerning ancient races and lost arts; but none of us knew till this minute that such things were poised on the tip of his tongue, ready to take flight at his will.

"The sum and substance of it was this. The world was weary, surfeited, *blasé*. Like Alexander, it was drunk and weeping because there seemed nothing more to achieve. Yet what had we achieved? Nothing that was not material. We had conquered the air. We could ride on it and speak through it. We had learned to harness rivers, waterfalls, and employ their power. Presently we would harness the tides and make the waves of the sea and the heat of the sun and the steam of volcanoes subject to our will, even as we had enslaved the power of a few grains of alchemic radium filched from thousands of tons of Mother Earth, whose bosom we were also draining of its oils. We had all but conquered disease. Science was about to restore youth to the senile, and even the secret of life was at discovery's finger-tips.

"All material achievement, however. Where was art for art's sake—the beauty for beauty's sake our ancestors pursued? The spirit of man which had then striven upward had abandoned its reaching after the spiritual and gone as the beast, downward—and here was the tragedy of it!—without knowing it, actually believing we were still ascending toward perfection. Beauty and romance were dead. Art for anything but money's sake was dying. Desire to possess an object of art and beauty was now in nine cases out of ten but the desire for prestige in the possession. Gone were the women of yesterday, the mothers of yesterday, who made home an institution instead of a casual lodging-house. The woman of today, particularly the American woman, declared Gerard, was a beautiful parasite—'the orchid of civilization.'

"Materialism! Gerard deGraaf did not use the word 'militarism.' The latter was not to come into common usage for a year or two yet. But 'materialism' he branded as the sword which was

presently to descend upon the hapless house of modern society. Materialism was worse than war, or threats of war, for in the end it would provoke men to war as wild beasts to carnage among themselves over coveted meat. And upon the head of these goodnatured United States he placed the blame of breeding and nurturing this monstrosity, whose progeny in turn were colonizing the earth, Americanizing the earth, Americanizing art, reducing all things, even beauty and faith and love, to conventional patterns, machine-made and of standardized parts!

"By this time Gerard was on his feet. He always got on his feet when he warmed up to a subject. Also, getting on one's feet was another inalienable Pink Rabbit privilege. His eyes were ablaze; his artistic, brushed-back hair flying like a wet mop or Creatore's brush in the *finale*, and he waved his arms like a Quixotic windmill. Yet there was something inspiring about the figure of him then. He was genius of some sort personified —running riot. And so he went on.

"The world—its so-called civilization—was come to an impasse. Something was going to happen; something was bound to happen. Gerard felt it in the air. Like Herod in *Salome*, he heard 'something that is like the beating of wings, the beating of vast wings.' Like Herod, he cried out in a queer, prophetic, half-crazed way that something was going to happen—something terrible was going to happen!

"Then Gerard seemed to wake up to the fact that where in the beginning he had been consciously talking for the grandstand — Nanny, mainly—in the end he had forgotten her and even himself in his subject. He stopped short, looked confused, muttered something incoherently, picked up his hat and walked out of the Pink Rabbit, slamming the door after him.

"'He ought to have been an actor!' cried young Colson, breaking the sudden silence.

"'Ought tae r-run fur Coangress!' said the Scot who painted sycamores and cañons.

"'At least, he oughtn't to paint,' said Nanny quietly.

"Presently she slipped over to my booth, sat in Gerard's vacated place and told me her version of the falling-out. In these days, my friend, they all came to 'Daddy' Strode.

"Well, there was nothing I could do at that time but offer sympathy. Later, as it turned out, I was to take a hand in the game, or, rather, I was to play a hand dealt by Nanny Wadsworth from a stacked deck.

"It was the very day after Gerard's outburst on the rottenness of Denmark that he hauled Miss Ethel Berwynd out of the surf. She was truly grateful, even if the easel and the rest of the outfit went out with the undertow. Her mother, with whom Miss Berwynd occupied a rented studio, was even more grateful, explaining that Ethel was not very robust, hinting at lungs. Therefore, Gerard called next day to inquire if the delicate, pretty girl had suffered from unexpected immersion in the Pacific.

"She hadn't. In fact, she was up and about, looking quite bewitching in dry and fluffy things where she had been just sort of appealing when drenched. She had been making inquiries about her hero, too, and now accused him of modesty in a number of things. Now she knew that her noble rescuer was also a genius! Was it not he who had painted that masterpiece, 'After That, the Dark?' Gerard admitted it, bowing low to cover his embarrassment and pleasure.

"At that, she must have his opinion on 'some little things' she had done. Not much, surely, and she was dreadfully diffident about showing them to a man of Gerard deGraaf's reputation. She was only a beginner and—'just little water-colors, you know.'

"He looked them over with the heavy eye of experience which hopes to find merit but not expecting it. They were, like Miss Berwynd herself, very pretty but lacking in distinctiveness. That is to say, there was nothing about them one could very well criticize constructively. He said as much, with judicious editing. From the painter of 'After That, the Dark' even faint praise was as pollen to a bee. She took all of it she could carry and fairly succumbed under the sweet burden of it. And that she would 'dearly love to see some of his later work' paved the way for an invitation to mother to bring her daughter to have tea at the deGraaf studio. The studio, Gerard explained, was a bachelor affair, but no doubt the presence of two ladies, etc., etc.

"It did. Mother Berwynd looked around the studio when she arrived with Ethel next day, raised her hands to heaven in playful horror and promptly set about straightening a few things and laying plans for a more extensive reorganization of the deGraaf habitation. In the meantime, Ethel insisted upon making the tea and of course had to have Gerard in the kitchenette to show her where he kept things. And when, after tea, Gerard showed them some of his latest canvases, it was proved absolutely that Nanny Wadsworth had no art sense whatever!

"Ethel Berwynd became Mrs. Gerard deGraaf a few weeks later, Mother Berwynd continuing as executive after the honeymoon. Nanny took the

event with outward philosophy, being at Monterey when the thing happened, and after her return playing around with young Colson. But one evening in the Pink Rabbit she leaned across the table and, unperceived, unheard by anyone else, placed her slender, nicotine-stained fingers on my hand and said in a broken whisper, 'Oh, Daddy Strode—Daddy!—I've lost my playmate.'

"I can tell you these little things because—well, the whole story is now as much Carmel's own pet romance as that copy of *The Spirit of the Beast* is my personal property.

"Well, the deGraafs were married. At the outset things went wrong. Gerard was in my studio within three months with a sad mother-in-law tale. He had nothing against his wife, or was too much of a man to utter it if he had. But I don't think he had; only that he still loved Nanny Wadsworth and had never loved the girl he hauled out of the surf. From the way he reviled the editor of *The Caramel*, our art colony's weekly roast, I think he gave Henson a fair share of blame for foisting a wife and mother-in-law upon his bachelor calm. Henson, you know, didn't care what he put in his rag. He offended one to afford mirth for the rest. Henson himself was as broad as the Pacific, and as unrestrained. His tale of the rescue was a scream to everybody but Gerard. Somehow it did not displease Mother Berwynd. Henson further reported Gerard, 'haggard and anxious,' making that call of solicitous inquiry; also, the rapid developments of the affair were duly chronicled in each successive issue. It would have been really embarrassing if Gerard had not fulfilled Henson's prophecy of the outcome of the 'romantic drama.' One thing more. Shen Henson hinted in the third act that there was a broken heart in the corner booth of the Pink Rabbit, Nanny Wadsworth just slapped his face in the post office at mail time and never explained to him or anyone else why she did it. She never even took the cigarette out of her mouth.

"Not only mother-in-law figured in the tale of woe Gerard brought to me. Money, too. His wife had none. His mother-in-law had none. And Gerard had had a bad half-hour explaining to the latter why at times even a great painter might not have two to rub together. He had sold nothing 'After That, the Dark.' The five thousand was gone, most of it in the buying of a lot and the building of a studio worthy of its occupant's reputation.

"'Why don't you paint another 'After That, the Dark?' I asked him.

"'My God, Strode!' he cried. 'Would you have me descend to duplication? I know it is done and is permissible to a certain extent. But I have made a rule. I shall never repeat myself. It is unworthy of a great painter—I mean, an artist who is conscientious.'

"'Well, paint something else that's saleable.'

"'I suppose that's the only way out—paint some potboiler that will loosen the purse strings of an art-loving world. Something with a dog in it and a leet-le che-ild, and call it 'Faithful Unto Death.'

"'Gerard,' I said in my best paternal manner, 'Listen to me. You're young and you're married. The combination is sometimes inconvenient. But the former has this advantage in your case. You may turn out a few potboilers without damaging the reputation your later works may bring you. Remember that Shakespeare rehashed old plays when he wasn't doing stage-carpentry. You can't put across innovations in art—and some of your productions are that—until you have a living to back your insistence for recognition.'

"He sighed and took up his hat.

"'I suppose I'll have to do it, much as I hate to,' he said. At the door he turned and added an important fact, as if it had just occurred to him as perhaps some extenuation for the proposed crime against himself.

"'Ethel's sick, you know,' he said.

"She was. I did not know how sick until she was dead—two months later. I had seen little of deGraaf in the meantime. Few of us had, except for a moment in the post office. Then, I thought, he looked strained, as from overwork.

"He had been working, working like a dog. These must have been for him days in purgatory—painting till his eyes hurt, with a sick girl in the next room and Mother Berwynd coming in to ask when the picture would be done and how much he would get for it. He made several trips to San Francisco, taking with him four or five canvases at a time. He did not bring them back, but he did not sell them either. Old Kahn has told me since—and deGraaf makes no secret of it now—that Gerard asked the privilege of storing them in the dealer's cellar, rather than to carry them back as visible emblems of failure. What Kahn had told him about the canvases must have quite discouraged him from offering them to anyone else.

"'Paint another picture with the unique quality of 'After That, the Dark,' said Kahn, 'and I believe I could fix your money troubles over night.'

"'I will think about it,' said Gerard; 'but I will not duplicate.'

"The one thing that heartened him in these days was the loyalty of his sick wife. She believed in him, in his art, in his ability to paint great

pictures. Kahn, she said, was 'a mercenary old Jew who doesn't want real art because the popular stuff brings him more money on his forty per cent commission.' Always she urged him to stick to his colors, literally and figuratively.

"Just what happened the day before Ethel deGraaf died no one knows exactly, but I suspect in a general way. Mother-in-law's complainings, too, may have broken him at last. Anyway, he threw down his palette and brushes, kicked over the easel, canvas and all, and with a burst of hysterical laughter announced to Mother Berwynd and his wife: 'Nanny was right! Now I know. I can't paint, and it's no use holding the pose any longer!'

"Mother Berwynd took the announcement surprisingly well. 'That being the case,' said she, 'why don't you go to work?'

"'Work!' cried the sick girl-wife. 'Gerard deGraaf working? Oh, mother! What are you saying? You don't understand. You never have understood. If it's me you're worrying about—please don't! All great geniuses have had to go through this sort of thing—their wives too. Look at Poe. Why can't I be to Gerard what Virginia was to him? Oh, mother, I'd be glad to die, even of starvation, rather than see Gerard give up!'

"Well, she did die during the following night, not of starvation exactly, but quietly and in sleep. Her last words to Gerard, when he was telling her good-night and hoping she would feel better in the morning, were: 'Dear Gerard! Don't brood over what mother said. It was no more what she feels than was the thing you said—about your painting—what you really think and *I know!* Promise me something, dear.'

"'Anything, girlie, anything,' said Gerard, who was at the end of his resistance to anything.

"'That if I have to go—after, I mean—you won't let mother or anyone else change your ambition, and you won't give up. For oh, Gerard, I *know* you can paint! I *know* you are a genius, and the world will know it, too, if you will just not give up. Promise!'

"'I promise, dear. Now go to sleep,' said he, as he might have spoken to a little child.

"She slept, and did not wake up—in Carmel, at least. After the funeral, Mother Berwynd, with a few bitter remarks on men who thought more of their 'art' than of a wife's welfare, departed for parts unknown, her going somewhat accelerated by a burst of rage on the part of the distracted Gerard deGraaf.

"'Practically kicked out. He's good at that,' said Nanny Wadsworth when the news reached her that the last of the Berwynds had gone.

"Then followed the really dark period in deGraaf's career—the still, brooding darkness which is more trying than the fury of the storm. He stayed alone in that studio, which was fortunately his own and unencumbered. Only heaven knew at the time how he occupied himself, how he sustained life, what he thought about. Unquestionably he painted some; but a man can paint no more than so many hours of daylight, although they do say that Berger turns out his monthly stack of pines and rocks by gasoline lamp.

"Occasionally Gerard left Carmel carrying some canvases to Kahn. When he brought them back—which he did now—it was with the same wild eye of defiance of the silly world's opinions on art with which he took them away. 'Gerard's Swallows,' the unkind used to call these pictures, because they ever homeward flew.

"He could not have had any, or much, money. Nanny worried about his health while she gave him no more than her broadcast merry smile and light word when she passed him in the village. He never came to the Rabbit nowadays. No more were we regaled with his outbursts of song, satire, or fluent oratory—for his variety had been infinite in happier days. He seemed to know something of everything except painting. It was only in painting that he lacked an almost diabolically unerring intuition and touch.

"Nanny reported to me that he never bought anything at the store but tea, crackers, jam and occasionally a half-pound of pork sausage. A few days later I casually invited him to have supper with me some night—any night—'why not tomorrow night?' He glared at me and declined without thanks. Several of the others—Gray and Landers and Colson and Berger—tried to inveigle him into a square meal, but got snubbed for their charity.

"'I did not know until later that it was Nanny Wadsworth who took advantage of one of his absences Kahnward to pay a surreptitious visit to his studio. We never locked 'em in those dear days. After tidying up a bit, she left the table set for supper with a baked meat loaf, some fresh rolls and coffee in the pot ready to warm up. She told me about it next day, but only by way of asking advice. She had watched his homecoming from behind the saltbush hedge and had had for her pains the spectacle of meat-loaf, rolls and coffee—pot and all—being shot out of the kitchenette door.

"'I can offer no suggestion, Nanny,' I said. 'Better leave him alone.'

"Whether she did or not I didn't know for some time. As a matter of fact, she didn't. She just kept mothering Jerry deGraaf in secret, while

in public her conduct made for no increased respect from him or anybody. Except for her morals, for Nanny was too cool-headed and brainy to offend the conventions, she was Murger's *Mimi* to life. Pauline Verrall, of the Arts and Crafts Shoppe, who could be quite catty, called her 'The Village Slouch'—hearing which Nanny laughed, showing a set of beautiful white teeth, and said: 'Thank God they're my own!'

"Then came the climax. It arrived with the premonitory signs all wrong. Of course, to me, who was presently a fellow-conspirator with Nanny, it was only a surprise in that the conspiracy worked without a hitch. To the rest of Carmel it looked merely as if Nanny had recovered from her heart-wound and deGraaf from his; only there was no sign that these two would ever come together again. Perhaps if Nanny had offered him even the pip of an olive he might have gravitated back to the Rabbit and his old flame. But Nanny's behavior with young Colson was getting to be 'a byword and an opprobrium,' as somebody says.

"It was the day after an occasion when Gerard returned from a visit to Kahn, bringing the usual flock of 'swallows,' but with a curious new light in his face, that Nanny came to me in my studio—a place she had never set foot in before—I mean, alone.

"'I didn't take your advice that time,' she said, depositing a package on the table, making herself comfortable and lighting the inevitable cigarette. 'I've been playing spy on G. deGraaf for months. I've been cooking for him, darning his socks and doing his laundry. Only he doesn't know it. At first he objected to my cooking and chucked it out. But he had to wear the shirts and socks. Then he got tired of feeding the brush-rabbits and the neighbors' cats and took to his meals-from-heaven like a motherless lamb to the sucking-bottle. I think he even went away oftener to facilitate the operations of the angelic envoy.'

"'Day before yesterday he went off to Kahn's with some more perfectly good canvas ruined. In doing my housework up there at his studio I ran into something on his desk that interested me immensely. I wanted to swipe it at the time and bring it to you, but was afraid he'd miss it.'

"'Yesterday he came back, and I saw right away he'd got hold of himself in some way—got some sort of a new grip on life, I mean, although it might have been just another temporary mirage. I watched him from behind the saltbush hedge last night. What do you suppose he was doing?'

"'Never make a guess,' said I.

"'Preparing a new canvas—a big one, too.'

"'Poor fool!'

"'You've got to admire his grit!' Nanny flashed at me.

"'I do. I merely weep to see it wasted.'

"'What d'you suppose he's painting—right at this minute, I mean?'

"'Canvas' would express it, doubtless.'

"'Of course. But he came down to the Rabbit this morning and actually bought himself a solid breakfast. Was whistling 'Il Bacio,' too, while waiting for his ham-and-eggs. I said, 'G'morning, Jerry!' and he said 'G'morning, Nanny! Sit down. I've got some great news for you.'

"'Sorry,' I said in my best up-stage manner, 'but I've got to see Jack Colson about a little thing we're planning for tonight.'

"'You hussy!'

"'Sure!' I agreed, lightly blowing smoke-rings. Then I strolled out and slipped up to his studio before he could get through with the ham-and-eggs. He'd been at work since sun-up. He's trying to repeat his success of 'After That, the Dark.''

"'Here's hoping,' I said; but I had reason for entertaining little hope. There was something I had long surmised about that much talked-of canvas of his.

"'Don't waste hope like that!' said Nanny ironically, but with a sudden, curious break in her voice. She bit her lip, then went on in her assumed *blasé* manner: 'So I swiped that package and brought it along. He won't miss it now for a while. Busy?'

"I was, but—'Oh, nothing special,' I said.

"'All right,' she said, undoing the piece of cotton twine and greasy wrapping paper in which she had hastily assembled the contents. 'I didn't have time to go very far with it. Suppose we tackle it together. Now we'll see what little old Jerry's been doing with himself all these months.'

"'But, Nanny!—' I began in protest.

"'Shut up, Daddy, I'm running this show!' she snapped; and that was the end of my scruple.

"We were together in my studio for hours. Except for an occasional amazed grunt from me and a continuously murmured, 'Jerry! Oh—Jerry' from Nanny, there was no sound in the room but the rustling of paper. Nanny even forgot to smoke.

"When we had done we sat and stared at each other. It was Nanny who broke the silence.

"'Daddy Strode,' said she. 'How much a month to hire a typewriter?'

"Well, two months passed. Nanny was busy and the Rabbit saw little of her. Young Colson seemed to have been forgotten. She was helping her brother, she said. His health had suffered a

temporary relapse. DeGraaf was busy too, and everybody knew on what. In the first flush of new creation he made a confidant of everybody, but talked less about it as the weeks went by and there came no word of the masterpiece being finished.

"'He's made seven of 'em to date,' Nanny confided to me one day, 'and now he's on the eighth!'

"'When will you be ready?' I inquired of my fellow-conspirator.

"'Oh, I finished weeks ago. I'm just waiting for the jury to hang or reject.'

"At the end of that second month Nanny's actions became more mysterious. She had apparently quit her job of 'helping brother' and spent most of her time at the Rabbit. She discouraged intrusion upon her solitariness of mood and person, smoked innumerable cigarettes, and her eye never strayed long from the little window which commands the road that comes down from deGraaf's studio.

"On the third day of her vigil she saw Gerard come down the hill and take the stage-coach. He was pale, haggard and thin. He awkwardly lugged a canvas wrapped in newspapers and tied with variegated strings knotted together. As soon as the stage and Gerard had left, Nanny headed for my studio. I was very busy that morning doing letters for the Carmel Art Association's forthcoming summer exhibition, but Nanny said this was no time for fooling.

"'All right,' she said. 'Number eight's the *magnum opus*. He's taken it to Kahn. The obsequies are scheduled for tonight.'

"'Well, what are you going to do, Nanny? You can't tear down all his castles and not offer him even a hovel in which to house his soul.'

"Nanny chirruped contemptuously and planted a letter on the table. It seemed to be from a New York publishing house, but its contents were not such as to help the situation. Here it is as far as I can remember how it ran:

Miss Agnes Wadsworth,
Carmel, California.

Dear Miss Wadsworth:

We are glad to have had the opportunity of considering your first offering as a literary agent, and only regret that we can not offer your client a contract for *The Spirit of the Beast*. While the writer has undoubtedly a remarkable fecundity of thought and felicity of diction, his subject, treated in a masterly manner though it is, would win little popularity at this time.

As a business concern we must of course take many things into consideration besides literary quality, the chief being: will a book make even a small return on the outlay involved in its production? We are satisfied that, despite the high quality of this work, as literature, it would not repay us or its author in the more material sense. We are therefore regretfully compelled to return it.

At the same time, we have been much interested in this manuscript. If your client could be induced to turn his high gift of word painting to subjects of a less sombre nature and be made to see the wisdom of avoiding such excessive candor, we have no doubt that in the future we might be able to add something of his to our lists.

Very truly yours,
The Something, Somebody Co.

"'Well, except for that last paragraph, Nanny——'

"'Oh, I know!' she cut me off. 'Don't be a bromide, Daddy. It's just what I wanted. It's just enough to give him a little straw to grab onto until the ship comes along. And in the meantime, as he'll need encouragement to navigate even his straw, he should have a mate.'

"'Going to propose to him, Nanny?'

"'Oh, no. I'll just marry him. I'll have to. You see that, don't you?'

"'I—see,' was all I could think to say. Then—'Aside from a little thing like that, what's the big program?'

"'He'll probably come back this evening. I'm not making any supper for him. He won't want any tonight. I'll have supper with you at the Rabbit.'

"'Yes, ma'am. Then—?'

"'If he comes, you'll go up first and do the—the dirty work.'

"'Yes, ma'am. Poison. Then the knife.'

"'I'll be out behind the saltbush hedge. And when you get through—'

"'Exit the villain. Enter the heroine, who discovers there is still life in the hero.'

"'Ye-es,' she said, smiling faintly through tears she did not try to hide. 'Oh, it's—it's awful! But he's got to go through with it, Daddy!'

"So have I, it seems!' I groaned. 'Well—seven be all right for supper?'

"'Make it six-thirty.'

"I would rather skim over the rest.

"Gerard deGraaf returned to Carmel about eight o'clock that evening. He did not bring back the masterpiece, but his face told the story of what had happened. His eyes had the glassy stare of a

dead man's. Like one recovering from a long illness he walked slowly up to the road to his studio. Nanny and I watched his progress from the little window of the Rabbit. I'll confess that my eyes were a bit foggy. Nanny was openly crying.

"'Now, Daddy,' Nanny gulped. 'Go ahead—but take time. Give him, say, five minutes to himself in the ruins. Then stroll in. I'll follow presently and be behind the saltbush hedge until you come out.'

"I went like a butcher to the slaughterhouse. There was no light in the studio, but I knew Jerry was there, sitting alone in the darkness. I waited five or six minutes, then went it.

"I struck a match in the studio. By its uncertain flicker I saw him hunched up in a chair. I lighted a lamp without saying anything. He only looked up dazedly, said 'Oh—Strode?' and crumpled up again.

"'Yes, it's Strode,' I said, and that was all for the moment. I looked around for the thing I wanted to see—out of mere curiosity. It wasn't there, of course, but lying around the studio were five or six fresh-appearing canvases. They were all the same picture more or less. They were all bad; some worse than others. On the back of each was penciled the same title—'So Be My Passing.' It at once suggested a passage from Henley. Remembering his successful Tennyson title I supposed that this new title and the picture itself were to suggest the context:

'So be my passing.
My task accomplished, and the long day done;
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing in the quiet sky;
May I be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene.'

"I saw what he had tried to do and utterly failed in the doing. As a painting that sundown behind California hills was—a fright! In conjunction with the thought behind the title it was pathos. I could hardly even imagine how Kahn must have looked, and what he said, when this daub was unveiled to his gaze.

"'Well, Gerard,' I said to the man who couldn't paint, 'I suppose you realize this is the end.'

"'I have already been told,' he moaned.

"'Why did you keep on? That's what puzzles me. You know 'After That, the Dark' was only an accident of your brush. You couldn't have done it again in a thousand years under the law of chances.'

"He raised a drawn face and stared at me.

"'You knew that?' he asked.

"'Yes. Didn't you?—honest, now?'

"'I didn't. Before God, I didn't! I had tried for some such effect—and it came.'

"'That's what the tenderfoot said when he shot at the buck and it somehow got in the way of his bullet.'

"It was brutal, of course, but I was under orders from my general.

"He groaned and his head sank.

"'What are you going to do, Gerard? Of course you might sell the studio and open an opposition to the Pink Rabbit. Not a bad idea at that! You could hang up your last painting as a signboard and call the place 'The Passing Show.''

"He looked up at me slowly.

"'What are you trying to do to me, Strode?' he asked with a kind of pained wonder. 'You can't hurt me, you know.'

"'Are you through with painting?' I roared at him.

"'Yes—quite. Also, it is through with me.'

"'Good! Well, that's all I came to find out. You'll be a big man yet if you don't shoot yourself in the meantime.'

"'I was thinking about it,' he said quietly, 'and how ridiculous it was at such a dramatic moment to have no gun nor know how to shoot.'

"'Well, don't get one and learn. It would make such a mess and the colony would have to ante-up the funeral expenses.'

"He suddenly got to his feet, stiffening like a cobra about to strike, and addressed me with icy incisiveness.

"'Mr. Strode. I did not invite you to call this evening. In fact, I had hoped to be alone. I should feel vastly obliged if you would again utilize the door by which you came in without knocking. And please do not come here again until I send you word that I like your company. Good-night, Mr. Strode.'

"'Good-night, Mr. deGraaf,' I said curtly, and left.

"That is, I went out and, standing in the darkness, looked back at a window beyond which I could see the interior of the lamplit studio. The instant I was gone he must have collapsed. He was lying face downward on the rug before the fireless open hearth. Presently I saw the little door leading from the kitchenette open and Nanny softly enter.

"Then I went away, knowing that discretion is the better part of curiosity.

"Next morning I went down to the Rabbit, hoping to see Nanny and hear how things had worked out. I found her and Gerard deGraaf discussing a pile of flapjacks and maple syrup. When

they saw me Nanny became horribly confused for some reason. She blushed pink. DeGraaf grinned at me, rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"'You old beast!' said he.

"'For heaven's sake, Gerard!' I cried. 'Wipe the syrup off your face! . . . Well, what's in the wind?'

"'We were just coming up to get you,' said Nanny. 'I'll have to be given away, and brother's not feeling up to it.'

"'Certainly, certainly,' I murmured. 'But first, stay me with flapjacks. Comfort me with syrup.'

"So later in the forenoon I assisted in marrying Nanny Wadsworth to Gerard deGraaf. But it was a strangely altered Gerard; or, rather, it was the old Gerard shorn of his belief in himself as a painter. He was brilliantly, hilariously, lighthearted. At the wedding luncheon, to which as 'father' of the bride I invited the whole colony, he had us all in convulsions, after the first grim silence at his even mentioning the painful subject, over his description of old Kahn's face when he saw that *magnum opus*, 'So Be My Passing.'

"'It's a great title, deGraaf!' the old Jew had cried. 'Y'ought to frame that picture, deGraaf. I wouldn't sell it if I was you, deGraaf—not for fifty dollars I wouldn't! It should be a fam'ly heirloom, deGraaf—something your great-grandchildren could look at and say, 'Grampa done that, an' the title means—*'He's Through!'*'

"Then Nanny made a speech, and I could have kissed the dear lass—and did as soon as she sat down. We all did, in fact, except Henson of *The Caramel*. He'd had his smack.

"Nanny stood up there; pretty, wistful, smiling, with just a suggestion of crying, and told us the story of Gerard's mistake—the mistake lots of us might be making. Because we wanted to express ourselves it didn't follow that pigment and canvas were the only mediums, or always the best. Genius was a lake and rivers were its talents of expression. There might be many rivers flowing out of the same lake, but usually there was one particular channel into which all the others flowed and went as one to the sea. Gerard had found his main outlet of expression. It wasn't painting with oils or water-colors; it was making pictures of things that are rather of the mind than the eye, and it was done with ink and paper. Gerard, she said, had once made a promise to someone very near to him—we all knew and looked at our plates—that he would never give up painting. But he was not breaking that promise in becoming a writer of books. He was still fulfilling his ambition to express himself and the medium was painting still—word-painting. He had written a book. It had not been accepted yet, but Nanny was sure it would be. And they were going to travel uphill together until it was. That was why she had married him and hired a typewriting machine. She and 'brother' and Gerard were all going to live together in Gerard's studio and save rent, and she, Nanny, would do the cooking for both while they worked for the future.

"'It's a perfectly cold-blooded business proposition,' she assured us, 'except that I love Jerry and Jerry loves me, and we don't care who knows it!'

"Well, that's all. To be brief about that novel, which I told you in the beginning was not important save as a resultant phase of its author, *The Spirit of the Beast* was offered to the public in 1913. That was after it had been offered successively and in vain to twelve other publishers. The thirteenth (who didn't know his number) agreed to try it on the public dog. It fell flat.

"You see, at that time, a year before the War, nobody cared a whoop about the 'Beast' or its author's description of exactly what the world was coming to in a month or two—all based, you know, on that scriptural tag, 'Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?'

"The novel wasn't even ridiculed or roasted. It simply appeared, got the usual press notices—mostly publishers' 'blurbs' modified or rewritten—and died the death.

"But along in 1917, when we were all talking about the 'Hun' and the 'Beast' and preachers were telling us that the whole trouble was we had departed, like Solomon, from our God, somebody—may be a proofreader with a memory, or a linotype operator with a taste for worth-while copy—drew the attention of some literary blacksmith or 'colyum'-artist to the fact that every blessed thing the preachers, editorial-writers and idealists were howling these days had been said a darned sight better in a novel by a fellow with a Dutch-sounding name—a yarn published a year before anybody started anything at Sarajevo.

"Anyway, the novel, resurrected, came out again with a publishers' preface about the first edition and its failure, citing the public's indifference at that time as proof of the novel's point. Nanny was telling me only yesterday that it has sold over a hundred and fifty thousand copies.

"And, by the way, I happened to say to Nanny: 'The old *Beast's* success must make that firm—what-d'ye-call-'em?—TheSomething,Somebody Company—feel quite peeved.'

"'Oh, I shouldn't think so,' said Nanny. 'I never heard of the firm myself!'"

PARCELL, *Realist and Romanticist*

Pennsylvania artist who won Saltus medal with first National Academy picture is developing a personal talent

William B. M'GORMICK

TO THE JURY of admissions for the 1919 annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design there was presented a painting entitled "Louine" by an artist unknown to either the jurors or to fame. It was accepted; and the jury on awards bestowed on the work the Saltus Medal of Merit, an event which plainly demonstrated that the National Academicians are are not so blind to a new talent as report credits them with being, nor so opposed to it.

The picture, which had something more than a *succes d'éstime*, was by Malcolm Parcell, a Pennsylvania artist then twenty-three years old, unknown to the metropolitan art world. His "Louine" was remarkable for the sturdy simplicity of its design, its resonant color, and, most of all, for the element of mysterious fascination in the character of the graceful young woman. This figure arrested and held the attention of the spectator through the prideful pose of the body and head, the glance of the half-closed eyes, and the sense of delicate aloofness which pervaded the whole composition. The work was so personal, so lacking in reminiscences of any other painter, that discriminating art lovers remembered it with keen delight and kept an expectant eye open for anything new from Mr. Parcell's brush.

Although he had two pictures in the Carnegie Institute show of 1920, New York saw nothing

"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL" BY MALCOLM PARCELL





"AN EPISODE" BY MALCOLM PARCELL

more of this artist's work, save some pencil sketches reproduced in a magazine in 1920 and 1921, till May of the year 1922 when the Macbeth Galleries gave an exhibition of eight of Mr. Parcell's paintings. Then it was made clear that the talent displayed in his National Academy picture of three years before was no chance quality, but something very genuine. And it had been developed in its romantic and realistic qualities to a degree that again moved profoundly those who saw the work. In color, in painting, in grace, in fantasy and in realism, here were eight pictures which stood out in the art year as stimuli to wonder and delight.

To those who knew this painter only through his Saltus Medal winner there was but one of these canvases resembling the "Louine." This was the "Portrait of a Girl," more resonant in color, less aloof from the world, a long step forward toward that sound realism which is this painter's most impressive equipment. His work falls into three classes: realism, as expressed in his portraits and scenes of Washington village life; romanticism, as seen in his nymphs, satyrs and poetical figure groups; and essays toward a style of the exquisite which remind one faintly of Dewing's gracious ladies although Mr. Parcell's dainty figures are of very knowing young dancers of the contemporary stage.

In this young painter's artistic nature there is a strong strain of the poetic which, oddly enough, is most apparent in his realistic canvases. It is not necessary to stress this point as to his portraits, and his true poetry is also found in so simple a theme as the "Old Mill," a portrait, in its way, a statement of facts, yet touched with this personal quality; and in "The Villagers," two men stopping for a moment in a snowy road in the falling snow with the village houses rising on a hillside behind them, their lights gleaming through the murk of snow and oncoming night. These two figures

"THE CHURCHYARD" BY MALCOLM PARCELL





"PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER" BY MALCOLM PARCELL

appear again in the winter evening scene of "The Churchyard," the sombre light and atmosphere of which is relieved by a brilliant band of clear sky along the distant horizon, a composition profoundly moving by its realism and its poetry.

In any consideration of Mr. Parcell's paintings and illustrations it is interesting to know the simple story of his life. He was born in Washington, Pennsylvania, twenty-six years ago, the son of a clergyman. From his nineteenth to twenty-fourth year he held a clerical position, studying in what time he could spare from his work in the School of Applied Design at the Carnegie Institute. Once, I am told, he came to New York with a few of his pictures and sketches and sought out the late J. Alden Weir to ask advice as to whether he should come to New York to study. Mr. Weir looked at the work, with his customary kindly interest toward young artists, and advised Mr. Parcell to go back to Washington. "New York has nothing for you," he said. And so the young painter and illustrator returned to his home, where in an attic studio in his father's house he works with his brother who is an illustrator.

"PORTRAIT OF HELEN GALLAGHER" BY MALCOLM PARCELL



With this unrelieved record as a background one may look with particular interest at the painting called "An Episode." In its luminous color scheme, the grave perfection of the painting, this canvas recalls the best work of the French school. The tones are resonant, their relations notable for verity. The earth, the church, the stones and crucifix in the bare little cemetery are immutable, his smoky clouds float against the clear sky. But the interest in this canvas centres in the departure from the funeral of the four nuns while the workers in the field stop their labors to glance at the black-habited figures and the hearse on the crest of the hillside. Death and life are typified here, a theme as old as art itself yet seen with a new vision, a rich beauty of form and color. An older artist, a man who had traveled much and suffered much in life, might have conceived such a work without causing remark except over its beauty. But for so young a man to do it tells plainly of the marked poetic strain in his talent.

The figures of dancing girls which Mr. Parcell paints and sketches would verge on the merely pretty if they were not redeemed by his very real concern with fact. And the underlying character of "The Dancer" (shown in his first exhibition), as in the representation of the same exquisite lithe young woman "making up" before a mirror, and in his two illustrations called "The Little Dancer" and "The Tease," is that of a very practical worldliness which makes an almost ugly contrast to their virginal forms.

The romantic pictures which Mr. Parcell has painted, together with two decorations for Swinburne's *Atalanta*, have the same quality of marked individuality that runs through all his work. Three of these were shown in his exhibition—"Pipes and Pan," "Spring," and "Moonlight Revery," other works in this vein being the "Nymph and Satyr" and "Spring Fantasy." Here his work falls into two patterns; voluptuous figures among great trees, pagan abandon amidst the roots of ancient forest growths (these would be like Boecklin, if that Swiss romanticist had cared more for the facts of nature), and more purely decorative compositions in which his always exquisite female figures stand in landscapes that are touched with the only unreality in his work.

That this young painter has marked talent is evident. His future will be watched with interest to note whether he cultivates realism in his portraits of people and places or develops his romantic viewpoint. In the first aspect he has already made so profound an impression, displayed so distinguished an individuality, that it is to be hoped he will not be led away from the path by the allure of romanticism.



"THE DANCER" BY MALCOLM PARCELL

Photographs by courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

BROWNSTONES REMODELED

Greater attention to domestic architecture brings beauty to streets made ugly by solid rows of brownstone fronts

GEORGE H. SHOREY

THE CREATION of an upper-air metropolis of great altitude under distressing limitations of time or space is no mean achievement. Gigantic planes and angles are transformed into a supernatural city by the fall of night and the witchery of the electric bulb; and yet, so commonplace are the marvels of the New York skyscraper to the average observer, that one feels an apology is due the reader for dilating on the subject. The primary motive is to recall attention to the skill and incredible daring of the builders and secondly to direct a side glance at what seems to be a phenomenon in the building world. Why have architects and builders, who have founded such an amazing new epoch in commercial architecture, been so long indifferent to the domestic side of city architecture? The question has doubtless occurred to many and with particular emphasis to the stranger within the gates. It is possible that intensive and continual study of vast building projects has dulled the architectural mind to the importance of the relatively minute four story and basement. In all probability the observers of civic life will agree that the downfall of the brownstone in all its cheerless monotony has been too long delayed.

The apartment house, which personifies architecture by the cubic foot, can scarcely be included within the domain of this article, for while it is representative of a type, and a very important one of Manhattan's great mesas, it is remote indeed from one's ideal of a home.

If one accepts the premises that the average office building is the progeny of the engineer's brain directing some forty different trade services and that the architect is responsible for the surface adornment only, it would seem, to the layman, that the latter has not sufficiently exercised his talent to the betterment of domestic housing. From the fact that the new movement in urban domestic housing has not advanced with the celerity of things American, the conclusion may be drawn that the transformation of the brownstone has not been commercially profitable. Miles of the houses still wall the streets of Manhattan. Myriads of corpulent balusters still sentinetl uncounted front stoops. Legions of black walnut doors open into entrance halls as repellant as the interiors of so many mausoleums. Greek pediments by the thousands still sit heavily on the tops of assorted pillars and mongrel ornaments provoke bodily assault with sledge and crowbar to the end that these examples of the Early Brutal Order of Architecture shall vanish into the oblivion of second-hand building materials.

THE LUGUBRIOUS BROWNSTONE HOUSES OF NEW YORK ARE BEING REDRESSED IN BRIGHTER TONES



It should be understood that the architect had little to do with the creation of the brownstone. Their wholesale erection was in the nature of an epidemic, the result of a natural adolescence in the city's too rapid growth. One naturally frames the question, why did the home buyer of that epoch submit to such architectural indignities? Largely for the reason that his own taste was undeveloped. The country was dead, artistically. European travel with its broad-



AN IRON LANTERN CREATES ITS REPLICA IN SHADOW ON AN ORANGE DOOR

From a drawing by the author

ening influence was not general. It was at a time when the mighty stew of the Civil War was still simmering and a focus of universal attention. However, one's hysteria over the situation is bound to abate by the knowledge that the downfall of the brownstone dynasty is assured; that regeneration is a fact; that assaults with crowbar and sledge are actually and daily taking place and that the ground once encumbered by many of the brownstones is now occupied by gay Bohemians of brick and sparkling stucco.

Someone of phrase-making turn of mind once defined true Bohemianism as the art of refined informality—a clever definition of the ancient feud between a dead convention and the right sort of freedom.

The same definition applied to the present condition of domestic architecture in New York City will picture the mild conflict constantly progressing between the congealed and terrifying respectability of the brownstone and the coquetry, if you please, of lighter-toned building materials. It is a sluggish imagination that can not be captivated by pink and scarlet geraniums against grey stucco, or solid green shutters against a background of red brick, with well-watered window boxes ambuscading small-paned windows; not to speak of the appeal of wrought iron and other alluring entities of the newer home building. "Let everything be hand-wrought," seems to be the creed. The machine-made is abhorred. The artist-artisan is coming into his rightful inheritance and his personal touch is transforming the most obdurate of materials, with the natural result that art, beauty and sentiment, applied to home building, are making their appeal a real force in the awakening of the long indifferent.

The outstanding features of design in the new houses are dominant individuality and bold originality—as enthralling as gypsy music with all of the charm, and perhaps some of the inconsistencies, of vigorous youth, but the worst that can be said of the new movement is much better than the best that can be said of the brownstone.

Although one's pleasure in exploration is enjoyed in proportion to the extent of personal discovery, it may not be taken amiss if a hint be given the explorer to walk north from Fifty-ninth street on Lexington or Third avenues, where the most casual glance will reveal many examples of "refined informality" grafted into the brownstone wall. Naturally a summary of all the charms of



A GROUP OF REBUILT HOUSES ON SIXTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY

From a drawing by the author

the bohemians of architecture is not possible, but to slight a composition in wrought iron work to be found on Sixty-second street would be troublesome to an art conscience. The front of the building, simple to austerity, acts as a foil to a joyous riot of wrought iron scrolls lavished on a gate and its two supports. The high doorway to which the gate gives entrance projects a shadow of great intensity—a perfect background for the exquisite details of the gate. An iron lantern creates its



THE EXCELLENT USE OF WROUGHT IRON IN THESE REBUILT HOUSES IS INTERESTING

own enchanting replica in shadow on an orange-colored door.

Third Avenue at almost any part of its long stretch seems to be engaged in a perpetual rummage sale, so varied are it shops and so endless its bustle, and yet, strangely close to its plebian and noise-infested area on Sixty-third street are two groups each of some ten houses. They stand on opposite sides of the street and appear to be in a state of good-natured argument as to their respective charms. The group on the north side of the street seems to devote much attention to a gay eloquence of roof line. From the urns on the parapet of one house to the great overhang of a third, down to the very end of the series is a succession of stepping-stones of interest. Mysterious casement windows slowly reveal themselves and workers in colored cements have revived their ancient art to give the right touches of piquancy here and there. Even the prosaic water leaders have been used to add their long stretches to the general decorative scheme. Who can resist the charm of stucco and brickwork in one of these dwellings? The bricks are streaked like a ripe pomegranate and the stucco is cloaked in its own natural grey. Combine these allurements with leaded windows, the whole properly softened by the consummate touch of the weather, and a work of art stands forth. In every case the weather has evidently been used as an ally where its vagaries can be trusted to carry out color schemes. Much attention has been devoted to colonnades and wrought iron—well thought out devices to break the angle between the upright of the building and the horizontal of the street. Like miniature moats the areaways guard the basement windows, barred by products of the forge and anvil against the midnight prowler, who changes not with the ages.

Across the way the houses present a different attitude. There is the same fluency of expression in roof-lines but a different interest in the houses themselves, brought about by the use of varied weights of materials with here and there an innovation in the shape of bas-reliefs keyed into position over deepset doorways. Charm is here amid brick and stone and cunningly devised projections to cast magic shadows and with motifs derived from many sources.

The wrought iron work used in this missionary effort to pique the interest is not always finished by blackening or polishing. Through the agency of the weather it forms its own patina of rust or greyness to harmonize with its surroundings. Most of the iron work reflects the uncanny skill of the artisan who is not compelled to follow a false standard of excellence personified in the cold

accuracy of the machine-made. Such craftsmen perpetuate the naïve charm of the primitive by giving their straight and curved lines a slight "wobble," purposely loosening the lines, conveying the spirit rather than the letter of the laws of beauty.

Sometimes this higher law of artistry, imperfectly comprehended, results in strange conceptions. In a side street near the one figuratively explored stands a new house in which the elusive "wobble" has been used to such an extent that the sense of stability is lost. In this same street are several other examples of misapplied "looseness" with the dogma of hand work carried out with religious fervor, even fanaticism. The effect is novel if that is the objective but one experiences a sense of instability, even a feeling of humor. However, shadows seem everywhere well understood; certainly they are the main theme of one dwelling, where deeply set doorways invite the pressure of a thumb to the push-button with a view of ascertaining whether or not the mystery of deep shadows is of the exterior only. In truth the interior is exotic, so filled is it with hand-wrought objects from the best craftsmen. Gay little gardens seen through the deeply shadowed doorways charm by the display of tiny fountains, walks of brick or irregular flag stones, arbors and bird-houses—all so diminutive and yet limitless for the imagination.



AN ANCIENT LANTERN, BAS-RELIEF, MOLDED LEADER, CARVED AND PANELED DOOR MAKE A SIMPLE COMPOSITION OF GREAT CHARM

As an inspirer of interest, sustained from the top of the tallest chimney pot to the sidewalk, there is a rare example on Sixty-sixth street; a building of stucco and brick which serves as an architect's studio and residence. As a purveyor of pleasant lines and details it deserves our gratitude. Of old English motif, it presents a sequence of forms and novel arrangement of window spacing and ornamentation that will delight the "collector" of houses. Part of the stucco surface of the house is covered with a riot of arabesques, descendants of a style of ornament that flourished in England under the patronage of Henry the Eighth. Leaded windows add to its charm and the weather is at work properly streaking and softening the surface of things. Under an ancient lantern of extreme simplicity is an entrance guarded by a door that deserves a page of description, so wonderfully carved are its twelve panels, so enthralling the artistry and so satisfying in execution. It was my privilege to have a glimpse of the interior. When the carved door closed at my heels, I passed through low Gothic arches down a flight of stone steps and from there stepped into a room. Time stopped—nay it reversed itself some three or four centuries. The atmosphere of the room was almost hypnotic. Each object was in its proper place; not one too many or too studied its arrangement. Lack of



GAY LITTLE GARDENS, SEEN THROUGH DEEPLY SHADOWED DOORWAYS CHARM BY THE DISPLAY OF TINY FOUNTAINS, WALKS OF BRICK OR IRREGULAR FLAG STONES, ARBORS AND BIRD HOUSES

space forbids adequate description but it was an appreciable shock to return to the street with its hot-headed scramble barking the shins of one's meditations.

The fairy stories of Hans Christian Anderson inevitably drift into the mind, if a high-gabled house on Sixty-sixth street near Lexington avenue be included in one's itinerary. The house is of stucco with exceedingly charming friezes in high relief. Deep casement windows provide an entrance for inquisitive minds and the fact that all fairies love the forest glades is symbolized by groups of evergreens at the entrance. A house in grey stucco with a blue door wonderfully weathered makes its appeal to the lover of delicate harmonies and not far down the street one may see the joyous vigor of wistaria climbing to a high balcony of exquisite iron-work where purple pendants have been hung. Large white shutters are exactly the right background for the display. Medieval Europe with its dim perspective of romance is reincarnated in one modest dwelling of Gothic design, whose diamond-paned windows, deep-set in masonry, pique the interest and imagination.

Where the examples of "refined informality" are so numerous and their details so compelling of interest, lack of space compels a mere skimming of the surface but the explorer who takes the time for more careful study of these Bohemians of the building world will at once notice the influence of foreign ancestry in their details and general structure. The question will probably arise in his mind of how far this filtration of European ideas, incorporated with American requirements of heat, light, sanitation, etc., will influence future builders to evolve a distinctive and American type of urban domestic architecture. Not for several generations will an answer to this question be available.

Thomas Moran, Dean of Our Painters

Oldest of American artists, Moran works now with the same enthusiasm as he did fifty years ago

Harriet Sisson Gillespie

In his studio home at Santa Barbara, California, Thomas Moran, dean of American painters, and one of the best beloved artists of our time, is now in his eighty-eighth year, as keenly alive to the beauties of nature as when, more than half a century ago, he started on his art career in an obscure studio in Philadelphia. It was in these same scant quarters, years later, that was formed the famous "Bohemian Council," composed of such men as Joe Jefferson, Couldock, Louis James and a group of painters whose brilliant witticisms afterward became proverbial. Today, although time has left its imprint upon the countenance of the famous American artist, and his long, white beard lends to his appearance a patriarchal aspect, his mind is as alert, his sympathies as broad, his humor as whimsical and his love of art as keen as when, early in his career, he was crowned with the laurel wreath placed upon his head by the English critic, John Ruskin. The latter not only singled out a print by Moran from a collection of etchings shown in London as being the best that had come out of America, but he also declared it to be one of the best that modern art could produce.

Despite the fact that Mr. Moran has spent the past eight years in California as a concession to the rigors of winter on the eastern end of Long Island, he returns each autumn to spend a few months in his old haunts. Two spots on earth most completely satisfy Mr. Moran. One is the Grand Cañon, and the other is Easthampton, Long Island, where in the serene atmosphere of this quaint village with its windmills and sea-swept coast, he basks in the beauty of long-familiar scenes and again enjoys the companionship of old friends. To those who know him well he is still affectionately called "Tom" Moran, but to those who are only familiar with his works as hung on the walls of picture galleries he is the National Academician who, in common with Bierstadt, has done justice to the elusive beauty

THOMAS MORAN IN 1871 (LEFT) AND A PORTRAIT TAKEN IN 1922 *Photo by H. R. Butler*







"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME" BY THOMAS MORAN (1859)

and wild grandeur of the American Rockies in the romantic-realistic manner.

No life history is more replete with romance than that of Thomas Moran, one of that famous quartette, descendants of English weavers, who came to this country from a factory town of Lancashire, England. From them have sprung sixteen men and women whose names and work used to be conspicuous and popular as marine, landscape, portrait and genre painters, etchers and magazine illustrators. So especially well known did twelve of the Morans become that they were commonly known as the "Twelve Apostles." Mary Nimmo, wife of Thomas Moran, was known as one of the leading etchers of the country, a talent developed by her husband.

While the work of Thomas Moran has made his name the most conspicuous perhaps, it was Edward, the eldest of fourteen children, to whom the achievement of bringing the family to this country and starting them on their art careers is largely due. Curiously enough, while the Morans had for generations been weavers in the English factory town, the entire trend of thought and action of the generation to which Thomas and Edward belonged was suddenly turned in the direction of art, a profession they pursued to such a successful end that the name of Moran was one to conjure with a quarter of a century ago. The incident that wrought the change was none other than the appearance in the Lancashire town of an itinerant artist, who presumably deco-

"A MEXICAN FESTIVAL" BY THOMAS MORAN (MIDDLE PERIOD)





"THE TETON RANGE, IDAHO" ENGRAVING BY THOMAS MORAN (1899)

rated the walls of the cottages in a crude sort of fashion in exchange for his bed and board. However immature and rudimentary his efforts, they were sufficiently compelling to arouse in Edward a love of art and as a result a short while later he set out for the United States to seek his fortune. His worldly belongings, in proverbial fashion, were tied up in a bandanna handkerchief.

Landing in Maryland, he found little or no opportunity of pursuing his adopted profession and he journeyed to Philadelphia. Nor was the City of Brotherly Love more generous in providing means of making a living and he was forced to turn his attention to cabinet making, even house painting, and finally obliged to return to his old occupation of repairing looms to earn enough to live. One day, however, James Hamilton, an artist, came to Edward Moran with a small commission for the aspiring lad and he began to realize his long cherished dream, studying under Hamilton. He was soon able to send for his three brothers and he established them in very modest quarters.

Displaying his taste for art at an early age, Thomas was apprenticed to a wood-engraver with whom he remained for two years. He took up water-color, being self-trained in the use of that medium, and in 1860 began painting in

"THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA" BY THOMAS MORAN (1913)





"MOUNT MORAN, IDAHO" BY THOMAS MORAN (1903)

self-centered. In fact so little does he think of himself that he has never kept a diary or any record whatever of his most interesting life. Indeed, he has only a very imperfect record of his pictures. He is only interested in the conception of a subject and the execution of the work. Once finished, and left the studio, he never follows the fortunes of his brain child on its journey through the world. My father is as simple and direct in thought and action as a child. He is absolutely without conceit. This is accounted for by the fact he believes everyone should do all he can in the world without looking for reward. The personal equation, in his opinion, counts for very little. It is sincerity of purpose, love of work plus the knowledge gained by application that counts. In other words, it is honesty of purpose and belief in one's ideals that really matters. To feel pride in accomplishment is futile since one always falls short of perfection.

"Until last winter my father never lost a day but a serious illness from which he is now recovering kept him from work for some time. He is now once more at his easel working four hours a day and enjoying it. He is as keen to note the changing lights and shadows that

oil. In 1862 he went to England and in 1866 he went to the Continent and studied the art of France and Italy. He found himself, however, five years later when he made his first journey to the Far West with the government exploring expedition to the Yellowstone country, making a second expedition in 1873. It was on these trips that he made his sketches for his two great canvases which are in the Capitol at Washington, "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" and "The Chasm of the Colorado." These experiences proved to be the events in his life fixing his career for many years during which he painted many pictures in the vein of which those two are acknowledged to be the masterpieces. But Mr. Moran has also painted the sea and such pastoral scenes as are associated with his Long Island domicile.

An absorbing interest in and love for what he is painting is, according to his daughter, Ruth B. Moran, who lives with her father, the secret of his success. He is for the time completely submerged in his work so that his whole personality is dominated by it. "Father is not introspective," says Miss Moran, "nor

"WOODLAND PARK BY THOMAS MORAN (1913)





"VENICE" (*National Academy of Design, 1922*) BY THOMAS MORAN (1921)

drift over the mountains as ever and never tires of the dreamy beauty of the Channel Islands seen from his studio window, with the eucalyptus trees, the live oaks and the brown hills in summer that turn to green with the first of the rains. These are the subjects he is just now putting on canvas. Only last hear he journeyed again to the Yosemite Valley, coming home full of enthusiasm from the beauty of the Yosemite Falls of which he painted a thirty by forty canvas with great success. He is

"THE DREAM CITY" BY THOMAS MORAN (1919)



now at work on a smaller one of the Bridal Veil Falls. He is as much impressed by beauty as in his younger days. His mind never grows stale or he never loses interest but concentrates on his work with as much singleness of purpose and concentration as in his youth.

"Moran," as his daughter naïvely refers to him, "has no interest whatever in the fads of the day as they affect art. He doesn't believe such things will live or leave behind any lasting impression. Ugliness and poor drawing for the sake of novelty does not, to him, spell art. The sporadic flash of such things won't last, but composition, design, beauty of technique and the transformation of the crudities of nature by the alchemy of the artist's ideals to form a picture—this is the thing that holds him."

Mr. Moran's studio in his bungalow home in Anacapa Street, Santa Barbara, is the mecca for artists as it was in Easthampton, and the art colony now developing there includes such artists as Howard Russell Butler, Fernand Lungren, Carl Oscar Borg, Lockwood de Forest, Dewitt Parshall, to name a few of the better known men. The art movement there has been very sanely fostered and Mr. Moran takes a deep interest in it, and the men drop into the studio and he follows what is being done with keen delight. His studio is a rather small room in the bungalow which is located only a few blocks away from the old Santa Barbara Mission, but he has filled it with sketches and etchings brought from his Easthampton home and he seems to feel as much at home in his small quarters as in the forty-foot studio on Long Island. On the walls hang Howard Butler's portrait of him painted last autumn which was shown in the Academy at the same time Mr. Moran latest painting "Venice" was shown. Leaning against the wall of the studio is a large canvas, one of Mr. Moran's best, "The Rock Towers of Colorado," which he painted in 1875 soon after seeing the Grand Cañon. His daughter has kept this canvas for herself as well as an imaginative work, all blue and grey, painted in Santa Barbara in 1919, suggested by the dream-like islands of the Channel.



THOMAS MORAN'S STUDIO IN SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

If Mr. Moran's health had permitted he would have gone last spring to Bryce Cañon, Utah, at the invitation of Stephen Tyng Mather, director of the National Park Service, who was exceedingly anxious he should take the trip to this newest of our national parks to paint it. A month ago Mr. Moran made a short trip to the Grand Cañon of Arizona and they are now urging him to come again to the Yellowstone country. But for his annual trip to Easthampton, Mr. Moran is quite content to stay in his California studio. To work and create is his absorbing passion. To have high ideals and to approximate them as closely as human ability allows is his noblest aim.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

FURNITURE of Historic TYPES

VII. The So-Called Anglo-Dutch Period

The influence of the Frenchman, Daniel Marot, was the chief feature of the William and Mary style

Major Arthur De BLES

ALTHOUGH it has been the custom to class the furniture designed during the reigns of the Dutchman, William of Orange, and his Stuart Queen, Mary, and of their successors, Queen Anne and George I under the one heading of Anglo-Dutch, this classification is inaccurate, at least as far as the early part of the William and Mary period is concerned. That period would be more correctly labeled Anglo-French for it was introduced into England by a Frenchman who only happened to be residing temporarily in Holland at about the time that William of Orange was contemplating the possibility of his succession to the throne of James II. One of the leading cabinet-makers of the luxurious court of Louis XIV was Daniel Marot. This man was a Huguenot but under the terms of the Edict of Nantes, promulgated in 1598 by Henry IV, he had lived and worked in peace and comfort and had even become a favorite craftsman of the Catholic king. But in 1685, under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and not only was the exercise of any but the Catholic religion prohibited but it was also forbidden to the Huguenots to leave France, thereby obliging them to become converted. But despite the anti-emigration order no less than 50,000 families escaped into foreign countries, many of them into Holland. And so Daniel Marot, the father of the "pedestal leg" in Northern Europe, came under the notice of William of Orange who, when he was called to the throne of Great Britain, took the Frenchman over with him in his train. And, curiously enough, the most characteristic furniture of the William and Mary style is not of the Dutch type but this modified Louis XIV style, introduced by the *Grand Monarque's* banished craftsman.



WILLIAM AND MARY TABLE. NOTE FLAT, SHAPED STRETCHER, DUTCH "BUN-FEET," "INVERTED CUP" TURNED LEGS AND APRON SHAPED IN FLAT ARCHES. THE LEG IN FRONT IS UNCOMMON, A CARVED NOB GENERALLY BEING SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE TWO ARCHES

The so-called "inverted cup" leg is simply an adaptation of the square pedestal leg, offering one more example of the English fancy for curves and circles as opposed to the French affection for the classical rectilinear contours which is so noticeable even in gothic structures where the French monastic architects retained the square abacus of the piers while the Englishmen made use of circular ones. The connection of the English inverted cup and the French pedestal legs can be seen clearly from a comparison between the early Louis XIV legs, illustrated in my last article, with the typical William and Mary supports of the pedestal table shown here. The inverted cup leg is the distinguishing feature *par excellence* of the William and Mary style, not in the sense that any furniture not possessing this feature must belong to another period, but because anything with it can only be William and Mary. Another typical detail of this style is the semi-circular "hood" or "double-hood" used chiefly for the pediment of *secretaires* and cabinets, the "cresting" of chair-backs and also found in the design of the stretcher and even in the aprons of tables and low-boys. This hood is derived from Italian Renaissance ornament, such as the design of the Dantesca—not the Savonarola—X-shaped chair, and the plain-center arches in Renaissance buildings. It is as distinctive a feature of the style as the leg previously described, and appeared everywhere, in subsidiary motives, as in the lacquered writing-cabinet and in the hall-clock



WILLIAM AND MARY "LACQUERED" SECRETARY. NOTE THE REPETITION OF THE SEMI-CIRCULAR FORM OF THE HOOD

illustrated here. In the latter it appears as a contour ornament of each packet of floral decoration.

The manner in which the stretcher of William and Mary tables and highboys is attached is again characteristic. Instead of the separate side and front stretchers that had been the mode up to the last decade of the seventeenth century one continuous stretcher came into vogue lying flat and with its contour fashioned into one of several prevailing patterns. Besides the segmental contour connecting the front legs, running round the sides and becoming a plain unornamented plank at the back, we also find the pair of Flemish scrolls so popular in the earlier Stuart reigns but, unlike their predecessors, plain as though silhouetted, instead of being carved into handsome deep mouldings, a pair between each pair of legs; a bracket or ogee arch used in the same way, or sometimes, for the ornament was an earlier one, that Flemish "I" which we illustrated as an initial letter of the first article of this series. This ornament, which was so frequently employed in earlier Jacobean days, was of Flemish origin and represented the first letter of the name of Our Lord. But this ornament was only used when the legs were not of the straight pedestal type where, as in the accompanying illustration, it was impossible to employ the usual "circumventing" stretcher of the style or with spiral-turned legs.

In regard to chairs of the style they are quite easily recognizable by the lines of the back, for below the cresting they almost always have either one or more independent spindles flanking the caned or carved or carved and pierced back-panel along its entire length; or the edges of the back itself, whether caned, carved or upholstered, are straight lines. There are exceptions, of course, to the most rigid of rules. But the earlier William and Mary chairs offer many pitfalls for the tyro in styles, for the transition from the Restoration styles of Charles II and James II to that of



WILLIAM AND MARY "SEAWEED" MARQUETRY TABLE WITH THE FLEMISH "I" STRETCHER

Courtesy of Hampton & Company, Limited

their successors was a very gradual one, owing to the strong French influence exercised over furniture design in the reign of the "Merrie Monarch" by Louise de Querouailles, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, repeated in the reign of the quiet Dutch *Stadhouder* as we have already explained by the more respectable influence of Daniel Marot. So it comes about that we find some of the cleverest experts calling such chairs as the one reproduced here in pen and ink, William and Mary which, though it may be technically correct, is nevertheless misleading. Technically correct in that they possess such distinctive features as the spindle uprights and also the general feeling of the period. But at the same time they bear characteristics of the late Restoration such as the richly carved front stretcher with its typical basket of fruits and flowers repeated in the cresting which is one of the most important of Stuart marks. But one point will always help in determining the date of a transition chair such as this one, for it is constant: that is the size of the mesh of the caning. In the chairs of Charles I, the cane itself is very coarse in quality, and plaited into a big mesh; in that of Charles II and of James, the mesh becomes somewhat finer, though the coarse material is still used, while in the time of William III the cane itself was very much better in quality both in color and texture and the mesh was much closer. The backs of the fine chairs of the best quality were, however, not caned, but very richly, and in many cases, very beautifully carved.



WILLIAM AND MARY HALL CLOCK WITH THE CONVENTIONALIZED ADAPTATION OF DUTCH FLORAL DESIGN

Courtesy of Kirkman & Hall

It was during the reign of the Usurper, as the Stuart adherents called the Dutchman, that that popular piece of furniture the highboy made its appearance. Here again, the foreign influence, principally French, made itself felt, this time in the very name of the piece. It is derived from the French words *haut* (high) and *bois* (wood). But the word *bois* has been employed for centuries in the sense of "furniture" (*mettre dans ses bois*, meaning install someone in a house with his or her own furniture) and so with the English word "high" restored to use, the name highboy came into existence. The name, like that of the smaller piece the lowboy, is proper to this country for it is never used in England that I am aware and it would be interesting to trace the origin of so distinctive a French term used in this country in early Colonial days.

William and Mary highboys differ from those of the Queen Anne style by being of rectilinear contour with a square top whereas those of the later reign invariably had either a broken pediment or a swan-neck or a broken-arch pediment. The William and Mary pieces are simply a number of plain drawers on a typical stand of the style having generally four legs in front and two at the back, all joined by the one flat stretcher in one of the patterns already described here. And to the best of my recollection they always have straight legs. Drop-handles, in the husk pattern (which is a conventionalization of the *garrya elliptica* flower) or pear-shaped or, though less frequently, ornamental bail handles and pierced keyhole plates are also typical of this first part of the Anglo-Dutch period.

In the matter of decoration marquetry took the place of the old-fashioned inlay and some



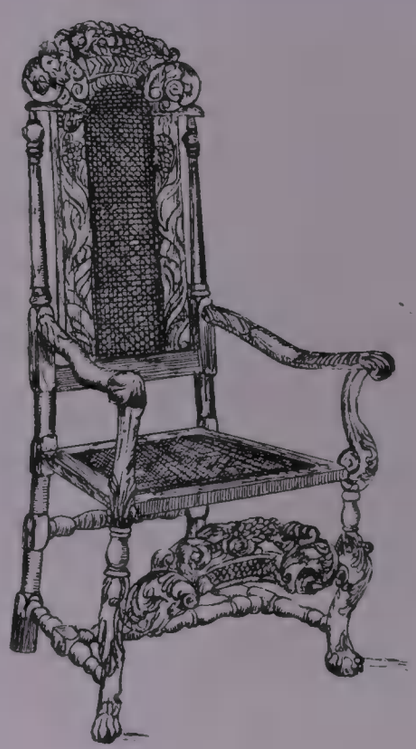
FINELY CARVED WILLIAM AND MARY CHAIR WITH THE ANGLICIZED PEDESTAL LEG AND LOUIS XIV STRETCHER



WILLIAM AND MARY CHEST OF DRAWERS WITH FLORAL MOTIVES STILL MORE CONVENTIONALIZED THAN THOSE OF THE HALL CLOCK

Courtesy of Gill & Reigate

remarkable effects were obtained through the almost incredible skill of some of the Dutch workers in cutting and fitting the finest scroll patterns in so fragile a material. It is a very common error to label marquetry as inlay, and vice versa, whereas there is a fundamental difference between them. Inlay refers to the setting of some foreign substance into holes cut to receive it in the body itself of the piece to be so decorated. We saw in previous articles how the artists in inlay in Italy, France and in England, during the Elizabethan and early Jacobean reigns, used everything from ivory and mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell and metals, in the Continental countries, to bog-oak and holly in England. And in the later Stuart reigns, inlay of bone and ivory and ebony became quite popular in England also for the decoration of cupboard panels already made less uninteresting by the use of Flemish mouldings in innumerable combinations. But marquetry instead of being imbedded deep in the body of the panel is simply inlay of thin veneer materials into the main veneer of the piece of furniture. It is always of wood, never of metals or stones or other inlay favorites. And it follows from what I have just set down that the inlay material was only of the same thickness as the veneer into which it was fitted.



CARVED WALNUT CHAIR, TRANSITION, CIRCA 1686-7. THE CRESTING AND THE FRONT STRETCHER ARE CAROLEAN (RESTORATION) BUT THE SPINDLE UPRIGHTS ARE MORE IN THE FEELING OF THE WILLIAM AND MARY PERIOD

Courtesy of Dawson

Veneering itself was a new art, so far as England was concerned, although it is as old as the first buildings and is stated to have been employed in the Temple of Solomon, though that idea may have sprung from the phrase, "And he covered the walls on the inside with wood, and covered the floor of the house with planks of fir." It consisted of covering the surface

of a comparatively common wood with a thin skin of some other of semi-precious quality in order that while cutting the body of the piece with the grain to give it the necessary strength, the visible surface could be given over to the beauty of the grains of the veneer woods, cut most frequently across them, as in the case of burr-walnut and the beautiful oyster walnut so much in favor during the Anglo-Dutch period. In those days, when the veneer had to be cut by hand, it was made from a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch thick whereas now that it is prepared by machinery it is rarely more than a thirty-second of an inch thick and frequently less than a sixtieth. This is a precious indication for the detection of fake pieces. It is also one of the reasons why modern veneer holds better than the old hand-cut material for glue will hold a thin sheet of anything better than a thick one. Fine effects of veneering were obtained, particularly in France, by juxtaposing different colored woods or arranging the grains so that they made patterns, usually of a rectilinear order. This is called "parquetting," and was very popular in France at the end of the eighteenth century in the last years of Louis XV's reign and throughout that of his successor.



SLANT FRONT DESK WITH ELABORATE SEAWEED "MARQUETRY"

Marquetry came to England from Holland but before the elevation of the Prince of Orange to the throne of his wife's family. It was introduced somewhere between 1675 and 1680, and is again an excellent indicator of the date of a piece of marquetted furniture for the designs employed were each characteristic of certain periods. The word "marquetry," an anglicization of *marqueterie*, is derived from the French word *marqueter*, to variegate, and thus to the flower-loving Dutchmen this variegation took a floral form. The earliest Dutch designs were naturalistic flower patterns, flowers in loosely-constructed bunches as in the hall clock on page 363. On reaching England, however, at a time when even the growing of flowers and the laying-out of gardens was accomplished in a formal manner the naturalistic floral designs of the Dutch without losing their freshness were mingled with conventional scrolls at the bases of the bunches giving a more or less bi-lateral effect to the marquetry panel. Then a brilliant scroll work of conventionalized foliage came to be employed and soon became so fine in pattern and workmanship that it was known as "seaweed marquetry." Finally, towards the end of Queen Anne's reign,

QUEEN ANNE ARM CHAIR WITH "H" STRETCHER WHICH DISAPPEARED EARLY IN THE REIGN

Courtesy of Gill & Reigate





QUEEN ANNE NEEDLEWORK SETTEE WITH "COLLARED" AND UNDERCUT LEGS ARMS TYPICAL OF THE BEST STYLE

Courtesy of the Hayden Company

the sea-weed motives degenerated into complicated arabesques such as decorate the Dutch chest of drawers illustrated in my last article; and marquetry following the example of all other arts that die out under the influence of too great a facility of technique gave place to a new "fad," that of lacquered furniture either properly so or japanned which was nothing more than an attempt to produce the effect of Japanese lacquer with a varnish that had no connection with the true lacquer-varnish tree (*Rhus vernicifera*).

Most of the so-called lacquer-work of the late William and Mary and the Queen Anne periods is simply japanning, as will be seen from its surface, which is coarse and thin-looking whereas Japanese lacquer is highly polished, of very fine texture, and unctuous in quality of surface. In 1685 a certain John Stalker published a remarkable work on japanning and varnishing, "being a compleat discovery of those arts." He explained in the most approved correspondence school manner how he could teach the art to young ladies in twenty-four hours. But if he could he probably omitted to state that the great Japanese artists in lacquer, the Kajikawas, the Korins, the Ritsuos, used to let their groundcoats of varnish dry from five hundred to six hundred hours, before they attempted to put on the dozens of "quality coats" and the decoration. So it will be easily understood why old English lacquered furniture has not the true lacquer quality but that the finish is simply a colored and decorated varnish.

In 1702 William III died and Queen Anne ascended the throne of England and ruled until 1714. Anne was a daughter of James II, by his second wife, Anne Hyde, and inherited all her mother's simplicity of life and thought. Now the lackadaisical, easy-going character of this daughter of a profligate and bigoted monarch was reflected in the household furnishings of the period which were as colorless as the queen herself. The plainest Dutch walnut furniture, generally without any ornamentation at all or, at the most, a convex cockleshell on the knees of the club-footed cabriole legs, and with a splat back as simple as the remainder of the frame, flanked by a

RARE AMERICAN ROUNDABOUT OR CORNER CHAIR WITH CHARACTERISTIC LEGS

Courtesy of Mrs. Ebrich's Gallery



hooded *cyma* curve on each side. Many dealers call chairs Queen Anne which show a certain amount of ornamentation, such as lacquered backs and legs, the latter terminating in a doe's foot (*pied de biche*). But such pieces are not in the style of Queen Anne proper. They belong to that period of Early Georgian styles, known as the "Decorated Queen Anne," which did not come into being until 1714, the year of the queen's death. Queen Anne splat-backs are *never* pierced whereas the Decorated Queen Anne backs are very rarely unpierced and have frequently a small oval surrounded by a sort of setting as though a carbuncle had been placed in it and then removed. Nor is the ball-and-clawfoot a characteristic detail of the Queen Anne style, as is so commonly believed. It is *never* found in true Queen Anne pieces, but belonged to the "Decorated Queen Anne" style, coming in about 1715. The drop handles of the William and Mary style gave way to bail handles on a wide plate in the form of a conventional spread-eagle, derived from the coat-of-arms of the Italian princely house of Este, to which belonged the step-mother of Queen Anne. We sometimes, though rarely, find this conventional eagle on William and Mary pieces but they properly belong to the reign of the last of the Stuarts. In the following style, the Decorated Queen Anne, we find no longer the conventional spread-eagle, but the bird itself in its natural form, with its head used in numerous ways as the principal motive. A splendid mirror-back chair at the Metropolitan Museum, belonging truly to the Satyr-Mask period of Early Georgian, has a hangover of four eagle-heads, one at the extremity of each arm, and one, with the talons also, to form the hood of the cresting.

As stated already in this article the highboy was a favorite form of chest in this period, but it was no longer a rectilinear affair on straight stretchered legs. It was lightened in appearance, given a graceful curved pediment in various shapes, and placed upon four slender cabriole legs without any stretcher at all.



"SPIDER-LEG" TABLE ILLUSTRATING THE GRACE OF GOOD CABINET-MAKING IN QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN

Wing-chairs, introduced from Holland as early as James II, became very popular in Queen Anne's reign but they were lower in the back than the earlier ones, stood on short stumpy cabriole legs without a stretcher, and were provided with a loose cushion in order to make the seat comfortably high. Needlework in wool, *gros-point* and *petit-point*, was extensively used for upholstery purposes and the genuine old needlework of this period is much sought after today.

The tables of the Queen Anne style are generally of the drop-leaf type, with a swinging leg (not a gate-leg for there is no stretcher), all the legs being very slender and simple but cut in fine lines lending themselves to a beautiful *patina* such as is difficult to obtain with any other style of English furniture. They are sometimes known as "Spider-leg tables." An example of this graceful table is illustrated above.





ABOVE: TYPICAL QUEEN ANNE HIGHBOY. AT LEFT: "SPREAD-EAGLE" HANDLE AND KEY PLATE

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

A YEAR ago I was walking over the hills behind Settignano with Leo Stein. We talked of Stein's days in Paris; of Matisse selling his first important picture, refusing to lower the price and all the time prostrate with anxiety lest the sale not materialize; of the curious case of Picasso, born, in Stein's view, out of his time, a lyric artist forced into the Cézanne tradition; of Renoir and a certain picture in Durand-Ruel's window that so haunted Stein's dreams that he sent his sister to buy it in the morning; of Stein's gradual realization that he had gotten all that he would ever get out of pictures, and his growing absorbtion in his own theory, propounded in a series of articles, of pictorial vision, according to which every man had it in his power to be his own picture maker. These and many other things we discussed, I listening the more readily that I realized that I was with one of the world's finest talkers. Finally I asked—with regret, for my days in Italy were numbered—whether Stein had any thought of returning to America. He shook his head. What should he do there? In Italy he could work in peace. In New York he would be forced to write for a living. A critic's job. He looked at me in compassion. I would as soon take the job of a critic on a daily paper, he said, as I would walk down Fifth avenue, handing bouquets to those I liked and sticking pins into those whose faces displeased me. The one is as honest as the other.

The remark comes vividly to mind as I sit down to review the art season. Bouquets and pins! What a quantity of pins one collects in the course of one winter of exhibitions. Not even the exercise of that instinctive selection which comes with experience seems to diminish the number. Packets and packets of pins and the bouquets—how few.

First, the Russian invasion. It began several years ago—with Roerich, I imagine. Then came the Repin exhibition, representing the narrative, intensely national school of the last century. We were polite to Repin, if a little cool. But all the while a legend was growing up of a marvelous school of Russian *décorateurs*, some exiled in Paris, some still working in Russia, a school of barbaric colorists, of which Roerich and Anisfeld were nothing more than pale reflections. The theory was that the Slav, released from the Byzantine tradition on the one hand, on the other from imitation of European models, had found his true nature in a more than oriental splendor. Names were whispered, familiar names that evoked memories of the Russian ballet. Soudeikine, Gontcharova, Larionow, Bakst, Benois. . . . Our minds recalled the gorgeous settings and costumes of the ballets, Benois' *Petrouchka*, Gontcharova's *La Liturgie*, Bakst's *Sheherazade*, and we imagined all this barbaric splendor transferred to canvas, rich, passionate, racy because sprung out of the soil itself. . . .

A legend. A dream rather. Half self-hypnotism, a willingness to believe in any *foreign* miracle, half excellent press-agenting. Who shall blame us? The evidence, the ballet, was there. Only logic failed which should have told us that a scenic designer of genius is not necessarily a painter of the same rank.

Well, we have paid for our credulity. One by one the great unknown have come over, have been greeted with flourish of trumpets, have exhibited their pictures to the admiring multitude. To one after the other we have gone hopefully, hoping against hope for the New and Promised Dispensation. From one after the other we have turned sadly, bitterly aware that not only has the new day failed to dawn, but that even the most prosaic of Monday morning washing day reality was lacking.

The legend of the art of the Russian *décorateurs* is the great South Sea Bubble of modern art. Rich in color sense, fecund in imagination, full of life and gaiety, so long as they worked for the ballet and Diaghilieff, the Russians, when they turned to canvas, seem to have swapped their natural talents for the husk of what they deemed to be modernism. Self-consciousness, the ever present desire to be artists, and not merely artists, but modern artists, dogged them. All spontaneity fled from their work. They forced a purely naturalistic conception into arbitrary moulds in the almost pathetic effort to be in the swing. Perhaps they are not wholly to be blamed. Paris is their market, and Paris will tolerate nothing which does not further its own interests by reaffirming its shibboleths.

But, so far as America is concerned, we must sadly admit that they have nothing to give us. If there were any hopes remaining, this season's exhibitions would dash them. First Grigoriew, then Soudeikine, both shown at full length at the New Gallery, drove the last nails into the Russian coffin.

Of the two Soudeikine is perhaps preferable, for he at least seems to have some inkling of the nature of his talent. He is an illustrator and there are moments when he is not ashamed of the fact. But unhappily he has failed to find his medium. His large canvases, which look excellent in color reproduction—I recall especially a plate in the now defunct *Feuillets d'Art*—are flat and dead, his color opaque, his line without resilience.

Grigoriew on the other hand is all out to be an Artist—the larger the A the better—and his fall is the more disastrous. His talent would seem to lie in the decoration of large surfaces with flat areas of color. One can imagine him making excellent posters, or even, could he once release his now constricted imagination, achieving effective wall decorations. It is typical of the present *égarement* of the Russian movement that such a thought makes no appeal to him. Living in an atmosphere permeated with the doctrines of the post-Cézanne school, theories of volume and mass dominate his will though they make no appeal to his creative imagination. His aim is in effect the delineation of character, his medium the purest of naturalism, upon which is imposed an arbitrary formal scheme. The result, in isolated works, might appear at first sight impressive, but a gallery of such portraits, stereotyped in every detail, is desolating to the last degree. If the New Gallery had wished to scotch his reputation, they could not have chosen a more effective method.

By contrast with these the Anisfeld show at Reinhardt's was almost gay. Anisfeld has a reputation as a colorist and does his best to live up to it. Certainly he is the reverse of frugal in his employment of brilliant color. He covers enormous canvases with luxuriant visions of more than tropical vegetation in the best theatrical tradition. But his very lavishness in the use of hot tones impairs the resonance of his color. He chokes the fire by piling on the fuel too fast. Your true colorist makes his hot tones sing by the juxtaposition of cool. But in Anisfeld's work there is no contrast, never a breath of air to make the fire draw. At best it exhales an odor of conventional luxury, not unlike the *décors* of the Early Pullman period, when gold and red plush symbolized wealth and ease.

What remains then of the much advertised Russian school? Little, I fear. A few designs for stage sets, designs for costumes. As I look back, the drawings of Larionow and Gontcharova, shown at Kingore's two years back, are my most positive memory. I was the more disappointed when I saw in Paris some of their more ambitious works. The Russians, with all their talent, seem incapable of carrying through large compositions without the aid of external formulæ. Having no strong tradition on which to build, and powerless to create one for themselves, the choice seems to lie between the adoption of a *procédé* on the one hand, and on the other the creation of works of a purely decorative and essentially fragmentary nature.

Three exhibitions at Wildenstein's cry out for comment, the Picasso and Marie Laurencin shows brought over by M. Paul Rosenberg and the palatial decorations of José Marie Sert. Both Picasso and Sert drew large crowds and about both an amazing amount of nonsense has been talked. Faced with exhibitions like these, criticism seems to be all at sea. On the one hand you have the so-called *modern* critics, Messrs. McBride, Watson and Co., on the other the conservatives with Royal Cortissoz at their head. Now it is as useless to expect Mr. Cortissoz to appreciate Picasso as it is to expect Mr. Watson to appreciate Sert. But one might have hoped from each a balanced judgment within his own field. But no. Mr. Cortissoz feels bound to bow the knee at the altar of an avowed conservative and Mr. Watson must needs raise his hat at the very name of the arch-radical, Picasso. Yet I can not believe that Mr. Watson, if he stopped to compare, would regard the present Picasso exhibition as a noteworthy contribution to modern art, and I have too high an opinion of Mr. Cortissoz's sensitive appreciation of beauty within the field to which he restricts it to imagine him surviving one week in an atmosphere permeated by Mr. Sert's murals. So we have the somewhat pathetic picture of two armed forces fighting a battle royal around standards which they, if they would permit themselves to think coolly on the subject, they would be the first to disown.

The cause of modern art is not served by a blind acceptance of everything sent over from Paris. At the same time as the Picasso show Courbet's "Toilette de la Mariée" was shown in the other room. Although this is one of the finest Courbets in the world and certainly the finest in this country, no critic so much as mentioned it!

The situation was further complicated by M. Rosenberg's own attitude towards his new venture. Apparently unaware that America has had during the last ten years excellent opportunities of studying modern French painting, he adopted the pose of a missionary bringing civilization to a

barren and barbaric land. This somewhat belated condescension would have been hard enough to stomach even had the works which he brought over been of the highest order. But to me at least a considerable number of the Picassos had the air of having been made expressly for American consumption—I think especially of those exquisite drawings enormously enlarged out of their proper dimension—and I was unable to find in the whole exhibition a single work which could compare with those dispersed with the Kelekian collection.

Probably both the Picassos and the Marie Laurencins would have been seen to better advantage had they been hung side by side in the same gallery, instead of in separate rooms. A roomful of Marie Laurencins must needs appear monotonous and constant reiteration of her somewhat precious color is almost unbearable. For this reason she received less appreciation than she deserved. Probably too she suffered by association with that vague thing, modernism. Having been educated up to a laborious appreciation of Cézanne, the American public finds it difficult to accept a delicate spirit such as Marie Laurencin as an emanation of the same impulse. And in this they are more than half justified, for Marie Laurencin, though indubitably twentieth century, is far more nearly related to the French artists of the eighteenth century than she is to the Post-Impressionists.* These set out to be builders, she to be the exquisite *décorateur* that she has become.

Of Sert little need be said. He has the air of one marked out for a rapid success. At first blush he gives the impression of being a great fellow, bold in design, generous in color, full of meat. It is possible that he is all these things. One can not judge from his completed panels, since these are but enlargements of small sketches. The sketches, done apparently with his own hand, have a certain pleasing dash which is conspicuously lacking in the completed works. The drawing too is notably superior. It was one of the minor humors of the season to find that this painter—or should we say *entrepreneur de peinture*—so advertised for his masculine qualities, is incapable of achieving a mass possessing weight, or a line capable of bearing its stress. In one of the panels a spineless ladder bears a massive but evidently hollow female figure, who carries on her head a basket of weightless fruit. It is details like these that a conservative critic might be expected to notice.

*Modern art still means to the general, Cézanne, although that great artist has already been dead for nearly twenty years, and although the finest contemporary work is being done largely in defiance of his tradition.

The Matisse exhibition at Brummer's was a very different affair, and, though the two have almost nothing in common, inevitably challenged comparison with that of Picasso. From such a comparison, unfair as it is, the former can not but gain. There is a conviction about the slightest of Matisse's works which is but rarely felt in Picasso. The matter was admirably put to me the other day by a French critic. He wrote: "*C'est un grand tourmenté que Picasso, beaucoup moins bluffeur qu'on ne se l'imagine, cherchant toujours, non pas a étonner, mais a s'exprimer vraiment lui-même, et qui erre depuis si longtemps sur sa propre trace qu'il a fini par brouiller les pistes et ne s'y reconnait plus.*" Matisse on the other hand had pursued a direct path. Whatever his own private doubts may have been—and no one could have passed through the physical, intellectual and moral turmoil of the last twenty years without doubting—one is never conscious of them in his work. Whether one like it or hate it, one is forced to accept it. It is big enough—in this perhaps alone of modern painting—to be independent of one's liking or hating. It bears all over it the seal of the master. A work such as the large "Still Life," which was the *clou* of the Brummer exhibition, stamps itself indelibly on the mind. As with Courbet, as with Cézanne, so before a Matisse one exclaims: "*Voilà le Maitre!*"

Four sculptors compete for notice, all four of considerable reputations, Maillol the Frenchman, Kolbe the German, Epstein the Englishman and Archipenko the Russian.

I unfortunately missed the Archipenko show at Kingore's and saw only a selection later in the season at Reinhardt's where it had to sustain formidable competition from a fine group of French pictures, mainly loans from the Tilla Durieux collection. I was on the whole more impressed than I had expected to be. Those marbles of Archipenko, though they have almost nothing of the feel of sculpture, are so superb in outline that one is almost satisfied thereby. And this is curious, in that is suggests that a minor grace, raised to the *n*th power, is capable of compensating for that prime necessity of sculpture, inner structure. One can hardly believe it. And yet—if one tries to imagine the torso of an Archipenko, severed from head and limbs, the outline mutilated, I doubt whether any fragment of its surface would so much as hint at the distinction of its authorship. It remains to be seen whether this work, which—with all its shortcomings, its abuse of material, its substitution of external for inner structure, its coldness of surface—has so undeniable an allure,

will retain its power, or whether its inner weakness will in time take its revenge.

In any case, the Lord preserve us from an Archipenko school.

For contrast—Epstein. The least *distinguished* of modern sculptors. It is a little hard to be just to the man. He has such talent, and yet has achieved so little. He has no grip on his mind, consequently no grip on his material. A brilliant start and every time it evades him. Everywhere in his work holes, passages where the bronze loses its consistency, caves in. Characteristically he chooses to work in, for him, the worst possible material—clay. Given his weakness, combined with his fatal brilliance, stone might yet save the day for him. A hard stone. Any material which would resist the fatal facility of fingers. He is too talented a man to waste himself on fragments.

Of Kolbe I have seen little, except in reproduction. His "Assunta," which was shown at the Anderson Galleries and later at Weyhe's is a fine work, nearly though not quite of the highest order of sculpture. A great sculptor has more feeling for his material than has Kolbe. The bronze of the "Assunta" might equally be plastoline.

The Maillol exhibition at the Whitney Studio Club was an achievement, having in mind the difficulty of getting together any collection of Maillol's work. But, as an introduction to America, it hardly did him justice. There were two large figures, a fine torso of a woman walking, and a very inferior torso with head. In addition there were some smaller bronzes, terracottas, and a few excellent drawings. But let no one who saw that exhibition imagine that he has even begun to see Maillol.

I am at the end of my tether and have spoken only of foreigners, whereas I had intended to devote two-thirds of the article to Americans. That will be for next month.

"LANDSCAPE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE" BY HENRI MATISSE



A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

MODERN INDIAN ARTISTS, Vol. II. ASIT KUMAR HALDAR. *By James H. Cousins and Ordhendra Coomar Gangoly. Orientalia, New York. Price, about $10.*

It is just a year since the first volume of this series' written by Gangoly and devoted to the work of Khsitindra Nath Mazumdar, was published. Haldar, to whom is given the second volume, is also one of the young artists of the Calcutta school and has been chosen because he stands for much that is significant of the group whose leaders, Bose and Tagore, will be written of later. Haldar, says Dr. Cousins, "has escaped theology, almost escaped the 'Puranas,' and has earned a distinctive place in the hierarchy of Indian artists as a painter who, whether dealing with mythology and symbolism, with history or with humanity and nature, invests his work with a pervasive sense of the intermingling of the human spirit with the Divine Spirit." But although to eyes accustomed to Indian painting his art may seem unusually free of theology and ritual, even his *genre* subjects express to us so much of the subjective quality of the oriental concept of material things that all of his work leaves an impression of mystic force. In his masterpiece he is preëminently the Bengali symbolist, having taken for his subject the Rasalila, or dance of Krishna with the milkmaids, a subject deeply ingrained in the religious thought of his people.

Dr. Cousins writes briefly and allows Gangoly to complete the text with a paragraph or two about each picture which, considering that their subject matter is so unfamiliar to Western students, are gratefully received. There are five color plates in the book and twenty photogravures. The paintings illustrated are in the collections of Dr. Ananda Coomaraswami of Boston, Mrs. J. J. Tracy, Mr. Leonard Jennings of London, Rabindra Nath Tagore, P. R. Das and various Indian collectors. The book was printed at the Clive Press, Calcutta, and the edition is limited to 225 copies.

ENGLISH POTTERY: Its Development from Early Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century. *By Bernard Rackham and Herbert Read; with an appendix on the Wrotham Potters by Dr. J. W. L. Glaisher. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $30.*

To collectors of English pottery the centuries before the seventeenth and eighteenth held nothing of interest, the comparatively few known pieces being chiefly in museums and only held as worthy of interest by archæologists and a limited number of enthusiasts. Among such may safely be included the authors of this ponderous volume in which one hundred and thirty-five pages of text are supplemented by one hundred and fifteen plates showing reproductions of two hundred and seven examples of the English potters' craft. It is distinctly noticeable that in spite of the stress laid on the importance of very early English pottery in the introduction to the work, that is before the sixteenth century, the authors have found little to tell their readers since the chapter on the pottery of the Middle Ages and Tudor times is only given six pages, most of the examples described dating from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries.

The earliest example reproduced is a fourteenth century buff earthenware jug with decoration applied in colored clays under a yellow lead glaze, this illustrating the "most characteristic triumph" of the English potters "which earns for them a worthy place in the history of the craft." The thirteenth century is the earliest date at which a period can be assigned to medieval wares "and even then we cannot differentiate this century and the two succeeding ones with any dogmatic assurance." Possibly some day this subject may assume interest to a German scholar and he will develop this very slight opening sketch into an authoritative monograph. Seven subsequent chapters are devoted to more solid ground which has a more extensive bibliography. These treat of the "great" periods of English pottery to the advent of Wedgwood, since which there appears to have been nothing accomplished worthy of a place in the record. Pictorially this work is extremely attractive, the subjects being well selected and their reproduction a delight, particularly in the colored plates.

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS. Charles Shannon. Ambrose McEvoy. *Two Volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $2 each.*

As a picture book and as an appreciation of the late Sir Charles Shannon this addition to the Scribner's series of monographs on *Contemporary British Artists* is a distinct success but it would be immeasureably improved for the average student and reader if it contained a few facts as to Shannon's life. That he was an American long domiciled in London and that he was knighted by the British government is nowhere mentioned in the text, the assumption being, apparently, either that these facts are unimportant or that everyone knows them. To a certain class of art writers biographical facts are simply extraneous matter but in view of the general interest in them the editor of this series might see to it that such facts are at least added in a note to the appreciation.

The McEvoy monograph is a decided improvement in respect to telling its readers something of his personal career although it is equally barren of dates. The excellent selection of illustrations shows the gradual change of his style from the Gallic definiteness of his earlier days to his loosely painted manner of today. In spite of the fact that McEvoy is a "West-countryman of Celtic extraction" and a product of the Slade school in London, he is more of a Frenchman in his art than he is a Briton.

THE ETCHINGS OF D. Y. CAMERON. *By Arthur M. Hind. Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd., London.*

Both for its pictures and text this handsomely bound and illustrated work on the distinguished Scotch etcher, D. Y. Cameron, is a vast improvement over most books of its kind. Mr. Hind, in his critical biographical introduction, gives the reader that most necessary thing for the best understanding of any artist's work, the background of his ancestry and early life. Nor is he at all fulsome in his praise of Cameron, pointing out how slowly he rose to success and how in the beginnings of his practice of the art of etching he showed none of the "wizardry of

Bone or McBey, or the soundness of Strang," his three best-known etcher compatriots.

Cameron has been etching for thirty-seven years, since 1887, and in that time has produced the large number of four hundred and eighty-three plates in addition to his Scottish landscape paintings. Mr. Hind describes his methods of working and printing—of late he has done most of his printing himself—and traces the years of his work in this field with critical descriptions of the plates of each year up to 1923. He also gives a chronological list of the artist's etchings from No. 1, of 1887, to No. 470, of last year. Pictorially this volume is equally satisfying, ninety-five plates being beautifully reproduced with four studies for three of his etchings.

DECORATIVE WRITING AND ARRANGEMENT OF LETTERING. *By Prof. Alfred Erdmann and Adolphe A. Braun with prefatory note by G. M. Ellwood. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $3.*

"To the use of lettering in business this book is mainly devoted," writes G. M. Ellwood, in his very practical and commonsense prefatory note to this admirable handbook on the craft of lettering. And he adds, with complete justification, that "the ground covered by the authors is different to that of any existing book, and where they touch old problems—as in the basic principles of pen-lettering—their treatment is so modern and practical that the possibilities of the method are shown as a great field of adventure rather than a dry series of exercises."

The ground covered by the text includes the practical value of artistic writing, its commercial scope, the development of writing and the tools used. It also treats of the making of sketches, arrangement of and different kinds of writing and script as ornament. The illustrations, which include four color plates, number over a hundred and will be of great help to both the student and the professional following this craft.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AMERICAN ARTISTS. Fifth Edition. *Michigan State Library, Lansing, Mich. Price, 75 cents.*

It is proof of the merits of this work of compilation issued by the Michigan State Library under the direction of Mrs. Mary E. Frankhauser, state librarian, and Miss Helen L. Earle, compiler, that it should now appear in its fifth edition. The individual sketches are excellent in spite of their brevity and the scope of the text may be judged by the fact that the records of three hundred and thirty-eight painters alone are printed together with those of sculptors, illustrators, miniature painters, etchers, mural painters and stained glass designers. There is a separate list of names under these divisions, a bibliography and several pages devoted to periodical references. As a work of reference this book is invaluable to everyone interested in American art either professionally or as an amateur.

THE BOOK OF LOVAT. *By Haldane Macfall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, $9.*

Mr. Macfall, whom Lovat Fraser called his "big brother," has endeavored to create in this memorial volume a portrait of the man whom he regarded as his closest friend and whose work he so much admired. To Americans, who associate Fraser primarily with the theater, the volume of his work in other fields will be a surprise. If it is felt, in reading this book, that too much stress has been laid on the artist's productions in connection with the writings of Mr. Macfall, the explanation can probably be found in the close personal relationship of the two men. It does seem unfortunate, however, that Fraser's most important work, that which he did for the theater, should have received such comparatively slight attention.

BOSTON DAYS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT. *By Martha A. S. Shannon. Marshall Jones Co., Boston.*

There is already so comprehensive a literature on the life and work of this most devoted American follower of the Romantic school of French art that the writer of this chatty and very human appreciation of Hunt makes acknowledgment in her preface to half a dozen sources from which she has drawn for some of her material. To those who have never read Miss Knowlton's comprehensive biography of William Morris Hunt this book will be a satisfactory revelation of the career and character of the man and the artist, for while it is chiefly devoted to the period he spent in Boston "in what have been styled the 'yeasty years' of the Sixties and Seventies" the writer has filled in sufficient details previous to and after that time to make the story of his life fairly complete. She has also had the excellent judgment to quote not a few passages from Hunt's *Talks on Art* which all art students, whether lay or professional, should read for the sound wisdom and common sense contained in them. The illustrations from Hunt's paintings are selected with admirable taste and will help to inform the younger generation of art students how fine a painter he was, particularly in his portraits of New England men and women.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

Die Kunst Ferdinand Hodlers. *By Ewald Bender. Rascher & Cie., A. G., Zurich.*

Nicolaes Maes. *By W. R. Valentiner. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, Germany.*

Art Training for Life and for Industry. *By Charles Alpheus Bennet. The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Illinois. Price, $1.*

CRAFT

American Type Design in the Twentieth Century: With Specimens of the Outstanding Types Produced During this Period. *By Douglas C. McMurtrie with an Introduction by Frederic W. Goudy. Robert O. Ballou, Chicago.*

Light and Work. *By M. Luckiesh. Van Nostrand Co., New York. Price, $4.*

Pictorial Beauty on the Screen. *By Victor O. Freeburg. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $2.50.*

Handbook of Modern Furniture Culture. *Alexander Koch, Germany.*

TRAVEL

Grenoble and Thereabouts. *By Henri Ferrand.* The Italian Lakes. *By Gabriel Faure. The Medici Society, Ltd., Boston. Price, $2.50 each.*

Picturesque Germany. *By Gerhart Hauptmann. Brentano's, New York. Price, $6.*

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

In the September number of International Studio more space than in any previous issue will be devoted to residence architecture, decoration and furniture. For the collector there will be an unusually interesting article by William Laurel Harris and another by Mrs. Gordon-Stables, both of which are described in greater detail below. There will also be another installment of Major de Bles' interesting and informative series on the history of furniture styles, and a description, with a color plate, of a rare example of Melas prayer rug from the collection of Mrs. John Franklin Forbes of San Francisco.

There are several articles scheduled which will be of particular interest to the home builder. These will include three on special phases of contemporary furniture and one on the practical restoration of old houses. The object of these two groups of articles is to give the readers of International Studio as broad an outlook as is possible within the confines of one number on the almost infinite variations which may be played on the theme of good taste in home decoration and furnishing.

To a private New York collection of silver, one that is ranked with the half-dozen really famous American assemblages of this form of craftsmanship, there has recently been added a group of thirty examples of Gothic and English work acquired at the sale of the world renowned Swaythling collection in London. These pieces range in point of time from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries and represent the flower of the "goldsmith's" craft as it was practiced in the golden age of that "mistery" as it was anciently styled. In the week before his lamented death William Laurel Harris wrote for International Studio an article on these thirty examples called "The 'Mistery' of Silver" in which he describes the pieces themselves and tells the reader what they mean in the history of this craft and of their great potential importance to design in America. In addition to its authoritative character the article is further illuminated by photographs of several of the most striking pieces which are now permanent additions to our country's great art treasures.

Of all the accessories of costume ever used by women none lends itself so naturally and so gracefully to decoration as the fan. Eastern and western artists of all countries have decorated the fan and this whether it was used in royal processions or religious ritual or in its simpler social phases of being an addition to a costume or a cooling device. This custom grew until, in the eighteenth century, fan decoration reached so exquisite a state that these objects are now regarded as treasures of the highest order by museums and collectors. And then with the coming of the industrial revolution the art of fan decoration suffered an eclipse from which it has been emerging in comparatively recent years, particularly in England. The work of two contemporary English fan painters, George Sheringham and Mary Davis, will be described by Mrs. Gordon-Stables in the September number and illustrated with a color plate and several photographs of their very charming fan designs.

The great houses of colonial New England have been written about until there seems almost nothing left to say, but the smaller houses, those which correspond more closely to the cottage type in England, have suffered an unmerited neglect. Yet it is these houses which lend themselves most readily to conversion into modern comfortable homes, and this restoration and conversion can be effected without destroying their original charm. That this can be readily accomplished, and how it has been done by a group of artists in Westport, Connecticut, will be the basis of an article by Jo Pennington which will appear in the September number. The article derives unusual interest from the fact that much of the work of remodeling has been done by the owners themselves and is, moreover, full of practical suggestions for the home builder.

"America is learning more of Russian art by direct contact with her people who have come here for reasons political or economic than in decades of ever so friendly relations with the seas between. The number of Russian artists in New York appears to increase daily. . . . One of the recent arrivals in New York is Roman F. Melzer, architect and designer, who has been here not quite a year. Melzer held a position of distinction in Russia, having been personal architect to Nicholas II."

The quotation is from an article by Helen Comstock on the furniture which Mr. Melzer is designing and having made today. In this furniture much of the Russian tradition of decoration is preserved; the pieces are gay and colorful without being bizarre. The story of this furniture and of Melzer's difficulties during and after the revolution gives an interesting sidelight on Russia, and will also offer suggestions for unusual decorative schemes.

Jo Davidson recently completed five portrait busts of as many American men whose names are familiar the world over in business, finance, art and the law. International Studio has secured a series of remarkable photographs by Charles Sheeler of these sculptures, photographs that are works of art in themselves, and will reproduce them in two colors in the September number. In these busts of John D. Rockefeller, Samuel M. Vauclain, Otto H. Kahn, Mitchell Kennerley and William D. Guthrie, Karl Freund sees a renascence of the work of the great French sculptor Houdon; and he develops this resemblance in an article on "Five Busts of Men" which is also an interpretation of the work of Jo Davidson. Reproductions of five of Houdon's portrait busts also will be reproduced to illustrate the main thesis of Mr. Freund's critical appreciation.

Robert Laurent is an American sculptor whose wood-carving is widely known for its humorous and satiric qualities. To those who have seen only this phase of his output his carvings in marble and alabaster will come as a distinct surprice. Laurent, because of his own ability and of his association with the late Hamilton Easter Field, is an important figure in the art world. For this reason, and because of the unusual beauty of the works reproduced as illustrations, readers of International Studio should be greatly interested in the story of the man and his work as told by Guy Eglington in the September number.

The portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Penn by Ercole Cartotto which is reproduced on the cover of this number is used by courtesy of the Milch Galleries.

Peyton Boswell



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Sept. 3	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
Sept. 3	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Sept. 4	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Bremen
Sept. 4	Quebec	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
Sept. 4	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	Geo. Washington
Sept. 4	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Belgenland
Sept. 5	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
Sept. 5	New York	Greenock	Belfast, Plymouth	Royal Mail	Orduna
Sept. 6	New York	Rotterdam	Boulogne, Plymouth	Holland-America	New Amsterdam
Sept. 6	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
Sept. 6	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Sept. 6	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Laconia
Sept. 6	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	Republic
Sept. 6	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
Sept. 6	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Ohio
Sept. 6	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Sept. 6	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
Sept. 6	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Megantic
Sept. 9	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Stuttgart
Sept. 9	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillion
Sept. 9	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia
Sept. 9	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Tuscania
Sept. 9	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	President Roosevelt
Sept. 10	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
Sept. 10	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Sept. 10	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
Sept. 11	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Luetzow
Sept. 11	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
Sept. 11	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Lapland
Sept. 12	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
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Sept. 13	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren
Sept. 13	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Sept. 13	New York	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Lancastria
Sept. 13	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	America
Sept. 13	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Sept. 13	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
Sept. 13	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Regina
Sept. 16	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Sierra Ventana
Sept. 17	Montreal	Antwerp	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
Sept. 17	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Sept. 17	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Auitania
Sept. 18	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Derfflinger
Sept. 18	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama
Sept. 19	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montroyal
Sept. 20	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Columbus
Sept. 20	New York	Rotterdam	Boulogne, Plymouth	Holland-America	Rotterdam
Sept. 20	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	California
Sept. 20	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
Sept. 20	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	United States	President Harding
Sept. 20	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orbita
Sept. 20	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Sept. 20	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
Sept. 20	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	White Star-Dominion	Canada
Sept. 23	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Yorck
Sept. 23	New York	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
Sept. 24	Quebec	Hamburg	Southampton, Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland
Sept. 24	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Chicago
Sept. 24	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Sept. 25	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
Sept. 25	New York	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Red Star	Zeeland
Sept. 26	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
Sept. 27	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Muenchen
Sept. 27	New York	Rotterdam	Boulogne, Plymouth	Holland-America	Volendam
Sept. 27	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Lafayette
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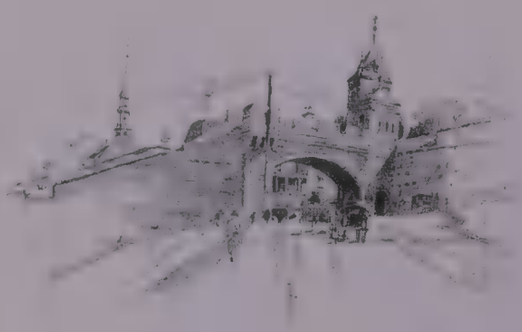


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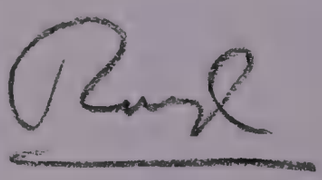


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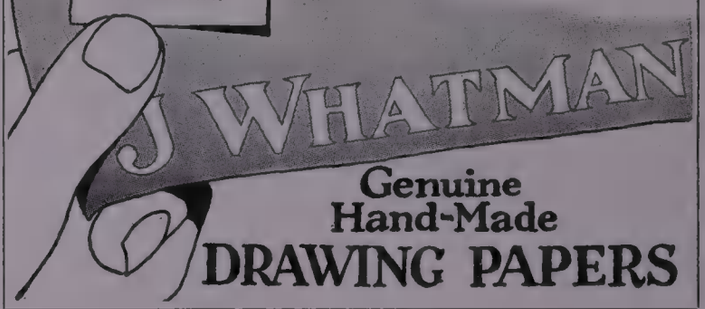
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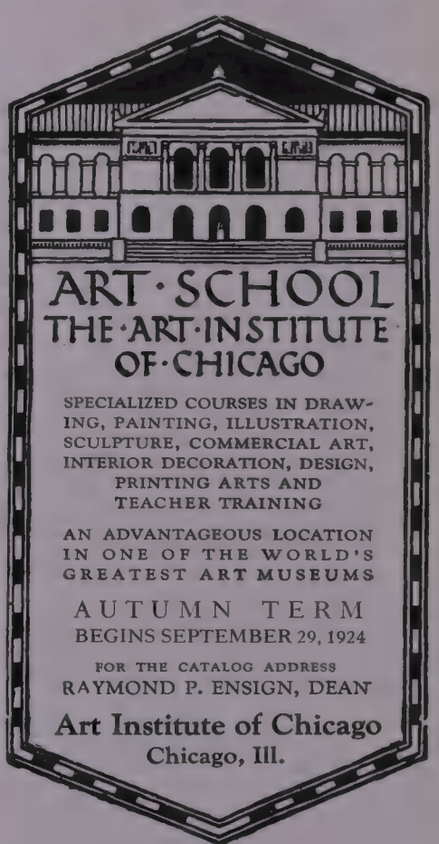
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Peyton Boswell
EDITOR

W·B·M'Cormick
ASSISTANT
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TO CONTRIBUTORS

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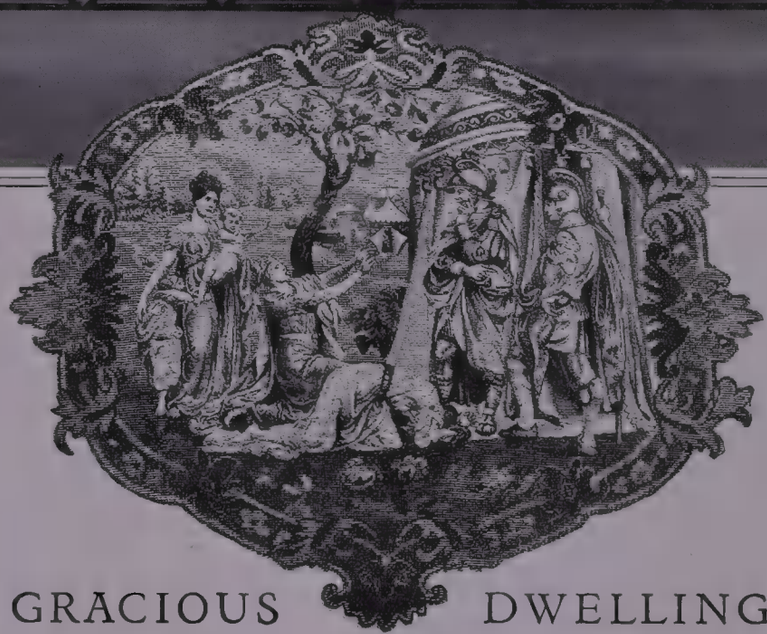
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"MASQUES AND BERGAMASQUES" *In the Tate Gallery, London* *Fan Design by Mary Davis*

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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TWO ENGLISH FAN PAINTERS

George Sheringham and Mary Davis carry on the traditions of this exquisite art form

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

THE SALIENT differences between the work of the fan designer of the eighteenth century and that of the artist of today are to be explained by the fact that, whereas the former was employed upon the embellishment of an article intended for actual use, the latter has solely a decorative aim in view, choosing the fan form merely on account of the fascination of its shape and not because of its adaptation to purpose. In the majority of instances he would in fact feel himself distinctly aggrieved were it suggested to him that the delicate painted silk, vellum or parchment should be marred or even cracked by being stretched and folded upon fan-sticks. He has selected the form as a means of achieving an effective wall decoration, much in the same way as the Italian Primitives elected to express mural frescoes of religious subjects in the form of lunettes. To them an architectural feature such as a circular window or a rounded arch to a door suggested decoration in a curved form with two straight lines at the side to complete it. The fan artist, so far from finding the semicircular excision at the base a difficulty which his composition must circumvent, discovers that on the contrary it lends to it an added grace,

"THE BLUE MARKET" FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM





"LA MARQUISE" FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

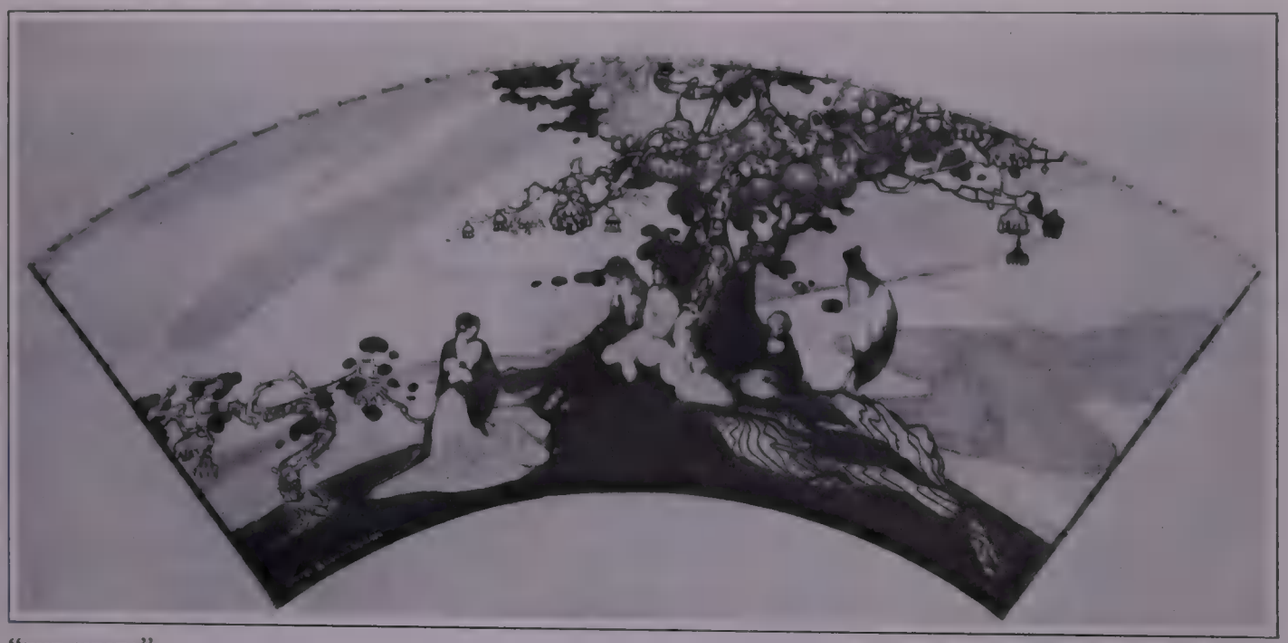
provided of course that the design be originally dictated in accordance.

At first glance the deliberate choice of the fan form may seem to imply an unnecessary limitation to which the artist must conform, since it renders it incumbent upon him to bow to a somewhat arbitrary outline and to "fit in" his grouping with greater nicety than is involved within the ordinary picture frame. What then is the reason for this self-imposed limitation? The answer lies in the peculiar grace, the indefinable elegance which is inseparable from this particular combination of curved with straight lines. When the form is exploited in a series of designs displayed on the walls of a room it acquires a greatly enhanced decorative value. Hence its vogue at the present day among collectors who like to turn their art acquisitions to valuable esthetic account.

The fan form does not confine its limitations to a mere question of composition. Although it imposes no restrictions as to choice of theme it turns a disapproving eye upon the realistic, the actual, permitting only the most successful of results when the author affects the imaginative,

"ON A SOUTHERN BALCONY" FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM





"THE SIESTA"

In the collection of Edmond Davis, Esq.

FAN ON VELLUM BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

the dreamy, the unreal. The two artists with whose work I am dealing in this article observe this restriction each in their several ways. George Sheringham is a designer whose work is impregnated with the glamor of the Orient, the Orient not of the P. and O. liner, but the Orient of *The Arabian Nights*, of Scheherazade and of *Salammbo*. Mary Davis, on the other hand, goes to the eighteenth century of Watteau and his school for her inspiration, conferring on her themes the graceful charm that savors of elegancies undisturbed by the cold realities of existence. There is the sound of the spinet, the tinkle of the harpsichord heard faintly and afar off.

Mary Davis is a pupil of the late Charles Conder, the fan artist whose delicate drawings on silk, lightly finshed off with rice-varnish, formed a feature in what has been called the "renaissance of the nineties," when a more spiritual aspect of art was making a valiant effort to emerge from the smug, prosaic era of Victorianism. Her work reflects to a certain extent the influence of this past master in the art of making "trifles thin as air" as significant in their way as more ambitious achievements. But it is invariably individual in expression and of a personal graciousness. Deliberately planned effort is conspicuously absent; she fits her theme to her spaces as by instinct. Note, for example, the fine appropriateness of the little seated figure on the right side of the base of "In a Garden," the ease with which the figures in "Here are Ladies" are posed. There is in her work none of that painful piling up to pyramidal form which to fan designers of less mastery appears to be the inevitable solution to fan composition. In its place is a natural balancing of masses, a feeling for the grouping suggested by the rather flattened ovals which she so often affects in preference to the definitely semicircular form. That balance is neatly exemplified in the "Two Mothers" in which the problem of the intervening space between the celestial and the human mother and child is cleverly solved by the straight vertical lines of the glimmering candles that keep the whole welded and intact. In addition their soft mystic light sheds over the idyll a tender, elusive glamor.

The color plate of "Masques and Bergamasques," a fan design by Mary Davis of which the original hangs in the Tate Gallery of Modern Art in London (Mrs. Davis boasts the distinction of being represented by her fans in a great number of public galleries in many quarters of the globe), illustrates both her use of cameo (or medallion) ornaments and also her employment of striped and daintily ornamented backgrounds. Some of her most decorative effects are gained by means of a groundwork suggestive of the elaborately woven silks in which ladies of the court of Marie Antoinette loved to array themselves. Others are lightly speckled and spangled in gold and silver. But nowhere does she permit herself to lose the intrinsic silkiness of the surface. The color is invariably lightly applied. She realizes that her finely ribbed silks provide her with a sympathetic medium such as no other material can offer and she is not inclined to nullify their gift by overpainting. In many instances, as, for example, in that of the black and white fan with the Greek motifs, portions are kept untouched, and allowed to participate unpainted in the general design.

I have said that it is the eighteenth century



"HERE ARE LADIES" *In the National Gallery, London* FAN BY MARY DAVIS

with its dreamy unreality, its artificial elegance, that interests Mary Davis. But she may also take an excursion as far forward as the nineteenth century of Dickens' day and still succeed in capturing the essential spirit of her theme. Her "Dickens" fan, inspired I know not by which of the novelist's masterpieces, seems to combine the dominant characteristics of many.

To travel backward from the days of the seventeen hundreds to those of Haroun al Raschid does not, from the esthetic point of view, imply so far a cry as at first appears. For in both there

"THE TWO MOTHERS" FAN BY MARY DAVIS





"A DICKENS FAN DESIGN" BY MARY DAVIS

is to be found a similar indolence, a similar feeling for life lived from the decorative point of view, the same insistence on elaboration of the accessories of existence. Whether the little turbaned slave or the wondrous lacquer furniture is located in Bagdad or *Le Petit Trianon* is inessential. The latter may have had no harems, yet the lovely ladies that fltted across the stage of Lancret and Boucher were in type not so unlike the Zobeides and Amines who sweetened the days of vizier and caliph. Hence it is not surprising that George Sheringham, whose fan design, "The Ballet Scene from Salammbo" (in the possession of Mrs. Walter Reid), has the elaborate grace of some exquisite illuminated Persian manuscript in its rich, jeweled splendor, should prove himself equally in the spirit of his theme in "La Marquise" with its Rose du Barry glow enveloping the elegancies of the lovely aristocrat and her setting. All is clear, limpid, down to the last ribbon upon her gown, yet in the fluid wash there floats over the whole that nebulousness which fan design at its best inevitably effects. This artist is peculiarly skilled in his massing of a number of small figures upon the stage. In the "Blue Market," a design in the ownership of Mrs. Churchill of New York by whom it was purchased at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition of the fateful year 1914 (it passed the ensuing five years buried in the cellars of the Louvre!), one finds the close horizontal treatment in which he is particularly successful. The forms pass as in some dreamlike procession across the line of vision against a background rich in the atmosphere of an Oriental bazaar.

In the possession of that modern Mæcenas, Lord Howard de Walden, are both "Poissons d'Or" and "The Feast of Virgo," each drawn with that small semicircular arc opening, so often chosen by this artist. "The Feast of Virgo" is carried out on a ground of deep blue with accents of gold and of red; the "Poissons d'Or" has a ground of ivory tint acting as foil to the various combinations of gold, black and white in which the goldfish are carried out. These fish, like the flowers, the architecture, and even the costumes that figure in George Sheringham's fans, are not based on actual forms, but are figments of the artist's fertile imagination. His "Paradise Bird" is more of the Oiseau-de-Feu-Russian-Ballet type of creature than one to be found in an aviary at a zoological garden. This work, which relies for its effect to a large extent on the deft contrast of ivory ground with brilliant color, is in the possession of His Honor, Judge Evans. One sees Sheringham in quite another mood in "The Siesta" and "On a Southern Balcony," in which he can have traveled no farther south than Seville for his inspiration. In both he introduces forceful lines to "keep up" the composition and strengthen its parts. Nowhere are the limitations of the form neglected; all subserves it without loss of effect. For in the opinion of this designer, "limitation is the essence of art." There can be no great art without it.

THE "MISTERY" OF SILVER

Half-forgotten craft illustrated by rare examples of ancient art newly come to an American collection

William Laurel Harris

THROUGH the recent acquisition by a New York collector of thirty examples of rare silver of the thirteenth to eighteenth centuries from the famous Swaythling collection of England the art treasures of the United States are increased in a field in which it has been sadly lacking and this particular collection now becomes one of the half-dozen really great American assemblages of antique silver. The renowned Swaythling collection of ancient silverware, from which these pieces came, had been during many years one of the notable attractions for the cognoscenti at that great treasure house of craftsmanship, the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, where it was loaned for purely educational purposes. In this wonderful collection one saw expressed in pure and gracious forms the matchless beauty of a half forgotten craft anciently termed the "mistery" of goldsmiths. In modern times the crafts of goldsmithing and silverworking have been greatly slighted through a grievous lack of general knowledge concerning the practical application of the arts in trade so that the educational value of Lord Swaythling's treasures are a consideration of importance.

Post-war financial troubles forced a variety of unexpected liquidations abroad and among others the epoch-marking auction of old silver in England, at which these new American treasures were acquired. These unusual and opportune purchases were desirable from a patriotic point of view because American art has special need of unquestioned masterpieces representative of quality in other days to help establish and preserve high standards among our twentieth-century designers and artisans. This need of unquestioned standards is particularly apparent in those forms of decorative design that find expression in that queen of metals, sterling silver.

The superlative artistic qualities of silver are only beginning to be appreciated in the United States and, strange as it may seem, many of our artistic leaders are as poorly informed concerning the great silver workers of other days and their superb achievements as are any of the artistically unwashed of *boi polloi*. In Medieval and Renaissance times when art was on a more natural basis the successive master craftsmen of the goldsmiths' guilds were the most important artists of the varied periods in which they lived. They were greatly respected by their fellow citizens and the traditions of their "mistery" were long and honorable. As we all know, innumerable books have been written regarding the painters and sculptors of the historical periods, so that even our school children know the names of Alessandro Botticelli, Andrea Verrocchio, the great Ghiberti, Donatello, Lucca della Robbia, Brunelleschi, Francia and Lorenzo di Credi. But few people realize that all these famous men and the majority of their accomplished fellow artists and creators of great things were first of all trained as goldsmiths and workers in the varied precious and semi-precious materials. The appellation of goldsmith was always used until comparatively modern times to designate artists and craftsmen expert in silver working as well as in smithing gold.

FRENCH SILVER CHALICE, DATED 1228. THE BOWL WAS LINED WITH GILT TO PROTECT IT FROM THE ACID IN THE WINE



In writing about artistic silver one is confronted at every

turn by words that are now misapplied, misunderstood or are carrying a modern meaning that is often quite the reverse of that current during the heyday of the varied decorative trades and crafts. Not only did the term goldsmith signify a silver worker, but the golden cups mentioned in ancient inventories and wills very often were in actual fact silver cups gilded or possibly merely "parcel gilt." The silver heirlooms from the Swaythling collection include many rare and exquisite objects that still preserve more or less of their original gold finish. In some instances, as with the chalice illustrated with this article, the gilding was applied for purely utilitarian purposes, it being intended to protect the surface of the silver from the corrosive action of the acid in the wine during the ceremonies of the Mass. This exquisite old piece of Gothic craftsmanship from France was designed and wrought in the early thirteenth century. One reads in a quaint inscription of mixed Roman and Lombardic characters engraved on the bevel of the foot "AD. HONOREM. B. MARIE. VIRGINIS. F. BERTINUS. ME. FECIT. Ao. MCCXII." The knop is cast and chased in openwork showing richly wrought foliage combined with the fanciful forms of characteristic Gothic dragons. Such a splendid souvenir of Medieval art is a rare asset for America.

ELIZABETHAN TANKARD AND COVER, LONDON, 1561. THE CUP IS MADE OF OX HORN





JAMES I STANDING CUP AND COVER. THE BOWL OF THE CUP IS AN OSTRICH EGG. LONDON, 1623



ELIZABETHAN SALT CELLAR, LONDON 1599. SILVER-GILT WITH SIMPLE STRAP-WORK AND FLORAL ORNAMENTATION

Among the Swaythling heirlooms there were a few exceptional works of art from France, Italy, Germany and the Low Countries, but by far the most precious things were representative of the Early English periods. In Elizabethan and Jacobean times all works of art were singularly picturesque and the goldsmiths of that distant period were most adroit in combining unusual materials in gracious ways with their highly wrought masterpieces of sterling silver. Horn, coconut shells, marble, crystal and alabaster were familiar resources for the craftsmen of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and reflected that growing curiosity concerning oriental lands and exotic climes that spurred our forefathers toward their great discoveries on the distant seas.

As often seems the case in the greatest undertakings, men were heroic and successful because of their great illusions. The discoverers of America firmly believed in the Island of Amazons, the Fountain of Youth, The Seven Golden Cities and El Dorado, while Adrian Van der Donck, our own historian in the early days of Manhattan, wrote positively that unicorns and griffins were found in the wild lands beyond the Hudson River. Many of these curious ideas and universal illusions found expression in old English silver and add immeasurably to its picturesque charm and beauty. Unexpected substances like tropical nuts and ostrich eggs figured largely in the decorative designer's art during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Such materials were often given a romantic reputation far beyond that guaranteed by actual fact through the prevailing lack of scientific knowledge concerning the world in which we live. Almost any child in school today has a better knowledge of geography and natural history than was then possessed by men and women of high position and undoubted culture. An ostrich egg, for instance, was commonly called a "grypey" or "grype's" egg. The word "grype" being used to designate that fabulous creature we now call a griffin and generally believed in at the time Manhattan was first settled. These ancient egg shells were much more fragile than other materials used with silver, so that very few have survived the vicissitudes of time, but one rare piece was purchased by the American collector and illustrates this article. This ostrich egg cup, mounted in silver gilt, is Jacobean in character, dating from 1623, and is superbly handsome in craftsmanship and design. The cover of the cup is also of ostrich shell, and as a decorative finial above the shell we see a charming figure of Minerva holding a shield and banner. On one side of this banner we can read in excellent engraving "THE 4 OF OCTOBER 1577, MR. JAMES STOPES CAME TO BE Or. PARSON," and on the other side is seen depicted the figure of Mary Magdalene. About the lip of the bowl is clearly written "THIS CUPP WAS GIVEN TO MR. JOHN STOPES, OUR PARSONNS SONNE BY THE PARISHIONERS OF THE PARISH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENS IN OR NEERE OLD FISH STREETE LONDON FOR HIS PAINESTAKINGS WITH VS BY HIS OFTEN PREACHING WITH VS, HOPING THAT HE WILL SO FRIENDLY ACCEPT IT AS WE MOST FRANCKLY AND WILLING MEANE IT. THE FIRST DAYE OF JANUARY, 1623."

One may take as another delightful example of curious materials successfully used with silver gilt the quaint and charming Elizabethan tankard pictured in another illustration. The cup of this old tankard is made from the large part of an ox horn, adroitly fashioned for its purpose. This delightful old piece displays a sumptuous artistic skill in working silver combined with an unpretentious and homelike quality that would mark the work as essentially Elizabethan even if it did not bear the London hallmark for 1561. With the guild mark and date is also seen a stamped fleur-de-lys, the signature of a famous sixteenth-century craftsman named William Dyxon. Horn was then the favorite material for drinking cups because all horn was thought to possess in some degree that magical power of the unicorn's horn for detecting or neutralizing deadly poisons. In fact many of the old horn cups were confidently catalogued in wills and inventories as being made from the horn of unicorns.

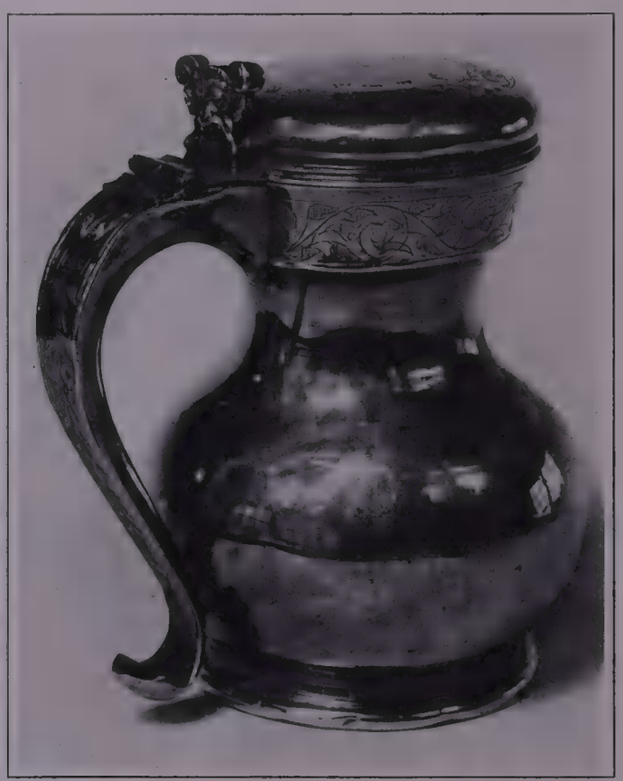
The Elizabethan salt cellars were always beautiful and among numerous striking reminders of what fine craftsmanship for table furnishings really was in the days of Shakespeare we find several of these precious and very domestic works of art. These souvenirs of the English goldsmith's skill are worthy of the greatest praise and are to be now admired with the Swaythling heirlooms domiciled in New York city. The salt cellar shown in our illustration is delightful in its unpretentious charm and is from the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, being dated with the London hallmark for 1599. This piece is lovely in its colorful tones of old and time-worn silver gilt, with all the strap work and floral ornamentation picked out on a matted ground. A more ornate salt cellar is shown in the next illustration. This masterpiece of early English decorative work is also of silver gilt and was made about 1582 in or near the town of Exeter.



ELIZABETHAN SALT CELLAR. EXETER, CIRCA 1582

One of the distinctive pleasures of studying old silver from an historian's way of thinking, is the confident assurance concerning dates and people always obtainable through the guild marks and inscriptions indicating without question or peradventure the exact sequence of historical styles in art. All the other branches of decorative design are subject to doubts and more or less discussion when it comes to outlining exactly the changing styles and fashions marking the ups and downs of national achievement. But for centuries every piece of silver was passed on by the doyens of the guilds and was stamped with the Guildhall's seal and date, and bore the artist's signature or symbol. In all countries the goldsmiths' guilds were more closely supervised by the government than any of the other crafts and trades because the value of sterling silver was closely bound up with all financial reforms and the prosperity of trade and commerce. As a direct consequence of the intrinsic value of the materials used in all their undertakings the silver workers were recognized men of substantial worth and guaranteed integrity, as well as inspired artists of varied talents.

From the early part of the fourteenth century on down to modern times, the goldsmiths of both France and England were regulated severely and the guilds made constant and elaborate efforts to kill out all dishonest practices among the silver-workers or their selling agents. Edward III of England in the year 1327 gave letters patent to the London guild incorporated under the name of "The Wardens of Commonalty of the Mistery of Goldsmiths of the City of London." The intentions of this act were to regulate the sale of works of art in silver, to assure the election of those able and honest men best skilled in the trade to rule it, reform it, and punish all offenders who for selfish gain countenanced unfair or dishonest competition. It was also a part of the provisions of the law that representative men should be sent up to London from the country towns "to be ascertained of their touch of gold, and there to have a stamp of a puncheon of a leopard's head marked upon their work as it was anciently ordained." This last clause clearly shows that Edward III in 1327 was not an innovator establishing a novel regulation, but was reforming and reviving a traditional and time-honored arrangement. Later on in the fourteenth century provincial guilds were evidently established in England, as we read of goldsmiths at Durham, Newcastle and other places, while spoons "made at York" are mentioned in a North Country will of 1366. Though very few pieces of hall-marked plate existing today were made before 1500, authentic dates for earlier works of art in silver are usually available on account of the general custom of engraving names, dates and expressions of sentiment or devotion on gifts and commemoration objects, such as the Gothic chalice referred to at the beginning of this article. This desire for definite and self-explanatory inscriptions on silver is as ancient as the art of silver working, dating back to a very early period of Egyptian art, and is generally in evidence on Greek and Roman table furnishings.



QUEEN MARY TANKARD AND COVER, LONDON 1556. ONE OF THE FINEST AND RAREST PIECES PURCHASED BY THIS COLLECTOR FROM THE SWAYTHLING COLLECTION.

The selection made from the heirlooms of Lord Swaythling, brought to America by this collector, gives a fascinating insight into the rapidly changing English ideals and styles during the momentous periods of Elizabeth, James, Charles I, the Commonwealth and the short but merry period of the Restoration. One of the most treasured pieces of all is the Queen Mary tankard and cover, simple in design, yet very gracious in its forms and lines. Such a charming masterpiece from the sixteenth century, if better known among our American designers, might easily have a decided influence on our native handicrafters and manufacturers. The simplicity of its pattern and the very great charm of its well chosen decorations give this old piece of silver a unique quality of distinction and makes it harmonize in a peculiar way with our modern trend in taste. This diminutive tankard of silver gilt, only six inches in height, was stamped in London with the hall-mark for 1556, and also carries the artist's seal in the shape of a stag's head. The original possessor's initials, W. W., are engraved on the centre of the cover with the date of 1556. This exquisite and yet substantial work of art was mentioned in a very matter of fact fashion by the will of Dr. Wright, Archdeacon of Oxford, who died in 1561. In his will that eminent divine described this piece as a "cup and cover worth from nine to ten pounds." This good old archdeacon would have indeed been amazed if he could have listened to the bidding at Christie's when this tankard was auctioned off.

When this particular collection of the finest antique silver is better known and its value to America appreciated, our artists and designers may well receive renewed inspiration from its priceless treasures.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

FURNITURE *of Historic* TYPES

VII. The Regency and Louis XV

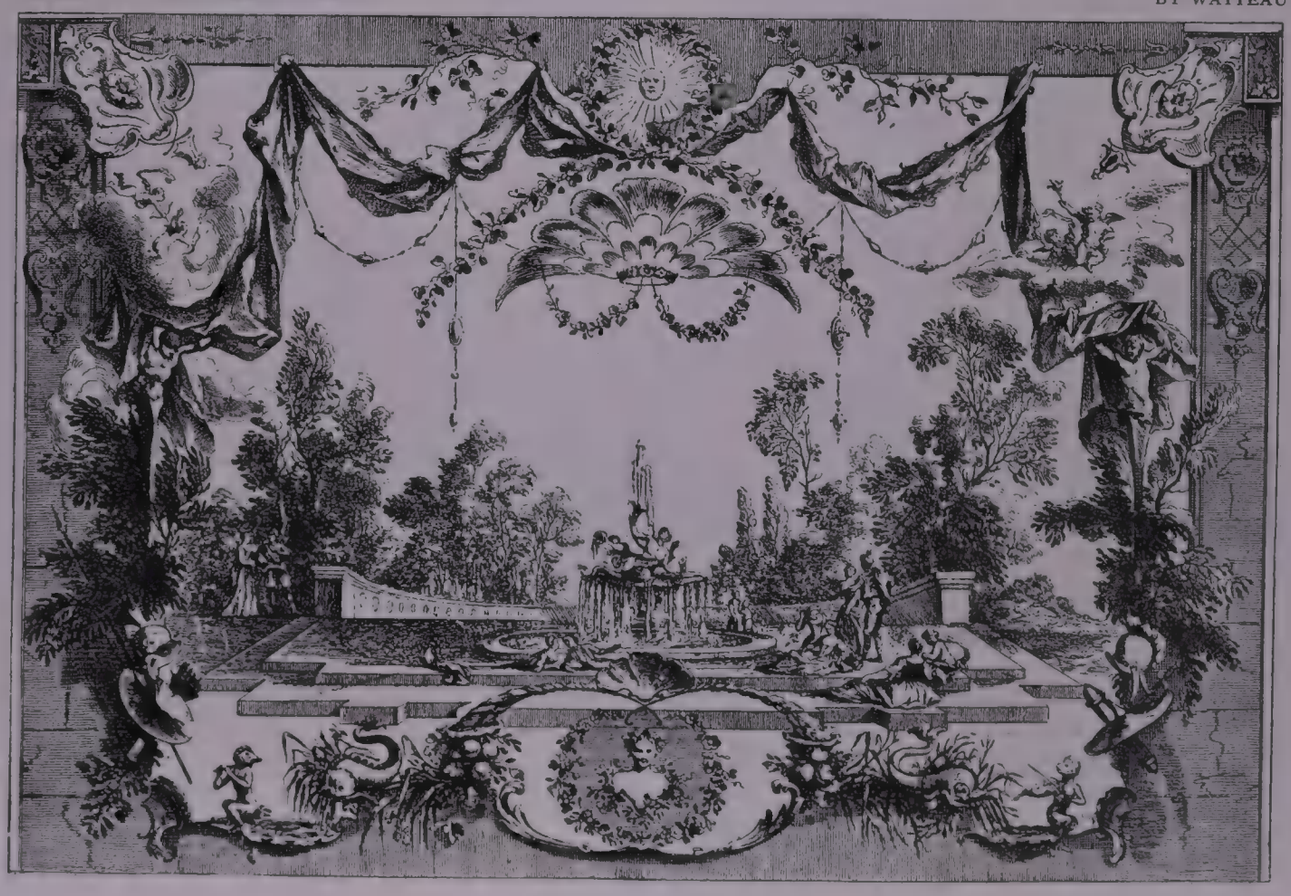
When flamboyant design in ornament and cabinet-making reflected the spirit of the times

Major Arthur De BLES

THAT GREAT PERIOD known as the Renaissance, the re-birth of the arts and letters, which, born in Italy, spread like a blaze of sunlight on a dark valley over the whole of Europe, reached its peak in the eighteenth century, after having slowed up for nearly one hundred years, tired by the great pace at which it had led the world for more than two centuries. Once again we saw not only in France but also in England and even Italy the marvelous phenomenon of a whole people drunk with the desire for culture and artistic knowledge. And it was a genuine love, this eighteenth century feeling; it was no affectation nor desire to emulate the example of others. Once again, particularly this time in France, art ruled *en maitresse* and it was the king's most renowned favorite, Madame de Pompadour, who ruled the arts, and lent her own wide culture and innate taste to their cultivation.

In the matter of furniture and what we call today "interior decoration," there was, however, a change of sentiment. During the Renaissance furniture itself was mainly architectural in design and even construction while the rooms also were decorated with architectural motives and ornaments borrowed from the antique, either almost purely classic as in the case of Florentine work or adapted as in that of Venice and of France. In the earlier Renaissance, pictures were rarely used for decorative purposes on walls. *Cassone* were embellished, of course, by the brush, frequently, of the greatest masters of the *Quattrocento* and the *Cinquecento*, but though biblical and other religious subjects were the usual form taken by these *cassone* paintings—for marriage is one of the chief sacraments of the Catholic Church—yet many of them were ornamented with secular subjects, such as the chase, the tourney, and such appropriate themes as the courts of love at which the troubadours of the day vied with each other

DESIGN FOR A DECORATIVE PANEL BY WATTEAU





LOUIS XV COMMODE IN PARQUETRIE BY OPPENORDT

in devising rhymed romances. Occasionally, in commemoration of some important event, a painting referring to it would be used as part of the decorative scheme of the palace or villa of some great noble or wealthy merchant. A noteworthy example is that of the two famous Botticelli frescoes in the Louvre, which were painted to the order of Giovanni dei Tornabuoni, the uncle of Lorenzo dei Medici, *il Magnifico*, to celebrate the marriage of his son Lorenzo to the daughter of another great Florentine, Giovanna degli Albizzi. But these are the necessary exceptions to the general rule.

Now in the eighteenth century, by which generic term the French *amateurs d'art* mean the reign of Louis XV, including the Regency, all the arts including the graphic and plastic were impressed into the service of those who made a great Art out of what had been for a century past an utilitarian profession. Painters, metal-workers, sculptors, masters of marquetry and of the manufacture and decoration of porcelain, weavers, all joined the cabinetmakers proper in creating such a wealth of artistic beauty for its own sake as has left France with an almost inextinguishable reputation as the world's leader in art up to the present day. Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, Lancret and Pater, J. B. Huet, Hubert Robert, the Van Loo family and the earlier Vernets painted wall-panels, over-mantels, *dessus de porte*, screens, and designed tapestries for Beauvais and Aubusson chair and settee backs; Cressent, Oppenordt, Robert de Cotte, Meissonnier, Gouthiere and the most famous of all, Jacques Caffieri, designed and executed those remarkable ormolu mountings which are so characteristic a feature of Louis XV furniture; Oeben and Riesener, masters of inlay and marquetry, divided the honors with such famous cabinetmakers as Garnier, de Cuvilles, Latz, Hedouin, Filleul, Dautriche and Pineau in the designing of cabinets and corner-cupboards with parquetted panels, enriched with exquisite marquetry of colored and scorched precious woods. All through the reign, Chinese porcelains were mounted magnificently in ormolu by the greatest masters, while at the end of the reign, Wedgwood and Sèvres plaques were inserted into the furniture as an integral part of its decoration.

REGENCY CHAIR, CARVED AND GILDED. FLORENTINE



Madame de Pompadour led in that intense love of Chinese porcelain, the queen of all the applied arts, which procured for her country many of the finest pieces in existence, and also induced the king to purchase a third share in the Sèvres factory, thus contributing greatly

both to the excellence of the wares produced and to their reputation at home and abroad. What is known as the Pompadour period in Sèvres porcelain runs from 1753 to 1763. In 1760 the Manufactory of Sèvres became a royal appurtenance, with "the exclusive privilege of making every description of porcelain . . ."



DESIGN FOR A CONSOLE TABLE BY J. A. MEISSONIER

As I pointed out in a previous article the main motive behind the royal munificence of Louis XIV as regards art patronage was the desire for the enhancement of his intellectual glory just as along other lines he craved military fame, emulating Caesar to such an extent that practically all the equestrian statues of Louis le Grand depict that monarch in the armor of ancient Rome, and one of the chief architectural ornaments is the body-shaped cuirass and the grieves of the Roman legionnaries. But with the Louis XV epoch an altogether different note was sounded. Louis the Well-Beloved was only five years old when in 1715 his great-grandfather died and left the succession in his tender hands, to be steered until the boy's majority by his uncle, the Duke of Orleans. Perhaps it was because he sensed the ephemeral quality of his tenure of office as regent that the dissolute Philip did his utmost to destroy much of the great fabric of statecraft, so laboriously built up by the *Roi-Soleil*. Instigated to all manner of debauchery and excesses by his favorite, Cardinal Dubois, Philip of Orleans set out to promote gaiety in court circles, where in the last years of Louis XIV's reign there had been nothing but dignity and respectability. Art became the means to an end, the end always being pleasure. There was no longer any thought of the greatness of France, and that devil-may-care spirit which pervaded the court under the Regency was reflected clearly in the creation of art forms as light as itself, the emanation of brains drugged with sensuality, careless of precedent, and totally oblivious to the effect of their behaviour upon the fair name of France. The great nation of Louis XIV, inspired by Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, had become the plaything of a modern Heliogabalus and the laughing stock of the civilized world. The Regency was then only a transition style to the extent that it exaggerated that love of curvilinear contours which is typical of the first half of the eighteenth century as a whole. Its exaggerations, for they were not developments, were frothy and artistically meaningless; floral motives were scattered everywhere as though France had no higher ideals than flower-strewn walks. Nymphs and satyrs, troops of bacchantes with the gross Silenus on his ass, gallant rendezvous—the Embarcation for Cytherea—were the favorite subjects of artists both for easel pictures and for decorative purposes. And, as always when an art form is builded upon sand, when it is devoid of meaning, French *ébénisterie* broke out into such a flurry of bad taste as has rarely been seen in the art history of the world. Such appalling examples as the console table illustrated here were reproduced in a thousand equally bad or worse cases. The term *rococo*, which originally was nothing more than a combination of the names of the two most distinctive motives of the style *rocaille* and *coquille* ("rockery" and "shell"), has

LOUIS XV CHAIR WITH CANE BACK AND SEAT

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art





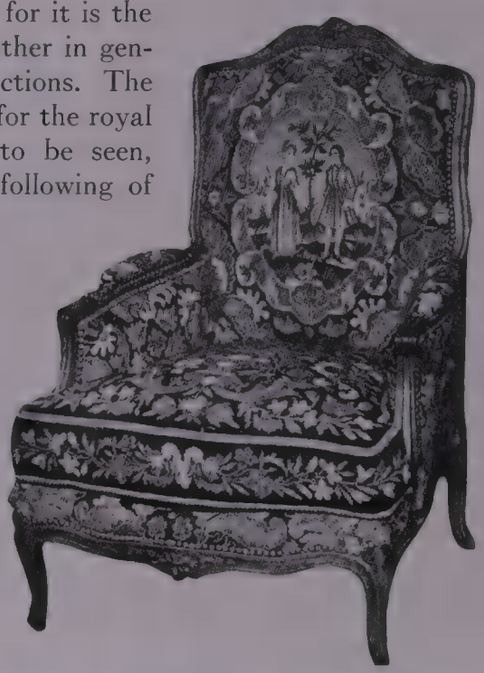


ABOVE: LATE REGENCY CARTOUCHE. NOTE SYMMETRICAL CONTOUR

RIGHT: PURE LOUIS XV CARTOUCHE WITH ITS TYPICALLY ASYMMETRICAL OUTLINE

fallen into such contempt that it is used to express anything showily meretricious and in bad taste.

Nevertheless, despite the devastating influence of the regent and his set, the famous group of the *Parc-aux-Cerfs*, the firm hold of the previous style with its solid classical foundation and its conscientious workmanship, both in design and execution, anchored to some extent, at least, the innate better taste of the French nobility and gentry. They have never given way for long before a rush towards the bizarre, and so we find in furniture designed for the staider, usually the greater, houses, much of the restraint of the late Louis XIV style but with the visible effects of the normal evolution into another style where comfortable showiness was to replace dignified splendor. It is this type of Regency furniture which has the greatest interest for us for it is the usual type found in America either in genuine examples or good reproductions. The more bizarre pieces were made for the royal palaces where they are still to be seen, pitiful witnesses to the blind following of fashion, for their formerly admired beauty is invisible to our eyes, and we only see the wasted form of an ancient court favorite, a sort of *Belle Heaumiere* in furniture. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has several Regency pieces of the better type, and it is interesting to note how, in the early part of the Regency, say from 1715 to about 1719, the chief characteristics are those of the Louis XIV style while later these disappear and the pure Louis XV motives and contours take control. We find first and foremost the stretcher not usually diagonal now, but in the shape of two double swan-necks, with a large pointed rosette at the centre. And these early Regency chairs are quite distinctive for they are very small, giving an impression of height, with a small square seat and back, both caned and with this stretcher, which always appears too low and too large, in fact quite unnecessary in so exiguous an article of furniture. The back panel is usually well separated from the seat, upheld by two supports, somewhat in the manner of Hepplewhite shield-backs, is small again and square in general shape though its contour is serpentine with rounded corners. Loose flowers carved in high relief are strewn about the woodwork and the centre ornament both of the cresting and the apron is almost invariably a bunch of flowers. A sort of heavy reed, sprouting upward-pointing spikes, is a feature of Regency design and we find the typical Louis XIV shell everywhere in those first years of the minority of Louis *le Bien-Aimé*. Sometimes, though rarely, it is used as the centre ornament of the apron and cresting, but when it is the chair belongs to the years closest and to the end of the previous reign.



CHARACTERISTIC LOUIS XV FAUTEUIL, UPHOLSTERED IN BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY AND WITH LOOSE SEAT CUSHIONS. NOTE THE SHORT STOCKY LEGS

From the beginning of the second decade of the eighteenth century the Louis XV style proper began



LOUIS XV BUREAU WITH MARBLE TOP, HANDSOMELY DECORATED WITH ORMULU MOUNTS AND MARQUETRY
Courtesy of Goldschmidt Galleries

to develop. The chairs and tables are still high on their legs, and floral ornaments still abound, but the stretcher disappears and the shell changes from its naturalistic into a more conventional form, more like the shell crowns of Renaissance *mascarons* and grotesques than those of the Louis XIV style. Again the volute motive, which we saw as a single curve derived from the sectional view of the shell, began its progress toward the double-braced volute which characterises the Louis XV type. It was this period which saw the most outrageous exaggerations of the *rococo* style in the hands of such men as Jules Aurèle Meissonnier to whom bi-lateral symmetry was anethema and who displayed extraordinary ingenuity in producing balance of mass, in excellent composition, but in completely asymetrical contour. That point is an important one for it may be laid down as a rule for guidance in the distinction between styles that the Louis XIV style and that of the early Regency are bi-symmetrical whereas in the very late Regency and the actual reign of Louis XV the lack of parallel ornament is noticeable everywhere. For the floral or modified shell motive in chair crestings and valances a very typical asymetrical ornament was substituted and that motive illustrated in cartouche form here is to be found as commonly as the shell in the previous mode. Chair legs became quite short and stocky and the very much broader seats were filled with heavy cushions such as were also used in England in the reign of Queen Anne. Where tapestries of either Beauvais or Aubusson were not used for the upholstery of chairs and settees a rich red satin damask was habitually employed while the woodwork of the seats was gilded.

In the matter of tables, commodes, desks and such articles the carving of the wood itself which was general in the previous reign was replaced by the application to the finely grained mahogany and rosewood of brilliantly executed "bronzes," to use the French idiom, or ormulu in our term. This is not a universal rule as witness the carved wood console illustrated here. But as in England so in France, the woods employed in the eighteenth century were chosen for their grain and color rather than for their workability in carving. Walnut had been the medium in which all the great French wood-carving had been effected since Gothic days and those of that great master Hugues Sambin of the Renaissance school of Burgundy, and the tradition of walnut carving was maintained to the middle of the eighteenth century. But when tulip-wood, king-wood, acajou and amboyna became popular and were set in parquet patterns on the façade and sides of



BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE COMBINATION OF PARQUETTED TULIP WOOD AND ROSE-WOOD, WITH ORMULU MOUNTS BY CAFFIERI

cabinets and commodes and the fronts of desk drawers, the cabinetmakers felt the need of a relief medium with which to connect the florid curves of the contour with the rectilinear inlay. So the great metal workers were impressed into service and decorated the large surfaces and angles with more or less ormolu according to the quality and extent of their own good taste. Caffieri over-ornamented everything he touched though the quality of his "bronzes" is unequalled by any of his contemporaries or successors. He was imbued with that decadent spirit in art which had caused the death of the Italian schools of painting. His technique ran away with him. Cressent very frequently was as bad, but his hand was lighter, as a true Frenchman, and his introduction of those charming female half-length figures in contemporary costume, known as *espagnolettes* and inspired by Watteau, gave him a right to claim indulgence from us for other sins of commission.

END OF A TABLE BY PIERRE BERNARD AND C. P., C. 1770. THE "ESPAGNOLETTES" IN THE MANNER OF CRESSENT WERE VERY POPULAR DURING THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV

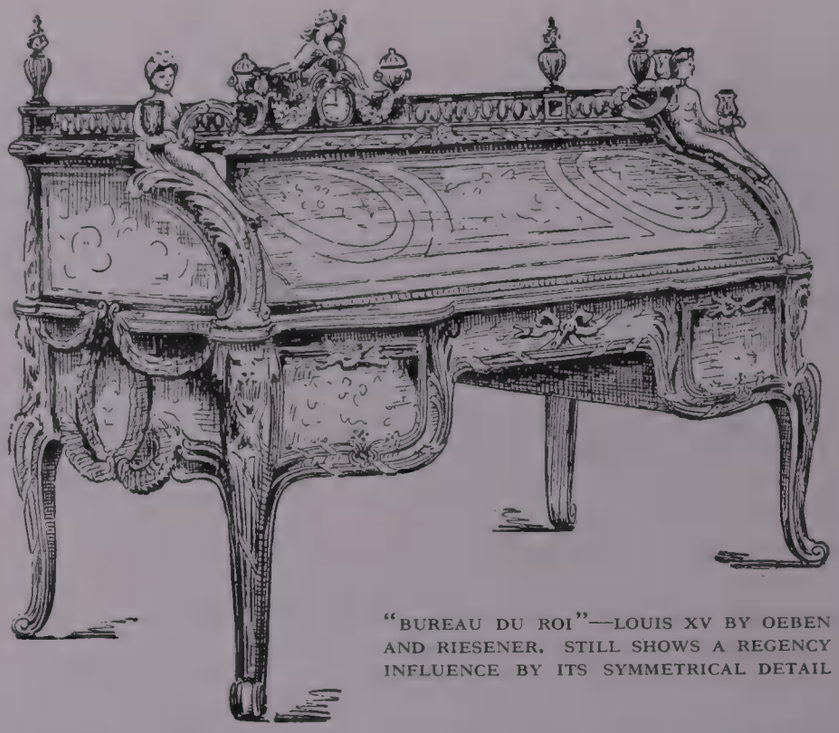


One of the most famous pieces of Louis XV furniture in existence is the magnificent *Bureau du Roi*, kings writing desk, in the eighteenth century galleries in the Louvre. The cabinet work was begun by Oeben in 1760 and completed



LOUIS XV COMMODE BY PLATZ OF ACAJOU AND AMBOYNA MARQUETRY OF FLORAL DECORATIONS AND GILT BRONZE. NOTE THE ASYMMETRICAL ARRANGEMENTS IN BRONZE

by his pupil Riesener, who after his master's death married his widow and carried on his business, some nine years later. It is one of the first pieces in which the extreme rococo taste of such men as Meissonnier, Oppenordt and Caffieri began to show a decline, and a return to a more normal and better taste announced itself. The sides, cylindrical top and the back are superbly decorated with marquetry designs in the best style of Riesener, who preferred dark woods, such as tulip, rosewood, holly, maple and laburnum for his wreaths and other inlay patterns, whereas that other great *marqueteur* of the period, David Roentgen, used lighter woods which he dyed and scorched so that they always have a forced and unnatural effect, still one more manifestation of the prevalent meretricious taste. The ormolu mounts of the *Bureau du Roi* are by Hervieux, Winant and Duplessis, three Frenchmen who were to be among those destined to help kill the insidious monster which for so many years had vitiated the soundly-grounded national *bon gout*. Cressent himself was a Frenchman born into the tradition, the son of a sculptor and grandson of a cabinetmaker, and the exuberance displayed by him in many of his bronzes was doubtless inspired directly by the Regent and his satellites. That in spite of this influence he kept his feet on the ground is proved by the tasteful beauty of his *espagnolette* corners, even though some of his bronze-covered cabinet work is hard to forgive. But like the Japanese whose intellectuality bears a very close analogy to that of the French, in the temperamental quality both of their keen appreciation and their criticism, the French are always willing to accept ideas from other peoples, on condition that in them they find or believe they find an improvement on those already in existence among themselves. And as French taste in general was at this time not at its customary high level a number of foreign workmen came in and almost destroyed what remnants were left. The Slodtz Brothers, half Flemish, half Italian, Meissonnier, in spite of his French name entirely Italian, born in Turin; Caffieri, also of pure transalpine descent, all helped to push France along the downward path, though individually they were all such remarkably skilful masters of the technique of their profession that the public is apt to "enthuse" over the detail, while failing to



"BUREAU DU ROI"—LOUIS XV BY OEBEN AND RIESENER. STILL SHOWS A REGENCY INFLUENCE BY ITS SYMMETRICAL DETAIL

realize the awful taste of the ensemble. And then, towards the end of the reign, sanity showed signs of an approaching return. The mad search for bizarre curves which characterizes the majority of Louis XV furniture grew less and less intense; the saying that there is not a straight line to be found anywhere in the *Louis Quinze* style became inaccurate, although a purist might claim that it remains literally true, because the return of the straight line, *e. g.*, in the tops and sides of desks and cabinets, really heralded the advent of a new style, transitional between those of Louis XV proper and Louis XVI, which, in its purity, never makes use of an irregular curve.

And so it was here. But this time, curiously enough, the leading *ébénistes* saw the change coming from afar. It is more than probable that the austere character of the Dauphin, soon to become Louis XVI, gave them a hint of the complete *volte-face* certain to come after the debaucheries of the court of Louis XV, and that with his accession to the throne the atmosphere of the court would be cleansed. So the twirls and curves, the meaningless motifs, the insipid floral carvings, the asymmetrical ornamentations, the frantic desire to avoid lineal bi-symmetry at all costs, were quickly but systematically toned down, so gradually in fact that at first it was barely noticeable.

One of the clearest characteristics of this transition mode is the change from the large piece parquetry, usually four to a panel, to small work, composed of shaded cubes placed in rows. Again the outer borders of parquetted and marquetry panels of the pure Louis XV style were never rectilinear, always in serpentine or rococo curves. These borders were also of a less ornate design, generally a thin fillet of light-toned wood in the transition style. The borders of table and commode drawers which were always curvilinear in the pure Louis XV mode, became straight again. Chairs retained most of their curves, and changed indeed but little; tables, cabinets and commodes, however, while still retaining their curved legs, took on straight body lines with chamfered and even fluted corners. The fluting in the chamfered corners is quite a late feature of this transition style, and pieces exhibiting this feature are frequently, but erroneously, termed Louis XVI.



PIANO CASE IN THE LOUIS XV MANNER BY STEINWAY & SON

Towards the very last years of the reign of Louis XV, even the curves of the legs flattened out considerably and became thicker at the top, so that it was but a slight change to the regular tapering leg of the next period. Ormolu mounts followed the general trend away from the extreme rococo to an orderly, almost geometric, regularity. Bi-symmetry came back into its own, as it always must, for the eye wearies of undisciplined forms, all the stronger for the temporary excursion of the mode-making artists into the realm of unbridled license and fantasy. And never since that time has there been any successful attempt on the part of cabinetmakers to depart from the recognized order of symmetry and proportion.



DINING TABLE AND CHAIRS OF WALNUT DESIGNED IN THE SPIRIT OF THE ITALIAN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. THE BUFFET IS A COPY OF AN OLD PIECE. THE SET IS UNIQUE

Courtesy of the New York Galleries

MODERN CABINET MAKING

Craftsmanship employed today in making the best furniture is as fine as that of any previous period

IN DAYS when furniture was a rarity, confined, so far as any adequate amount was concerned, to houses of comparative wealth, it was possible either to develop a distinctive period style or for an individual cabinetmaker to influence the design of most of the pieces of his time. Great architectural styles, characteristic of a period, contributed largely to furniture design. Important buildings in any one locality were few and architects fewer. A style, therefore, was the natural result. Today, with buildings great and small springing up everywhere almost overnight it is not strange that we have no distinctive style. The nearest approach to one is that of the skyscraper and that, from its nature, can have little effect on furniture. And since our finest houses are those whose design is based on some earlier period it is only natural that the furniture for them should have little originality in its design. There would be no suitable place for an entirely new development. The few attempts at complete originality have only served, by their failure, to emphasize this.

Good modern furniture, therefore, is not very different in design from that of the great periods. There is a constant tendency toward improvement and a continuous adaptation of old forms to modern needs. Many old pieces are, of course, as useful and appropriate today as they ever were and reproductions of these are among the finest products of modern cabinetmaking. But even in the reproductions there is a difference. It is not one of beauty, for often the woods are better, the finish as fine; it is rather one of construction for the new pieces are almost always better made



WALNUT CABINET DERIVED FROM AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ITALIAN MODEL
Courtesy of the Orsenigo Company



VITRINE IN THE STYLE OF THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XVI, OF MAHOGANY AND TULIPWOOD WITH FINELY CHASED ORMOLU MOUNTS
Courtesy of B. Altman & Company

GOTHIC CHEST IN CARVED OAK WITH HANDWROUGHT IRON AND SIDE CHAIRS
Courtesy of Tiffany Studios





MAHOGANY LIBRARY DESK IN THE MANNER OF THOMAS CHIPPENDALE
Courtesy of B. Altman & Company

WALNUT BOOKCASE AND STAND ADAPTED FROM WILLIAM AND MARY MOTIVES
Courtesy of the Hampton Shops





DECORATED SATINWOOD DESK AND CANED CHAIRS DERIVED FROM SHERATON MOTIVES

Courtesy of the Hampton Shops



CABINET DESIGNED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DUTCH MANNER WITH PAINTED DECORATION

Courtesy of the Elgin A. Simonds Company

than the old. In a day when the cry is heard everywhere that craftsmanship is dead, that the machine has destroyed the skill of the worker, it is comforting to realize that never before was cabinetmaking so fine. Of course there is much bad furniture made; quantity production and the necessity for low costs makes that inevitable. But the furniture that is not made to meet a price or satisfy a wide market, that is built as well as skill and pride and patience can accomplish is equal to any ever produced.

Too often the comparison between antique and modern furniture is made between a piece which was built for a palace or a house of great wealth and another turned out to meet the demand for something as good as can be at a low cost. The comparison is obviously unfair. The good pieces of modern craftsmanship are, comparatively, as rare as the old and they are made under much the same conditions as were the finest of the antiques.

The best of the modern work may be divided into two classes: that which is built to order and the limited product of a few makers of costly pieces. The first has, of course, the *cachet* of individuality; the buyer knows that no one else can duplicate his furniture. Naturally the satisfaction which comes from the ownership of unique pieces must be paid for. The second type, while usually less expensive, is almost always quite as well made and designed. Both of these, as the illustrations show, are made in a wide variety of styles and this is one of their great advantages over the antique. It is quite difficult to find genuine pieces of any particular period or even of many periods which will exactly fulfill one's desires. To do so requires a great deal of painstaking search or a very large expenditure or, and this most often, both.

There is an undeniable associational value to old furniture and a quality given by long years of use which it is impossible to duplicate. But even



MAHOGANY AND SATINWOOD INLAID SIDEBOARD

Courtesy of Kirkham & Hall

antiques were once new, and when new few of them were equal to the productions of our contemporary cabinetmakers. Certainly those from Europe are, because of different climatic conditions, less suited to American use than the pieces made here. They have a tendency to loosen up or come apart. The chest which was built for a draughty and probably damp baronial hall can not endure the gentle ministrations of steam heat and sunshine. Modern comfort and convenience, a blessing to humanity, is apt to prove the ruin of old furniture. As a collection few things are more satisfying than rare and beautiful pieces of old furniture, but for use, and after all that is the primary object of furniture, most of the modern pieces are unquestionably better, and, and this is important, one is sure of their honesty.



QUEEN ANNE SECRETARY-DESK

Courtesy of the Hayden Company

THE MASTER OF MOULINS

In the first important exhibition of French primitives held in Paris, during 1904, about ten paintings of great merit and distinction were brought together and attributed to a master who, on account of his numerous portraits of members of the royal house of Bourbon, had up till then been known as "The Painter of the Bourbons." In studying his work carefully it was found that the principal painting by this master, who lived and worked at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, was the great altar-tryptich in the Cathedral at Moulins. And from that painting the name of the "Master of Moulins" was given to him in 1904. Judging from his royal portraits he must have been a kind of court painter and well known and highly appreciated in his time, this apart from a conjecture by the French savant, Mr. George Hulin, that our master and Jean Perréal might be one and the same artist; his name and kin, his birthplace and the circumstances of his life are still unknown, like those of so many artists of the middle ages and the time when that period emerged into the Renaissance.

This point is not without its inner significance. For, although his was the age when certain artists of special skill rose above the anonymous crowd of workers in the arts and were eagerly sought after by the great and mighty, the time had not yet arrived when the artist became, as it were, a personality to be reckoned with and often to be pampered and coaxed by his patrons. What was wanted of the artist was not yet personal originality but personal skill in working in the new style: the conquest of outside nature and its faithful representation.

Our master, in his whole artistic make-up, goes obviously back to the most famous of the French miniaturists, Jean Fouquet, who, as perhaps the first, had the courage to fashion an image of the Blessed Virgin in the likeness of the king's favorite, Agnes Sorel, and that at the time of Jeanne d'Arc and her religious fervor! Truly, the unity of religion and art was at an end. A new epoch had begun.

The Master of Moulins is a veritable son of his time and of his race. To a remarkable degree he combines a certain French charm, even elegance, of form and tenderness and simplicity of sentiment which have endeared most of the early French art to all art lovers with a most faithful adherence to nature which goes back to the great Flemish primitives of an earlier time. The half-length "Portrait of a Man" (oil painting on wood, seven by six inches), reproduced on the cover of this number, in its straightforwardness of statement, its careful drawing and its beautifully subdued and soft coloring, is one of the best examples of this rare master. As it resembles closely the portrait of the Cardinal Charles of Bourbon in the Munich Pinakothek, it probably represents either this Bourbon prince or some near relative of his. It was one of the rare masterpieces seen at at the P. Jackson Higgs Gallery and came from the Bachstitz Collection at The Hague, Holland.

DATED MELAS PRAYER RUG

Turkish prayer rugs were the first rugs to be collected seriously in America where for a long time, particularly in the nineties, the best of them were held to be the most precious and important of Oriental rugs. Public interest in them has never slackened, for the American finds the appurtenances of a foreign religion curiously fascinating. These witnesses of another, rather pleasantly shocking religion; these substantial evidences of a peculiar people, of distant lands, strange practices and beliefs provide something of the exhilaration of travel, while the broadminded have found in them an agreeable argument for and a confirmation of their tolerance of the Turk in racial and religious affairs.

Beautiful prayer rugs were woven in Asia Minor, probably from early Mohammedan times, but there are in existence today few pieces which we can with any confidence date earlier than the beginning of the nineteenth century. The principal types were produced in the various regions around Melas, Bergamo, Konia, Tuzla, Nigde, Akscher, Mudjar, Kirsheir and Karaman. These rugs and those woven by the nomads of the eastern part of the peninsula never attained the artistic heights of the early pieces of the west coast, but none the less they are honest and straightforward, they exhibit many novel and interesting color schemes that sometimes rise to real heights and command unstinted admiration. They maintained their own standards until after the middle of the nineteenth century.



MELAS PRAYER RUG, Dated EIGHTEEN HUNDRED and ONE

An admirable example of Asia Minor coloring and design. The entire rug marks an exceptional effort as is shown by the dating, extremely rare in Asia Minor rugs, the quality of the wool and the weaving, and the borrowing of certain patterns from outside the established Melas tradition

Collection of Mrs. John Franklin Forbes, at San Francisco

SMALL HOUSE FURNITURE

Revival of the Cottage Industries in England gives us household articles of olden charm

PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

THE SPIRITS of the pre-Raphaelites and of William Morris still cast a heavy shadow over most of the designers in England today so that many of the English decorative arts are either on the one hand sweet and languid and "arty," or, on the other, they are beaten and wrought and "crafty." Those of the younger generation who have escaped both of these tendencies are too often lured into a second-hand imitation of the Munich-Viennese style as it has been adopted in France, and try to invent a slightly different version of the modernist designs in highly finished expensive materials. Or, in other cases, they are content merely to copy the historical models and the museum. But when all these phases of contemporary English design have been dismissed as of little real value for the development of the arts of decoration, there still remains a small group of craftsmen whose work is a genuine contribution in sound and original English taste.

One of the soundest and most successful modern English styles is being created by the revival of the cottage industries. Much of the old English furniture that collectors treasure most today, especially that of the seventeenth century, was cottage furniture, made by the village joiner in the traditional local patterns. The great charm of this furniture is in its sincerity and livableness. The designs were fashioned by use and custom to the greatest comfort and convenience, and the rendition showed an honest workmanship that has its own intrinsic value in every applied art. Over and above this, moreover, the English people for four centuries had an undeniable genius for domestic architecture which determined every detail of the house and its furnishings, even down to such minor factors as coal shovels and nail heads. It is the return to this fundamental native instinct for domestic design that vitalizes the most productive movement in the decorative arts in England today.

This contemporary cottage furniture of England is by no means a mere imitation of the old.

A DINING TABLE OF ENGLISH OAK, A DESIGN WHICH GIVES GREAT RIGIDITY. DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL AND MADE BY RUSSELL & SONS





ENGLISH OAK BED WITH PANELED HEAD AND FOOTBOARDS. DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL, MADE BY RUSSELL & SONS

If the designs are often reminiscent of the old, it is only because, in the first place, comfort and utility make much the same demands today that they did three or four hundred years ago, and in the second because the working of wood and metal with simple hand tools imposes certain limitations and suggests certain forms which are common to all times. In specific details the designs are new and they are fashioned to fill in every way the needs of modern living.

The movement is in a true sense a revival of the old village crafts, as the work is being done, not in a city factory, but in workshops out in the towns and many of the smaller objects are homework done by the men and women in spare hours by their own firesides. The center of the production is Broadway, one of the loveliest old villages in England, rich with the fine old half-timber buildings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and imbued with the atmosphere of those simpler times. There, in an ancient house and a vast tithe barn the furniture and larger metal work are made by village workmen recruited and trained on the spot. The hand weaving, too, is done in the house, but the embroidering and the leather work are brought in from homes scattered for miles over the Cotswolds. The glass is made to special order in one of the oldest works in the midlands.

For workers in these cottage industries do not content themselves with making only the furniture and the more important accessories. In the twenty years that the work has been growing, it has come to include almost everything that a modest home demands: fire tools and pillows, table napery and silver, glass and pottery, even carpets and rugs. All of these are made by hand after well-conceived, simple designs that derive from the old and keep close to the English tradition even though they are new.

Assembled together, these things make a room altogether charming in its unpretentiousness. The furniture is plain and straight, but it has none of the clumsy rigidity and really absurd massiveness of the old craftsmen or "mission" furniture. Most of it is in unfinished oak which will mellow with time and use, but there are richer woods too, such as a fine burled walnut. The construction is very strong and firm, but no heavier than is absolutely necessary for long durability under hard practical use.

CHEST AND STAND OF QUARTERED ENGLISH OAK, LINED WITH CEDAR, HANDLES OF FORGED BRASS. DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL, MADE BY RUSSELL & SONS



Though always plain, the designs are never barren. The fad for simplicity often results in a meaningless and stupid blankness.

There is no merit in restraint where there is absolutely nothing to restrain. Good design means some design, not no design at all. The cottage cabinet makers

have avoided the customary pitfalls of the modern self-conscious hand-craftsman and have therefore produced pieces that have permanent distinction. The ornamentation that the cottage designers use to lift this work above the merely negative is thoroughly good because it is not in any specious sense applied, but derives almost wholly from the perfection of the workmanship. The turn of a bed post and the cut of its finial are all that is necessary to give a bed character and emphasis. The beveling of the drawer panels of a buffet where they fit into the frame refines the proportions, makes clear both the construction of the piece and the character of the wood, and also introduces the necessary variety. Similarly, the curve of a stretcher where it meets an upright can reveal craftsmanship, reinforce the effect of the structure and introduce a graceful line. In short, the designs are conceived in structural terms.



DRESSER OF QUARTERED ENGLISH OAK WITH PANEL DRAWERS. HANDLES OF LABURNHAM. DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL, MADE BY RUSSELL & SONS

The chairs, being also conceived in these structural terms, have most of them taken either the spindle or the ladder-back form. Spindles or ladder stretchers are the normal and obvious ways for a joiner to build up a chair back. Each admits, however, of almost unlimited adjustment and variations so that there is no monotony. Unlike the other furniture, the chairs are in ash which is tough, but not so heavy that it is an effort to move them around. The seats are of rushes. They all are made for restful sitting, and in this and in the honest evidences of the processes by which they were made, lies their charm.

It is such a utilization of structural necessities for decorative effect that creates the quality of genuineness which is the peculiar esthetic attribute both of the antique English furniture and of this new. The surety with which mechanical features are converted into ornamental assets is the merit of designs that are created directly by wood workers. Palace furniture, after the sixteenth century, was designed primarily by architects and draftsmen. The pattern was a picture drawn on paper often by a man who himself never touched tools. Hence ornamentation became line decoration, and the opportunities for embellishment that grew naturally out of the fashioning of the wood were overlooked. This artificial application of design to its material is carried to even more serious lengths in modern factory cabinet making, for in the antique palace furniture the design was at least carried out by a hand worker who could ease the drawn design into the necessities of his technique. But in machine manufactured furniture even this adaptation is lacking for no real craftsman ever handles any piece. Everything is simply fed through an impersonal system. Hence the wood itself has no chance to develop naturally into the finished thing. This natural working of the wood into the structure and design of the furniture is the merit of all the craftsman designed, hand made furniture of all ages, including all cottage furniture old and new.

The beauty of clean workmanship and easy utility that characterizes all of the products of the revived cottage industries makes them appropriate for many different styles of rooms. They are not, of course, fit for the ceremonious salon, the Renaissance palace, the eighteenth-century mansion or any other formal period. But for the house that is made primarily to be lived in they are of inestimable worth. They belong naturally in the English country styles, but they are no less fit for the Italian country villas that are more than half farmhouses, the New England colonial styles that are not American Georgian, the wood-paneled bungalows from California, and the developments and adaptations of the old adobe styles.

Russian FURNITURE *for America*

Roman F. Melzer, formerly personal architect to the Czar, adapts the Russian style for American use

HELEN GOMSTOCK

AMERICA is learning more of Russian art by direct contact with her people who have come here for reasons political or economic than in decades of ever so friendly relations with the seas between. The number of Russian artists in New York appears to increase daily. Nikolai Fechin, painter of portraits, is making his home there and so is Gleb Derujinsky, the sculptor, while others of briefer visits are Seraphim Sudbinin and Akop Gurdjan, both sculptors, and those two gay decorators whose handiwork was seen in the *Chauve Souris*, Nicholas Remisoff and Serge Soudeikine. Savely Sorin of the finely drawn portraits has shown his work in New York, also David Burliuk and Boris Grigoriev, the "modernists." Igor Grabar, who came over with the Russian exhibition at the Grand Central Palace in the spring (an exhibition which brought the works of nearly one hundred artists to New York), is not only a painter and director of the National Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow, but a writer on art as well.



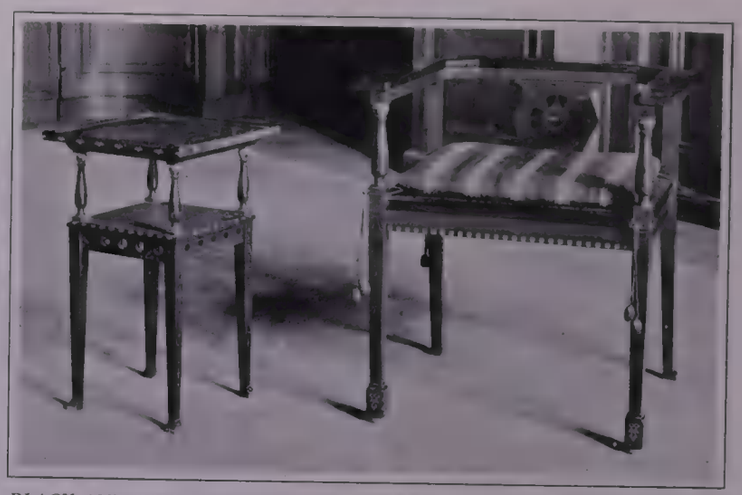
One of the recent arrivals in New York is Roman F. Melzer, architect and designer, who has been here not quite a year. Melzer held a position of distinction in Russia, having been personal architect to Nicholas II during the whole of his reign. Almost everything that was to be built, redecorated or reconstructed in all of the Czar's dwellings was Melzer's to oversee, and he was also engaged by members of the royal family and the nobility. One of his first commissions as royal architect was the redecoration of that part of the Anichkoff Palace which Nicholas II and his bride, the former Princess Alix of Hesse, occupied immediately after their marriage in November, 1894. This was about a month after the Czar succeeded his father to the throne.

ABOVE: DECORATED CHEST. BELOW: WALL CABINET IN ORANGE, RED, SILVER AND GOLD BY ROMAN F. MELZER



During the twenty years that followed, Melzer was called upon to perform many important works. He made the plans for a number of clinics and public buildings and, at the command of the Czarina, designed an orthopedic institute. He was appointed architect of the Russian building at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and designed a structure after the Kremlin at Moscow. In Leningrad he de-

signed the magnificent wall which enclosed the grounds in front of the Winter Palace. The size of the gates may be estimated from the fact that each of the lanterns on top of them used to afford space for three workmen to eat lunch while the structure was being built. This wall was in the Italian baroque style and was made of stone and iron. The Czar's initials, N. A. (Nicholas Alexandrovitch), were interlaced at intervals in the flowing design carried out by the iron work and imperial crowns surmounted the gates. After the revolution the Bolsheviki were at great pains to destroy every vestige of the wall because of these remnants of imperialism, but the task of demolishing it was so difficult that it cost almost as much in time and money as the construction.



BLACK AND GOLD CHAIR AND TABOURET BY ROMAN F. MELZER



CHESTS AND TRAY BY ROMAN F. MELZER

Melzer received a personal order from the Czar to design a bridge over the Neva in front of the Winter Palace which should be in harmony with the palace and its wall. His plans were approved and the bridge constructed, but, due to the Revolution, the final decorations were never completed. However, the bridge, being a thing of utility, was permitted to stand while another work of his shared the fate of the Winter Palace wall and was completely destroyed. This was a palace for the Grand Duke Michael. Melzer not only planned the building but decorated the interior and designed the furniture. When it was complete the Grand Duke inspected it and assured Melzer that he was highly pleased. He ordered that the palace be closed until his return from a campaign in the Caucasus, after which he and his wife were to take up their residence there. But that day never came, for within two weeks the revolution broke and not long after there was only a ruin where so much labor and wealth had been expended.

HANGING SHELVES BY ROMAN F. MELZER



During the time that Melzer was acting as architect to the Czar he was also conducting a furniture factory in Leningrad for which he supplied the designs while his brother acted as business manager. After the revolution Melzer, who was, of course, a "marked man," escaped one October evening by means of a small boat into Finland, his total possessions being simply the clothes on his back. He made his way to Stockholm and then to Berlin, where he found a number of refugees from his Leningrad



RUSSIAN BUILDING, PARIS, 1900 DESIGNED BY ROMAN F. MELZER

Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood

factory. With them as a nucleus for a new business undertaking he started his factory anew on the outskirts of Berlin. Things went well for a time but the rapid decline of the mark brought them close to financial ruin and Melzer decided to bring his furniture to America, but to maintain the factory with its skilled workers in Germany. He has established a studio in New York where he is exhibiting his furniture. This furniture, some of which is illustrated herewith, is Russian in character although it has been designed with a view to foreign use. For instance, the "peasant motive" which is so typical of articles of Russian make is intentionally omitted by this designer. Although the lines and general character of these pieces are obviously purely Russian, the decorative motives are conventional and are largely of geometric inspiration. Some of his bedroom suites, for which he has sent designs back to Germany since his study of American homes at first hand, are not even pronouncedly Russian in line, but the bold designs which ornament them reveal the Russian love of color and definite form. Some of the color combinations which Melzer favors are yellow, blue and silver, which he has used for a bedroom, or orange, red and gold, which appears on a wall cabinet, or black and gold, as for a severely designed chair which he has enriched with a cushion of green and gold. All of this furniture is lacquered and the jewel boxes are completely finished in gold lacquer before the design in red, green and orange is added to them. Consequently they have a luminous richness because of the gold underneath. In construction and finish all of these pieces show a high order of workmanship. The honesty with which they are made is particularly evident in the inside of the cabinets and chests, which are as carefully finished as the outside, and are decorated with as much ingenuity. While the color which Melzer uses is pronounced, it is not over-brilliant. To describe his wall cabinet as "orange" does not do it justice, for the tone is distinctly muted, and the red which is combined with it is similarly grayed. Many of us have the idea that all Russian art consists of flamboyant color contrasts, that their designers avoid an empty space at any cost, and that they use as many colors in combination as possible. Melzer's work does not belong to this order. He does not over-crowd his spaces, and evidently knows where to call a halt on exuberance in pattern. This restraint extends to the hues which he favors, chastened to a subtlety of tone which makes them pleasantly livable.

GATE AND WALL OF THE WINTER PALACE, LENINGRAD
DESIGNED BY ROMAN F. MELZER





THE HOUSE OF O. F. HOWARD, WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT. AN OLD HOUSE BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED

LETTING OLD HOUSES ALONE

The most difficult task in restoring an old homestead is to recover and preserve its original simple beauty

JO PENNINGTON

THE SUCCESS of remodeling an old house frequently depends rather upon what one refrains from doing than upon what one actually does. That is the theory upon which the artists who live in the vicinity of Westport, Connecticut, have based the changes they have made in the little eighteenth-century farmhouses in which they live. It is the number of temptations they have resisted that has given beauty to the character of their dwellings; just as we are told that it gives beauty to the soul of a sinner. To prettify these old cottages; to try to rejuvenate them and make them look snappy and modern would be as pathetic as the attempt made by an old man to retain his youth by dyeing his hair and beard. It is possible, of course, to modernize a house a hundred or two hundred years old; to add sleeping porches and tear out partitions and tack on a skylight studio and throw out a wing or two. It is equally possible, as we all know, to dress grandmamma in the garments of a flapper; to bob her hennaed hair, shorten her skirts, wrap a hectic scarf around her withered throat and teach her the latest dance steps.

To let alone wherever possible; to add only what is absolutely necessary; to preserve an attitude of positive veneration for the unconscious beauty of line achieved by the builders; to remove the layers of Victorian paint covering colonial beauties and so restore them lovingly to their original perfection—this has been the aim of the group of artists who first discovered the possibilities of these Connecticut farmhouses.

Most of them are as simple as the drawing made by a child upon his slate. They must not be confused with the type of colonial house pictured in so many books and articles for the latter are larger and more pretentious. They were the homes of wealthy merchants and farmers who could afford to build impressive dwellings. The farmhouses in Westport are, as a rule, quite small; they are square-fronted with a door in the middle of the front wall flanked by one or two windows on each side and tiny windows above. There is nothing about them that is not absolutely essential. And to this beauty of an utterly simple design time has added a mellowness of tone that softens harsh outlines and makes these houses melt into the countryside as if they had sprung from the very soil.

Between the days when these houses were built and the present time came the Victorian age with



WELL-HEAD AND PART OF TERRACE, HOUSE OF O. F. HOWARD, WESTPORT

its blighting touch. Fireplaces were covered up and stoves put in; unpainted wood was indelicate and suggestive of nudity, so gallons of dark paint were poured over the oak paneling and floors; and porches with fussy railings marred the outlines of the houses as effectually as an ugly veil conceals and blurs the features of a lovely woman. To remove all traces of the fifties and sixties; to reinforce where years have weakened; to provide settings that may be in keeping, involving everything from flagged paths to tree surgery—these are the almost invisible touches which cost more than the addition of such blots as a modern garage, a breakfast nook, a bath of clinical whiteness and an "L" or a wing. To keep the spirit of the house intact and to make it habitable in the modern sense without changing its character has often multiplied the original purchase price of the farm several times.

There is in the world the brittle kind of person who revels in the newness of things; who delights in gleaming white paint and brilliant green shutters; who likes to skate about on varnished parquet floors dodging the innumerable lamps, ottomans and occasional tables selected for him by the interior decorator. But there is likewise in the world the kind of person who takes a keen joy in foot-wide oaken boards hollowed by the feet of many generations and scrubbed to unbelievable whiteness; who can not find in a paint-maker's catalogue any color so exquisite as the time-worn grey of weathered walls; who grubs about for years in abandoned farmhouses and advertises tirelessly in obscure country papers until he finds just the right chairs and tables and chests and beds. And he does all this not with the affected desire to "keep within the period;" not because it is the correct thing to admire early American antiques. He does it because there is no tranquility in a house where painted furniture overcrowds and overpowers a tiny bedroom with dormer windows; where an overstuffed davenport leers snobbishly at the crane and trivet in the fireplace; and where an electric lamp routs with determined beam the dark shadows once cast by flickering candle and firelight. So far as possible the owners of these houses try to put in them the things they once held, for then there is harmony and restfulness, as if the spirit of the house were at peace when given the companionship of the old things that belong in them.

NEW TOOL HOUSE BUILT FROM OLD MATERIAL



Just as hand tailoring gives a man's coat the right and subtle degree of nonchalance; just as women love the handmade garments that come to us from France; so the handwork which distinguishes the colonial farmhouse from its suburban descendants gives its owner a lasting thrill. The heavy beams supporting the upper floor

and showing on the ceiling of the lower floor still show the marks of the adze. The hinges on the doors were hand wrought and have a beauty of design that no machine-made hardware can possibly duplicate. The little stairway in the vestibule goes to the right, turns once and arrives; there is nothing tricky about it—it is planned merely to occupy the least possible space; but deprived of many coats of paint it reveals the natural grain of the wood of which it is made, and the banister is like satin to the touch.



FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM OF KERR EBY HOUSE. THE DUTCH OVEN AND WOOD-BOX ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE FIREPLACES IN THESE HOUSES

There is no forgetting the exquisite shock of pleasure experienced on turning the corner of the country road leading to Coleytown from the village of Westport and finding oneself face to face with a little grey farmhouse, blinking in friendly fashion in the sun; spread out so that its façade gives it a kind of genial smile. The little well house beside the kitchen door has its original oak buckets and chain. The busybody brook, afraid that it may be overlooked, rushes with officious noisiness past the stones that clog its path. The house sets directly on the road and on a line with it is the barn—housing with the benevolence of old age both the Ford and the polo ponies—and on the other side a little toolhouse. This is the home of the illustrator, O. F. Howard, one of the original settlers of Coleytown. A tall hedge of lilac bushes screens the house from the road. The twelve-paned windows are framed in shutters painted a dark blue-green. The house originally had on the ground floor a kitchen to the left as you enter the vestibule, a parlor to the right and two little bedrooms in back. Later a lean-to was added and this is now the kitchen. One of the little bedrooms was converted into a bathroom; the old kitchen became a living room; and the parlor, a studio. Out of the kitchen at the back of the house, overhanging the brook, is a dining porch.

The fireplace in the living room is quite shallow and has a beautiful Dutch oven and a little wood closet. To the right of it is a little cubbyhole—one of those delightful stowaway places that crop up here and there in all of these little houses. Heaven alone knows where the original settlers hung their clothes; probably they wore one set of garments and kept their "Sunday clothes" in chests, for none of these houses have clothes closets so that improvising wardrobes is one of the most popular indoor sports in Coleytown. There is already so much woodwork that built-in closets must be carefully designed and placed so that the appearance of the room will not be spoiled.

LIVING ROOM FIREPLACE IN THE O. F. HOWARD HOUSE



When Mr. Howard purchased the farm, the paneling around the fireplace and all door and window trim were covered with a dark brown paint. The bricks in the fireplace were painted so that oceans of lye and water were required to bring them to light; and the very hearthstone had to be unearthed. The bathroom is almost the only concession to the twentieth century in the house. There is a coal stove in the kitchen for cooking, and kerosene



BACK OF THE KERR EBY HOUSE, SHOWING THE PORCH CONVERTED FROM THE OLD PANTRY

lamps; though the mistress of the house does hanker for just one electric bulb in the cellar that she may have light when she fills the lamps!

One of the most amusing additions made by the Howards is the little toolhouse already mentioned which stands at a distance from the house on the road. It is only about seven feet wide by eight long and just high enough to permit the hired man to stand upright. In order that this little house might not strike a false note of newness, Mr. Howard scoured the countryside for old materials and finally secured boards and windows and a door from an old barn. The result justifies the trouble and expense taken. The toolhouse looks as old as the farmhouse and has the appearance of a small child that has strayed from its parent. Here are kept garden tools and implements—and at night the overactive Airedale pup.

The table in the Howard's living room is one of the most interesting pieces of furniture in the house. It came from a local antique dealer, Mr. Guyer, whose methods of restoration are beyond praise. His principle is that set forth in the beginning of this article: to restore and refrain rather than to modernize or add. Paint scraping plays an important part in his life; and after that is over, the original grain of the beautiful woods used by colonial furniture makers shows through a satiny sheen. This table is so artfully simple in design that one would think a carpenter could duplicate it, provided he were willing to spend the necessary amount of time upon it. In one of the upper bedrooms there is a beautiful bed with low head and footboard, a patchwork counterpane and a dimity "petticoat." There is also a chest of drawers, unpainted, unvarnished and unsurpassed. Tea is usually served on the terrace in front of the wellhouse; and there is a delightful inconsistency in its setting—a metal table and chairs of the folding variety painted a greenish yellow and imported from a Parisian cafe!

In back of this farm, crowning a hill, is one of the most beautiful houses in the community, owned by another artist, Kerr Eby. It is two hundred and fifty years old, still sturdy; larger than most of the houses in the neighborhood and with the air of nobility and dignity worn by a very proud and upright old man. The front door, not very often used because the road leads to a door in back of the house, opens on a vestibule with a charming stairway. In back a flagged path leads to a door made in two sections; and entering this one is in a long, low-ceilinged apartment with an unusually handsome fireplace from which a year or more of tireless activity has not yet removed all of the paint. Two rooms were thrown into one to make this living room. Originally the back door was to the right of the one now used but it was made into a window and a new door cut. The little porch shown in the picture was originally a pantry; the walls were removed and the roof and supports retained.

The front of the lower floor has a sitting room on one side, the whole wall on the fireplace side beautifully paneled and painted white. On the other side of the house is a bedroom. The bedroom over the sitting room has a similar fireplace and paneling of equal distinction. In scraping the bricks around this upper fireplace, Mr. Eby found that there was no hearthstone, so that cinders and sparks from the fireplace had begun to burn their way through one of the huge beams.

The chimney is one of the most impressive sights in Coleytown. It is fourteen feet square at the base and practically fills the cellar. Even on the upper floor it is eight feet square. Most of these houses are built around a chimney which rises in the centre and comes out in the middle of the roof, and as a rule there is but one chimney—not two or three as might be expected in houses depending on many fireplaces for heat. The reason for this is that in the days when these houses were built there was a tax on each chimney and it was therefore to the advantage of the house builder to have one large chimney rather than several small ones.

It is hard, when looking at a house so old and yet in such an excellent state of preservation, to realize just what its antiquity means. The story is told that when Mr. Eby was illustrating an article written by another Coleytowner about the latter's house, he rushed up to the author and said: "Do you realize that the men who built your house wore three-cornered hats?"



THE McCOY HOUSE, ONE OF THE OLDEST IN COLEYTOWN

About a mile from these two farms on the Easton turnpike is a house that is usually called the story book house. Red Riding Hood might well have lived in it. It has a lovable absurdity arising from the irregular shapes and sizes of its windows; from the slope of its roof which fairly smothers it and dips down rakishly on one side almost to the ground; and from its color, a very dark red. It sets at a ridiculous angle to the road; not directly on it as many of these houses do, nor yet parallel to it, but at a slant implying a kind of coyness or modesty as if it wished to turn its face from the passersby. When one learns that the McCoys live there one realizes that though it is early American in type, it is a perfect expression of the Irish temperament. It is a tangible proof that humor is not inconsistent with beauty in architecture.



THE NEW KITCHEN DOORWAY, AN ADDITION 159 YEARS LATER THAN THE ORIGINAL HOUSE

About a year ago a lean-to kitchen was added; the doorway shown in the picture is the kitchen entrance, and it is as beautifully proportioned as any of the original doorways to be found in the vicinity. Moreover this addition is so well scaled and designed that it is impossible to tell, by looking at it, that it is just one hundred and fifty-nine years younger than the rest of the house. Inside the rooms are rather small with low ceilings—so low that the six-foot owner has never been able to stand upright in his own house. There are two big shallow fireplaces with crane and kettle still in place. In the upper bedrooms it is impossible even for a short person to stand upright anywhere save just under the peak of the roof.

The perfect humorous touch is given to this farm by a little



"THE COBBLER'S HOUSE," COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE IN MINIATURE



FIRST AN INN, THEN A TWO-FAMILY HOUSE, THIS CHARMING OLD DWELLING HAS BEEN REMODELED AGAIN AND IS NOW THE HOME OF STUART BENSON. THE FENCE IS A RECENT ADDITION

house just across the road from it, part of the original homestead. It is a perfect small edition of colonial architecture. It has only one room and an attic. It has twelve-paned windows, a charming doorway with a huge flagstone before it, and a foolish little chimney pot. The trim around windows and the door is white, the shutters the dark blue green that harmonizes so well with age-greyed walls. A new shingled roof was added last year but it is now becoming sufficiently weather-worn so that the house no longer looks like a very old lady in a very new bonnet. The house was originally occupied by a cobbler though no one knows how or why he lived alone in such a tiny dwelling.

In a house about a mile up the road the McCoys found most of the furniture now in their house and bought it for a song. There are six quite lovely little chairs, a crazy little davenport with a frame of rough wood; a couple of old rockers and several wooden beds. An interesting though quite useless acquisition was a wooden receptacle for pounding wheat—like a mortar with a heavy wooden mallet.

A variation of the type of house described so far is an old inn now in the possession of Mr. Stuart Benson. It has a double porch running around two sides of the house with an outside stairway leading from the lower to the upper story and another stairway leading into the garden. The original inn was at one time converted into a two-family house which accounts for the two doors on each side in front; and inside there was a double stairway separated by a partition. Where these stairways meet there is now a doorway so that one may run from the dining room up a short flight of stairs to a landing and then down on the other side into the sitting room. By actual experiment the present owner proved that there are fourteen ways of going up and down stairs in his house though this seems a doubtful advantage.

The house owned by Clark Fay and his wife, Nancy Fay—both illustrators—was built in the early part of the eighteenth century and was one of several outposts established by the town of Norwalk against the Indians. It is a little larger than many of the farm-houses. Contrary to the usual Westport practice of remodeling, the Fays tore out almost the whole of the interior and rearranged and rebuilt it to meet their special needs. The ground floor has a sitting room, a sunny dining room—actually all one room since there is no partition—with a fireplace and a stairway under which there is a clever arrangement of shelves. On this floor also there is quite a sizable studio and a kitchen. The front door has a ship in full sail for a knocker; and the vestibule upon which it opens is to have an old seaman's map, a ship's lantern and clock, and a sea chest.

The most striking thing about the lower floor is the treatment of the windows. The window shades are of glazed chintz in primrose yellow and blue, cut in deep scallops and edged with blue rickrack. Over these are curtains of fine yellow net, held back by blue glass curtain knobs, and with a valance made of three ruffles of the net. In spite of the fragility of their appearance, the shades and curtains are entirely practical.

It would be possible to go on indefinitely describing the beauties of architecture and furnishings in this Connecticut community. But there is no room to tell of them all—of the unique fireplace in one house with a curious curved line quite unlike any other; of the many beautiful pieces in the house of Kerr Eby and the Bensons; of the minister's house in the village, said to be the most perfect example of early American domestic architecture. But perhaps the story of what artists do when they make over old houses; of how a feeling for line has enabled them to bring back old beauties; perhaps in the example they have set of the art of "letting alone" there is a lesson for all who wish to buy or to build. The moral of the story is simply this: Beauty of design is not the trade secret of an architect.

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

GLOUCESTER, MASS., *July 16.*—A day of brilliant sunshine. Birds singing. The squall of an occasional baby. Over yonder the beach and the surf calling. I am little inclined to work a day like this. Art and New York are alike curiously remote and I ask myself hourly how men can paint or sculpt or write when they might be bathing or fishing or sailing. Yet they do, sure enough. All around me. Hundreds of them. Boys and girls. Men and women. Old ladies of both sexes. Just down the hill is Grace Horne with a gallery of pleasant enough things—and a view from her veranda to put them all to shame. Down in Main street the North Shore Art Association, upholding the best Boston tradition, pompous with jury, membership committee and prizes, is in violent competition with the Gloucester Society of Artists, independent, free to all, $5 a year inclusive. The result is much the same. Both give teas, dances, auctions. Neither has anything of special value to offer to the world. Revolution has swept over the Atlantic, compelling thought, compelling reconsideration of what art is, of the anatomy, the physical and metaphysical organism of the work of art, but it has hardly penetrated the fastnesses of Massachusetts. The same painted ships dream idly still on the same painted ocean.

But to look for art in an artists' colony is to make oneself ridiculous. Artists, from the moment that they begin to be artists in more than name, cease to be gregarious animals. Colonies are composed of young girls and old ladies, the only difference between them lying in the proportion of the former to the latter. Gloucester is eminently an old ladies' paradise; Woodstock, where I visited Faggi a few weeks back, swarms with young girls. A definition, if one could happen on it, would make the contrast plainer. Your old lady *par excellence* is either one whose mind has remained untroubled, unploughed, virgin, so to speak, for whom art is merely a question of illusion, "the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye" as the thimble-trickers shout, served up with a pleasant combination of colors; or else one who, having at one time sensed a something more, has sought to externalize it, has discovered a *procédé*, by the application of which a certain air of distinction is imparted, the seal of a "personality" set on his work, and has rested content in the faith that, for himself at least, the problem has been solved. Your young girl on the other hand is just becoming conscious of the problem and prepares to wrestle with it. Intensely earnest, she carries her brow perpetually knotted, studies old and modern masters, discusses them at length, trying to find out how they did it.

Every generation discovers its own panacea. For the last it was all a matter of glazes and the complementaries, now the talk is of form and the primaries. But the trouble is that most young girls are old ladies at heart, and so, beneath a vastly more imposing outer structure—the very best butter, as the March Hare would say—the inner content of a typical Woodstock picture is not vastly different from that of a Gloucester. The difference lies rather in the knotting of the brows.

I did, however, promise to mention the *Hue and Cry*, a Woodstock paper which deserves, to judge from the number which I saw, to succeed. It is quite large and surprisingly well printed, contains reproductions, news, stories, poems and a large number of advertisements. Two of Faggi's "Stations of the Cross," which he is making for St. Thomas' church in Chicago, are reproduced in the first issue.

Afterthought. It having become known that I am a writer, the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is liable to be read in Gloucester this summer. I must hasten to add therefore that Theresa Bernstein, Joel Levitt, William Meyerowitz, Louise Brumback and Jane Kilham all showed at the first exhibition of the Gloucester Society of Artists, Stuart Davis representing the modern. I liked especially Ethel Paddock's "White House," a Maine landscape full of dash. But the palm goes to A. D. Gring, Jr., for his "Veranda View," the first picture he ever painted, and, I am told, the last. I have great hopes of Mr. Gring, if only his friends don't start telling him how.

Being myself a phrase-maker by trade, other people's phrases are not apt to interest me greatly. Phrases are usually nothing more than an attempt to sum up in a broad and highly inaccurate generalization the conclusions of a train of thought. As they pass from mouth to mouth they become more and more debased, further and further divorced from the original train of thought from which they drew their sole value. Thinking is always valuable, conclusions rarely, and then only to the thinker. So if a phrase interests me at all, it is because it evidently proceeds from a line of thought which I have never explored. To trace

that line backwards from its conclusion to its source is a task which demands imagination.

One phrase especially has been troubling me recently, because I can't make up my mind whether it has any meaning or not. Who the author is I have no idea. Rockwell Kent used it to me apropos of a block which Carl Zigrosser was showing us, cut by Lankes from Burchfield's design. Kent and Zigrosser were both very impressed, myself less so. The cutting was not very interesting, a considerable portion of the surface structurally meaningless, and the whole, it seemed to me, very flat. I ventured to say so and was not contradicted. But, said Kent, it is "The American Scene."

Since that day the phrase has pursued me. It seems to have attached itself permanently to Burchfield's work, its prime virtue. At his exhibition at Montross' this winter I found myself, amid a chorus of praise, sadly the sole dissenter. People whose opinion I respected. Yet when I asked for enlightenment, raised tentative objections, I received always the same answer: "Ah, but you do not know the Middle West. Of course you don't like it. But that is it." Is that what Kent and Zigrosser meant when they spoke of the American scene? A subject recognizably, nay unmistakably American, which no other country could match? Surely that is not enough to create a work of art? In that case, Ziegfeld's claim that his *Follies* glorifies the American girl were equally tenable. An American beauty chorus is probably as unmistakably American as a Middle Western landscape with a deserted barn centre and lengths of rusted wire hanging from broken posts. No other country could produce a set of legs precisely similar. But no one could gather from a visit to the *Follies* that American girls have brains as well as legs, and, with all deference to my elders and betters, no one would gather from a study of Burchfield's water colors that America had produced any art of consequence.

But Kent can not have meant anything so elementary. He and the others who admire Burchfield so wholeheartedly evidently see something in his work which I am blind to. For me he is an honest illustrator with a sense for arabesques. I remember the first Burchfields I saw, four years ago, at the Sunwise Turn. Certainly the first glimpse was refreshing. His naïveté, obviously independent of all influence. His courage, setting down what he deemed to be the facts boldly, with a kind of challenge. A certain illusion of life which he imparted to his barns, houses and trees, as though they pointed an accusing finger at the authors of their desolation. All these things conspired to heighten the contrast between his work and the mass of stuff which I saw around. It was so full of promise that one was inclined to pass over its obvious weaknesses. A few years of work would take care of those.

Now, after four years, the result is disappointing. The same themes recur, but either they have lost something of their power, or familiarity has robbed them of their edge. I am no longer moved by the desolation of a windowless barn, because I have ceased to believe in its reality. Resemblance is not sufficient to convince. A New England barn by Sheeler, constructed geometrically with half a dozen lines against a background of white paper, possesses, besides its interest as a drawing, an air of conviction. I believe in that barn. For the rest, the design bears so perfect a relation to the space against which it is seen that the imagination is released. The horizon is where you will, indefinitely thrust back. But Burchfield possesses no such spacial sense. He sets down the superficial facts of a landscape without relating them. It is to no purpose that he lavishes care on his arabesques, gnarled tree trunks, locomotive engines, houses. . . They only add to the unreality of the whole. His ground is without stability, his composition without depth, the capacity of his color shuts out distance.

The Middle West, I am told, is a world of limitless plains, threatening infinity. I can not believe that Burchfield, whose world, whatever his fidelity to local color, has neither air nor space, has rendered it.

I have heard the same phrase, that "American Scene," applied to Kent's own work and there at least it seems to me to have some meaning, though whether Kent would endorse that meaning is doubtful. Kent has constituted himself explorer-in-chief of modern American painting. He seems incapable of sitting still for a second. Now it is Alaska, now Tierra del Fuego. At the present moment he is following the track of the Norsemen, sailing from Norway in a small boat via Iceland and Greenland to discover America afresh. Next year, if Kent survives, we shall have another slant on the American scene. It is all very delightful. Kent has a splendid time encountering adventures. We have a splendid time hearing him tell them. But the pictures suffer. Good pictures are not made that way, unfortunately. A good landscape can result only if a certain intimacy exist between painter and scene. Otherwise the spectator is liable to feel much as I felt before the

Tierra del Fuego mountains, a horrible certainty that if I put my finger through them I should find them hollow.

The more I think of Kent, the more I am inclined to believe that he is a writer who has missed his vocation. What fun we should have if, instead of an annual exhibition of pictures, he gave us year by year a log of his voyages, copiously illustrated by himself.

Jerome Myers is supposedly another painter of the American scene, in that he takes his subjects from East Side New York. They might almost as well be labeled "East Side Fairyland," for Myers has little sense of place. But he has qualities which are perhaps more valuable. In many respects his exhibition at Rehn's this winter was the surprise of the season. Myers has always been a painter who aroused my respect rather than an outburst of enthusiasm. A fine draughtsman, his paint was apt to be muddy. One felt that he had slaved over his pictures, torturing the poor things. Structurally sound, the outlines became blurred, lost their incisiveness. But in the work of the last year or so all that has changed. His foundations strong as ever, he paints now with a freer brush, a purer, more resonant color. The result is that his horizons have opened up, his figures are seen now in the round. A good painter, Myers, in the general bankruptcy of his generation one of the very few who have grown. A pretty gift for satire too, if he would use it.

But the satirist *par excellence* is du Bois, and there I am ready to shout "American Scene" with the best of them. I doubt if any modern American painter has so rendered a type as du Bois has caught and rendered the New York flapper. The over-knowing gentleman of the underworld I am ready to take on trust. The flapper I know. There she is, transfixed on the point of du Bois' brush, kicking her columnear legs in the air, not one whit abashed. The exhibition at Kraushaar's this year was, to me at least, a tonic. Biting satire invigorates after a long diet of soft words. And other qualities not less praiseworthy. A nice sense of space, the figures excellently spotted. The whole set down simply and directly. The simplicity of the surgeon who knows exactly where he is going to cut.

What a pity that there is no market for satire in America. Otherwise we could have a weekly paper with du Bois, de Zayas, Frueh and Bouché as its chief contributors. But I guess we'd all be in gaol before the month was up. . . .

But this was to have finished up the review of the season and here I am, almost at the end of my tether, with a host of names not so much as mentioned. Stella at the New Gallery, Pamela Bianco at Knoedler's, Georgia O'Keeffe at the Anderson, Marin at Montross', Eilshemius at the Société Anonyme. . . .

Stella and Marin can be taken, I think, as seen. They were among the first of the American moderns to form a style of their own. Much water has flowed—where whiskey was wont—since they first achieved eminence, many names have disappeared, new names sprung up. Yet they still hold their own. Marin indeed has grown visibly in the last two years. His *aquarelles* have a depth and a spaciousness which formerly they lacked.

Pamela Bianco's exhibition disappointed me. I had expected too much, I fear. A fulfillment of the abundant promise of three years back. What a joy that first exhibition was, from the first child's drawings, aged six, eight, ten, to the incredible maturity of thirteen. What limpid purity of color, how intimate the relation between the child painter and her world. But in three years she has discovered a technique and the technique, alas, *porte le pantalon*. Only temporarily I can not but hope. Pamela Bianco is too real a person to be content to remain an able painter.

So much nonsense has been written about Georgia O'Keeffe that I hesitate to write more, for I am never sure that I really understand her. There seem to be two O'Keeffes, one austere, emotion held tightly in check, the other emotion flung to the winds. Whether the latter expresses in her pictures all that the obstetric school of criticism—Paul Rosenfeld, founder and president—would have us believe, I can't say. But personally and very frankly I prefer the former. There are few things in modern art as lovely as her flowers.

By way of a minor gesture, and because not one critic took the trouble to look at it when it was hung at the Salons of America, I mention here Arnold Friedman's "Mother and Child." Unless I am wildly wrong, it is one of the most remarkable contributions to modern American art, and, to me at least, wholly unexpected. At one bound Friedman has become an artist of the first rank. The purity of color, pure blue and red, resonant throughout, with never a dead spot, without a trace of modeling, yet realized perfectly in the round, above all the manner in which the relation of child to mother is expressed, make it a picture to marvel over.

An Early Portrait by Lucas Cranach



PORTRAIT (OF FRAU REUSS) BY LUCAS CRANACH

THE acquisition of an early portrait by Lucas Cranach for the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin is a very important addition to the stock of the gallery, which was possible through the exchange of certain less important works. Our knowledge of Lucas Cranach's early period is particularly based on three pictures: the "Crucifixion" in Munich, the "Flight Into Egypt" in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum and a portrait of Dr. Reuss, rector of the university in Vienna, in the German Museum in Nuremberg. The latter is the pendant to the new acquisition representing very probably the wife of Dr. Reuss. It is the likeness of an elderly woman with a large white bonnet like a headgear, the dress is strawberry color trimmed with gold embroideries, the features are painted with glassy translucent colors under which the blue lines of the first sketching become visible; the face is drawn with utmost delicacy, especially the mouth and the strongly curved individual nose, while the drawing of eyes and hands does not reach the same perfection. The landscape in the background evinces the artist's deep feeling for nature, proper to his early period, in contrast to the coldblooded craftsmanship of his later pictures. The canvas had belonged to a princely collection in the south of Germany and is twenty-two by fourteen inches in size.—FLORA TURKEL.



BUST OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BY HOUDON

FIVE BUSTS BY DAVIDSON

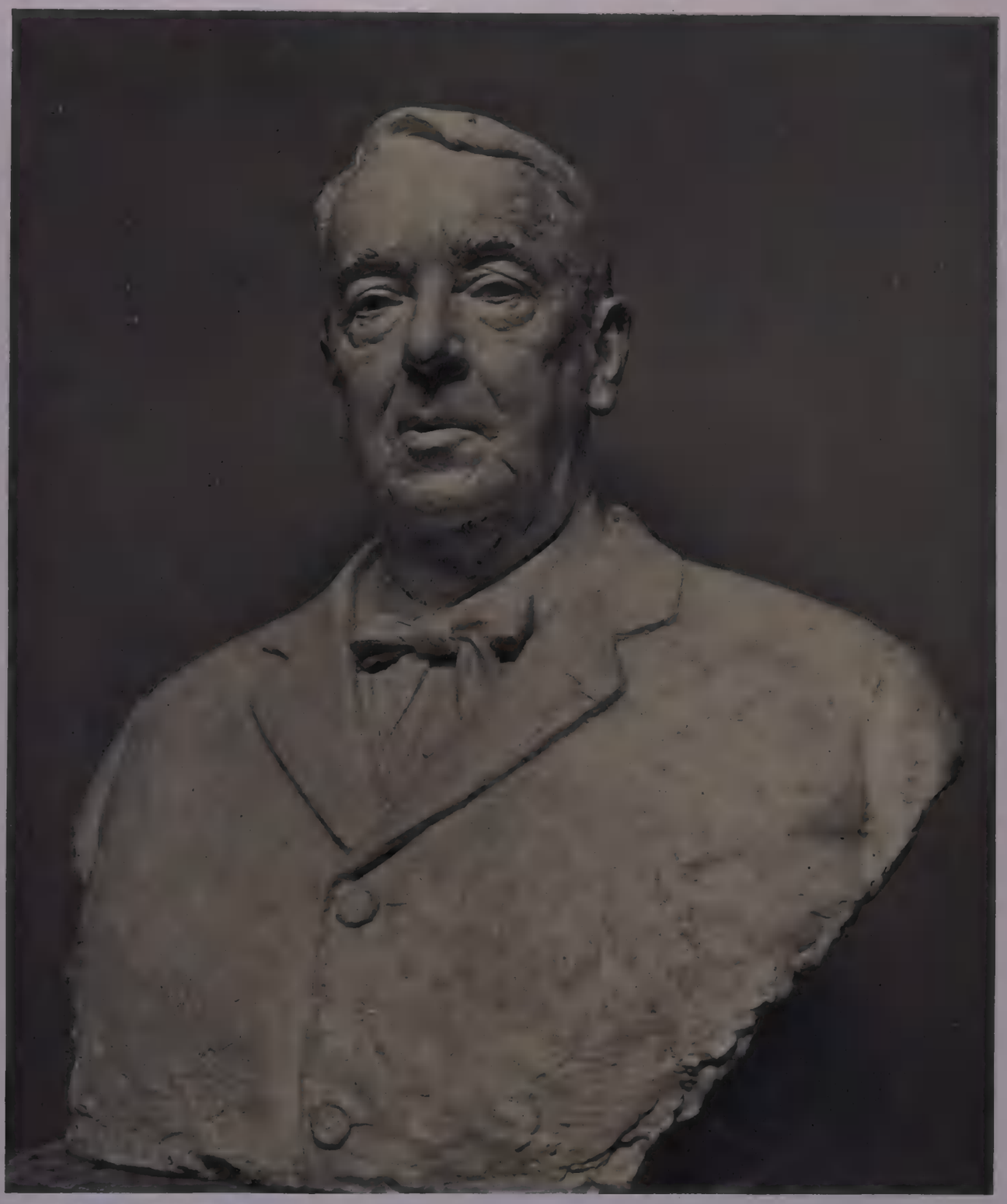
In this group of recent portraits by Jo Davidson the writer sees a renascence of the work of Houdon

KARL FREUND

WHEN it became known that d'Alembert had offered Houdon's bust of Voltaire to the *Académie*, the people of Paris crowded the master's workshops to admire, to criticize and to be inspired by the plastic replicas of their spiritual benefactors—Jean Jacques Rousseau, Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, d'Alembert and Diderot. We are told that the crowds before these effigies seemed to be moved by the same vital emotion that they would have felt in the presence of the great men themselves, and we can indeed hear them in chorus: "It's he, Voltaire—his perspicacity;" "it's he, Rousseau—his human complexity;" "it's he, Franklin—what ingenuity!"; and not one would venture to remark, "what an interesting interpretation!" They all felt grateful to the wizard who could mix in his clay in a few short hours the essence of his sitter's life and thought, told and untold, his height and his depth, his emotions and his dreams.



BUST OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER BY JO DAVIDSON



BUST OF SAMUEL M. VAUCLAIN — BY JO DAVIDSON



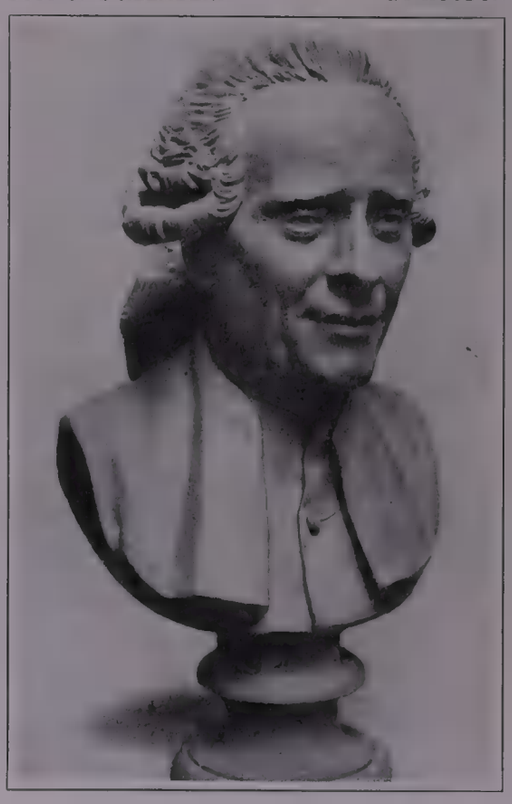
"VOLTAIRE AVEC PERRUQUE" BY HOUDON

Forgetting Donatello and the realists of the *cinquecento*, sculpture had become styled, a servant of architecture, and busts were but symbols of moods or devotions solemnly placed in arches, niches and on pediments or in any conceivable empty spot on exteriors or in interiors. And thus Houdon's sculptured portraits, enriched with both physical and mental veracity, vivid biographies of those who conquered mediocrity, gratified the individualist consciousness of the day. At all times "the decorative" has tempted the sculptor, from the creators of the gargoyle to Bernini, to the Cubists and Expressionists. They were all expressionists in their generation, admirable until they tried portraiture.

Portraiture is like throwing a level bridge from cloud to cloud and the sculptor who sets his bridgehead too high is a juggler or a fraud, and the one who sets it too low a commercial artist or a dilettante. In our days few sculptors have justified verism in portraiture more masterfully than Jo Davidson and few busts may claim the name of portraits as unreservedly as the remarkable group of five recently completed by him: the bust portraits of John D. Rockefeller, Samuel M. Vauclain, Otto H. Kahn, Mitchell Kennerley and William D. Guthrie. All five are such astounding likenesses that, skilfully photographed with their sitters, these busts seem as incarnate as the models themselves and in defiance of all modernist axioms have the imaginative qualities of the sitters. Davidson's art is undemonstrative, but there is a warmth about his modeling of flesh which makes it radiate the heat of the body, and there is an insistence of expression in the facial curves and folds which infallibly tells the epic of the sitter.

Returning to the parallel of the Houdon five, one feels tempted to draw comparisons with the Davidson group in more than one direction. All portraits of exceptional men who knew more or achieved more than their contemporaries in their complexities present to the sculptor ever varying problems of technique and composition. Only the great artist can fix irrevocably the mutations of time and circumstance.

BUST OF D'ALEMBERT BY HOUDON

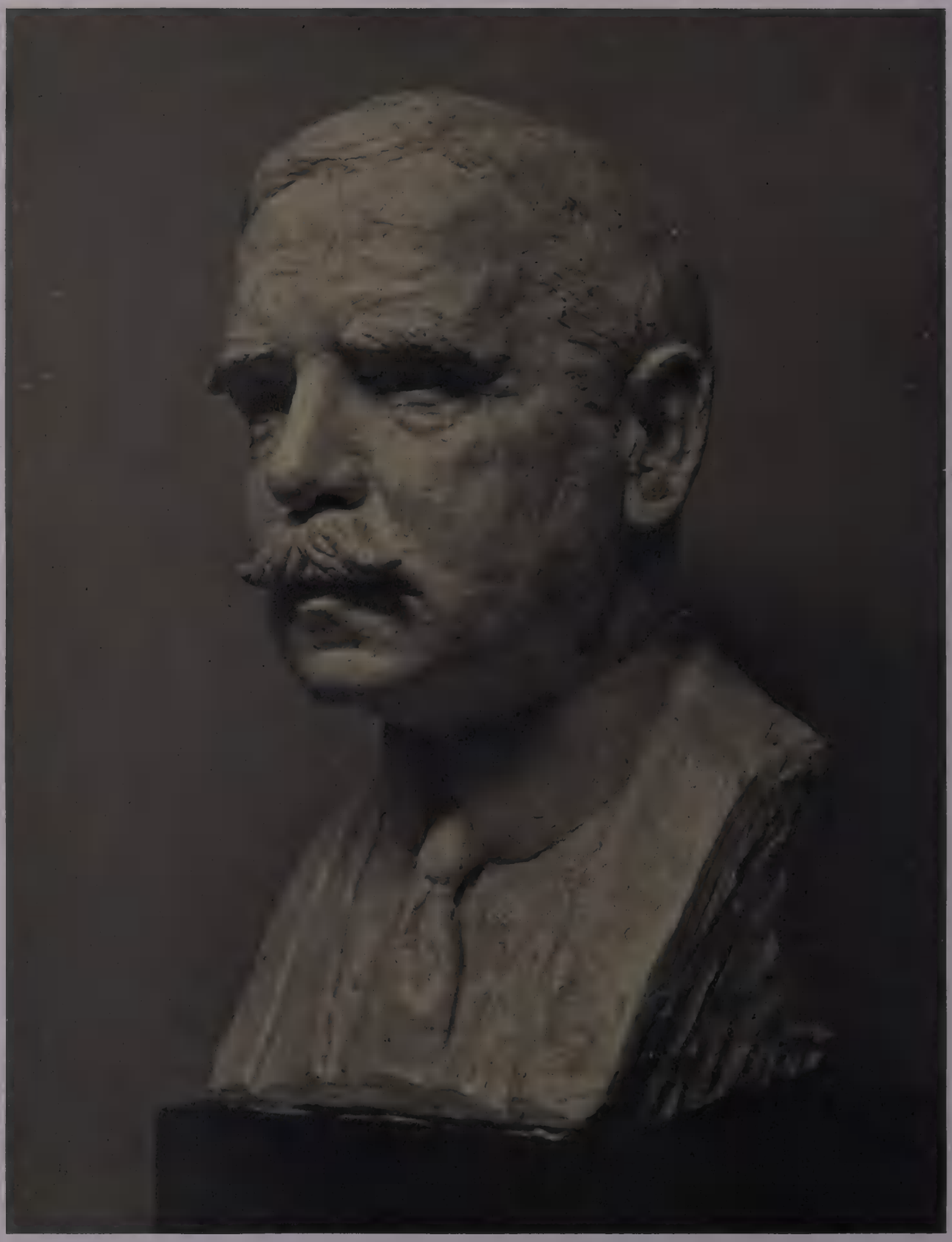


The comparison between Davidson's Rockefeller and Houdon's Voltaire *avec perruque* is irresistible. Both octogenarians (I believe there is a difference of one year in the ages of the two sitters), they must have awed their sculptors, youngish men, charting the crowded roads and byroads inscribed in their countenances.

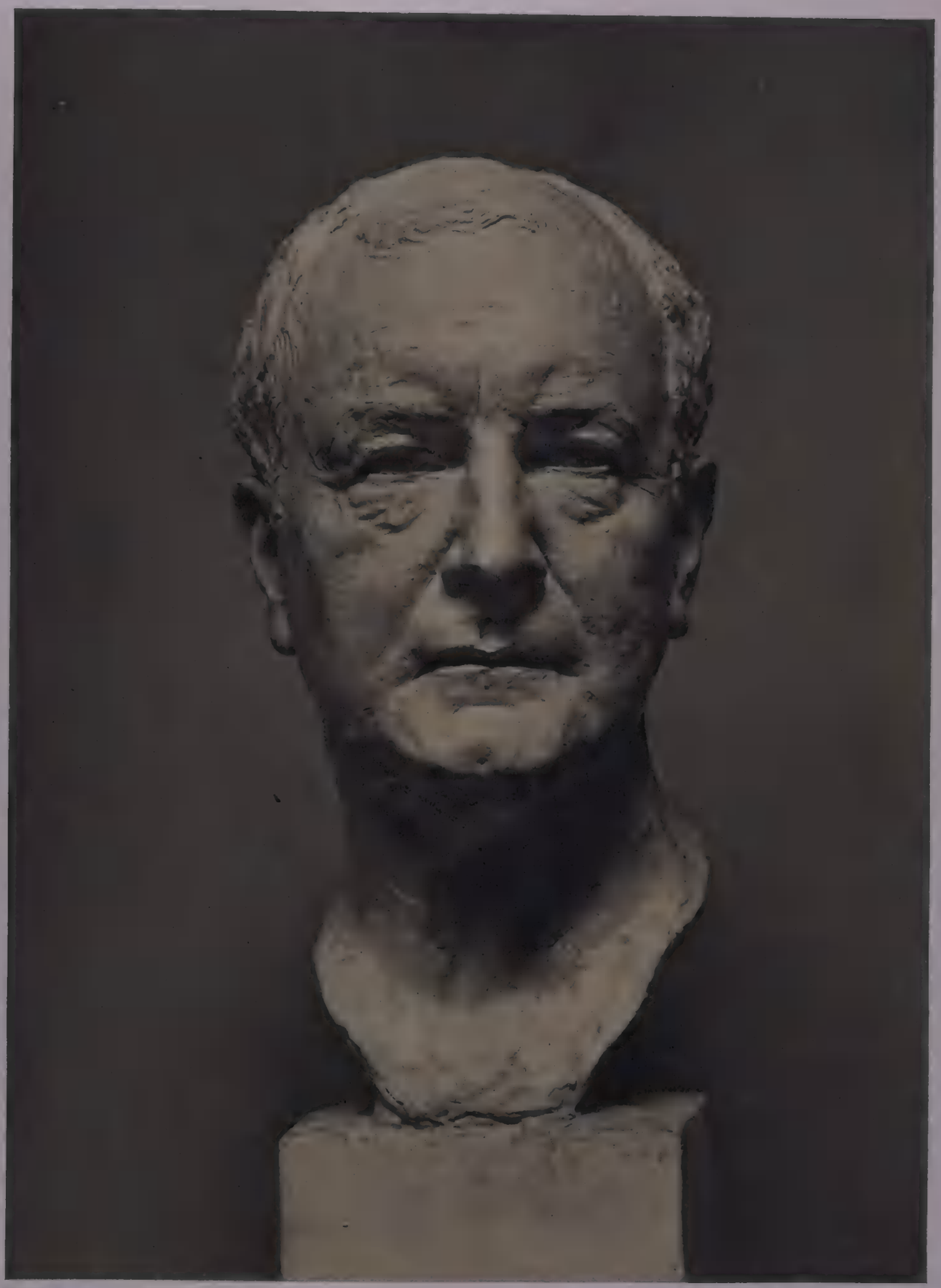
One remains struck with a visionary presence in the portraits both of the cynical agnostic and the relentless builder of a financial empire. Their transcendental natures seem to pour through their eyes. Of Houdon's Voltaire, Grimm writes (*Grimm-Diderot Correspond-*



BUST OF MITCHELL KENNERLEY BY JO DAVIDSON

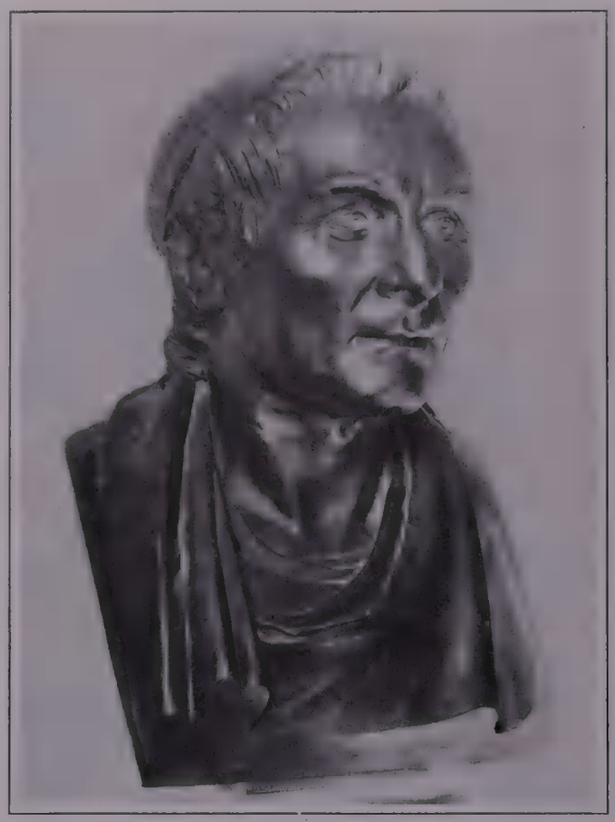


BUST OF OTTO H. KAHN BY JO DAVIDSON



BUST OF WILLIAM D. GUTHRIE

BY JO DAVIDSON



BUST OF ROUSSEAU BY HOUDON

ence): "The eyes are full of life by an effect of light so ingeniously managed that M. Greuze himself on seeing the bust the first time imagined they were eyes of enamel or of some colored matter. We were witnesses with several others of an error so flattering to the talent of one of his *confrères*." The eyes of the Rockefeller bust are as baffling. By building their interior in almost invisible steps Davidson draws shadows of unexpected depth into the eyes. The projected expression, with the translucent skin and the challenging rake of the head, gives an ecstatic quality which is in strange contrast with the sobriety of the sack coat. Houdon was more fortunate in being allowed to cloak his busts with the rich folds of antiquity.

One is inclined to drape the shoulders of William D. Guthrie with a *toga praetexta*. This magnificent head with its smooth, firm skin and its pose of masterful authority could have graced the forum.

Davidson's versatility is the outcome of his receptive humbleness. He has no mannerism or rigid method to start with. He puts his sitter at ease and makes him unconsciously dictate the form of composition; but the ambitious gentleman who would have the sculptor do him "just like" one of the great men in our group would find himself unsatisfied.

Vauclain is remindful of Houdon's *chef d'œuvre* of Franklin, not, one might surmise, because both Franklin and Vauclain achieved fame in Philadelphia, but in their patriarchal and whimsical simplicity. Vauclain's daring head is modeled with a joyful breadth in a generous and unhesitating spirit. I recall in no modern sculpture a mouth of greater plastic perfection.

In juxtaposition to the broad and naturalistic Vauclain we find the bust of Mitchell Kennerley a romantic rendition in its deliberate modeling, recalling Houdon's d'Alembert, imbued with an expression of Olympic repose which suggests the familiar portrait busts of Goethe. The subtle play of lights in the treatment of eyes, nostrils and lips gives to the profiles a touching, intimate charm.

There is an air of the *cinquecento* about the spirited bust of Otto H. Kahn. It is sternly realistic, and still there is a note of decorative balance in its conception which speaks of Verrocchio.

There is something biologically fundamental in those art creations, there are so few of them among the myriads of the stillborn, which thrill generation after generation, living through social and cosmic convulsions, surviving revolutions and empires. We believe that there is in Davidson's busts the supreme quality that will give them this perdurability, so that they will live in the appreciation of future times as Houdon's work lives in ours.

Photographs of the Davidson busts by Charles Sheeler

BUST OF DIDEROT BY HOUDON



Jacques CALLOT'S ETCHINGS

Creator of new technique in his art he was also a great military and social historian of his time

EDMOND BURON

THE RIGHTFUL place of the French masters of engraving has recently been engaging the attention of a group of authoritative critics and experienced amateurs of that country with the result that several important books on the subject have appeared or are announced for publication. The first volume of *L'Histoire Illustrée de la Gravure en France* was issued in 1923, the work of F. Courboin, keeper of the *Cabinet des Estampes* in the *Bibliotheque Nationale* of Paris, who was assisted by the editor, M. Le Garrec. G. Bouvy has written of Robert Nanteuil and a catalogue of the engravings of Abraham Bosse is also a part of this growing body of literature. The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* of Paris has issued the first part of volume one in a series of four devoted to the work of Jacques Callot, the most popular etcher in France.

Jules Lieure, the author of this comprehensive series, has devoted over twenty years to the study of Callot, visiting every museum, library and collection in France and abroad where his work was to be found.

Callot was born in Nancy towards the end of 1593 or early in 1594. Even in his boyhood he felt an irresistible attraction to the study of art. In spite of his father, who wished his son to enter the church, he persisted in spending his leisure hours in drawing and sketching. He had a few lessons from the artist Claude Henriet whose son, Israel, then studying the fine arts of Rome, used to send home enthusiastic letters which fired young Callot with the desire for an artistic career. When he was fourteen he ran away from home without a penny and joined a band of Gypsies with whom he wandered as far as Florence. He found his way to Rome and to his friend Israel Henriet. But he happened to meet a company of merchants from Nancy who recognized him and took him back to his family. He was tenacious and obstinate,

"L'EVENTAIL" BY JACQUES CALLOT





"LES BOHEMIENS: L'AVANT GARDE" BY JACQUES CALLOT

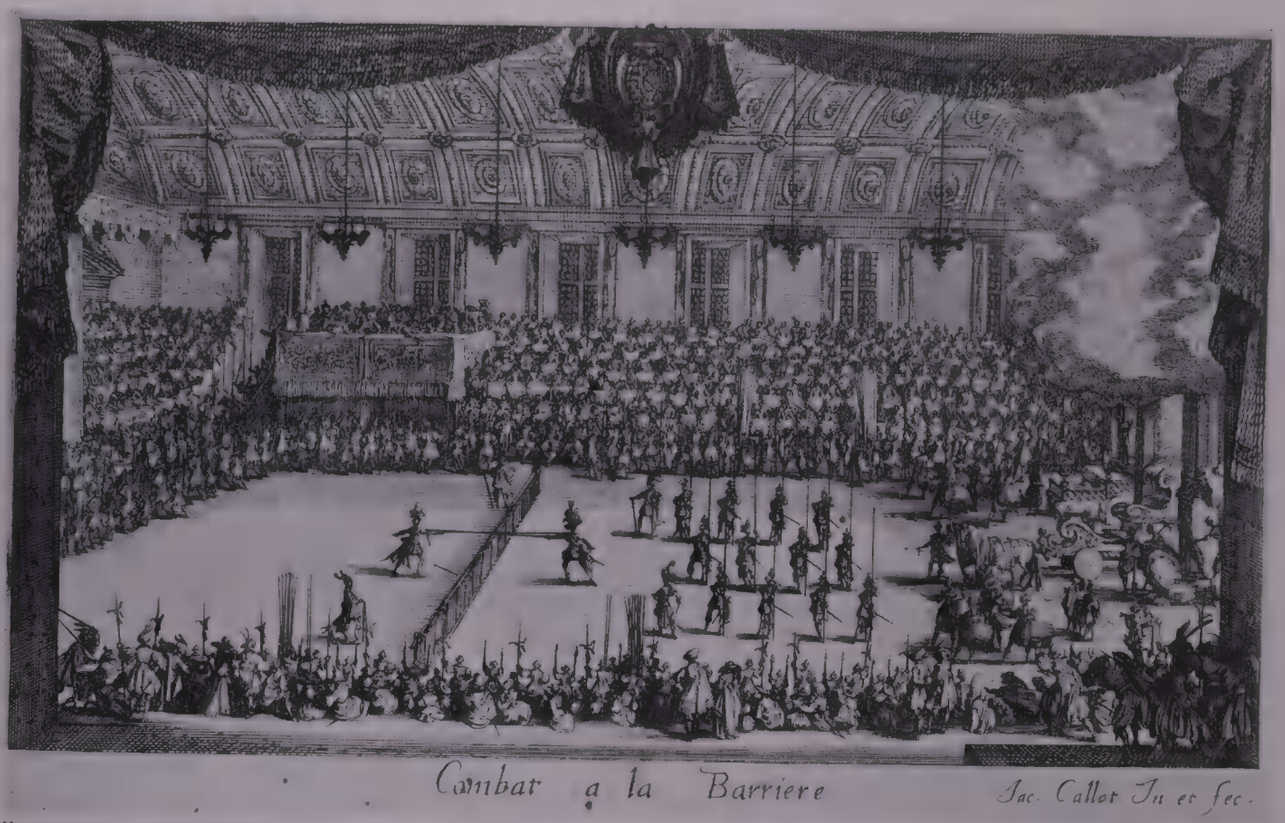
however, and resolved to set out on other wanderings, and this he did not long after with a small provision of money which his mother probably had given him. No sooner had he arrived at Turin than he met his eldest brother, Jean, who immediately took him home again. At last his father had a change of heart. He saw that the boy's determination was unshakeable and so permitted him to proceed freely to Italy in the company of an ambassador from Lorraine.

Jacques spent three years in Rome, from 1609 to 1612, as a student of Philippe Thomassin, an old engraver and dealer in religious prints. From him he learned the use of the burin and the art of cutting figures upon a copper plate. In 1612 he went to Florence where he stayed for nine years. He was admitted to the studio of Giulio Parigi, an architect-engineer who held an office in the court of Tuscany for the organization of fetes and pageants. Parigi used to have souvenirs and historical records made of these events in which costumes, chariots, carrousels, etc., were reproduced in drawings and etchings. Under the guidance of this master Callot could indulge in free flights of his fertile imagination. Etching he adopted with pleasure; it ideally suited his temperament. Gifted as he was with exceptional dexterity he quickly became a master himself. He conceived a deep admiration for the grace and elegance of the Italian school. At first he exaggerated to gain a like effect, but he soon tempered his sentimental inclinations, with the result that his work took on a more harmonious aspect.

PORTRAIT OF COSIMO II BY JACQUES CALLOT



The etching process was at that time very little practiced. A soft ground was commonly used and consequently the artists could not acquire a very marked degree of finesse. Callot hesi-



"COMBAT A LA BARRIERE"

BY JACQUES CALLOT

tated for some time between the two processes, of engraving with the burin or etching with acid. One day he received an order for two small designs for a goldsmith to be done on a hard ground prepared with the kind of varnish used by violin makers. Callot produced an extremely fine work and thenceforth he employed this process, improved the composition of the ground and, by dint of study and perseverance, laid the foundations of a new technique which revolutionized the art of etching. This method is still employed today by etchers in all countries. Callot had now become an etcher *sui generis*, a painter-etcher who worked after his own designs.

Arthur M. Hind in his book, *A History of Engraving and Etching*, says of Callot's technique: "In the history of etching his work is a notable landmark, as it is among the earliest in which the practice of a second (or further repeated) biting was used to any extent. The varied tone of line achieved by this method opens possibilities of treating atmosphere and distance, which few even of the greatest etchers have fully realized. In one other respect the technical character of Callot's plates demands notice, *i. e.*, in the combination of graver work with etching. Like Mellan in line engraving, Callot is the special exponent of the swelling line in etching. In part he achieves his variation in breadth by holding the *échoppe* at varying angles as he opens the ground, but this would be seconded by cutting through the ground into the copper before biting. Moreover, after the biting, the lines were frequently strengthened with the graver."

"BALLI"

BY JACQUES CALLOT



The best works of his Italian period were produced during his stay in Florence. When he began to work on the hard ground process he had already executed "La Guerre d'Amour," "La Guerre de Beauté" and "Les Intermedes" with the soft varnish. But the day he commenced to engrave in the new manner real masterpieces came from his hands. "Les Caprices," the first series engraved on a hard ground, had so much finesse and delicacy of touch, disclosed so great a progress in his



"LE PONT NEUF, PARIS" BY JACQUES CALLOT

work, that it created a sensation among artists, amateurs and dealers. His first prints were in extraordinary demand. People were eager to obtain them, which probably accounts for their extreme rarity today. I might mention as the finest and most eagerly sought prints of Callot's Italian period "Le Massacre des Innocents," "La Petite Ferme," the portrait of Donato dell-Antella, "Les Quatre Banquets," "L'Évantail, "La Grande Chasse," the famous "Foire de l'Impruneta," "Soliman" and the portrait of the Grand Duke Cosimo II.

Callot returned to his native Nancy after the death of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He brought with him sketches, drawings and notes which he set out to utilize. One of his first important series was "Les Bohémiens," which records his youthful flight from home. Then came the "Balli," those grotesque Italian buffoons whose dances are known to us only because of Callot. Then the "Gobbi," the strange humpbacks whom the Grand Duke gathered at his court and incited to wild contortions by the offer of wine. Mention should also be made of "Les Gueux" (the rascals), a series of twenty-five in which his subjects are treated with genial simplicity.

Among the works of the first period of his artistic life in Lorraine mention should be made of a few remarkable prints, such as the small "Passion," "La Noblesse," "La Foire de Gondreville," "La Petite Thèse," "La Grande Thèse," "Pandore" and especially "Le Parterre de Nancy" and "Le Combat à la Barrière." These magnificent etchings, especially the last two, which were produced on the occasion of a reception given by Charles IV, Duke of Lorraine, in honor of the Duchess of Chevreuse, brought to Callot a commission which contributed much to the extension of his reputation throughout the world. The Infanta Isabella requested him to make an engraving of the siege of Breda to commemorate the glorious achievements of her armies. Through this print he became universally known to connoisseurs and by 1628 he was receiving orders from such distinguished patrons as the King of France who invited him to Paris and ordered from him two battle scenes, the "Siege de Ré" and the "Siege de la Rochelle." In the French capital Callot made the acquaintance of several prominent members of the court and ties of friendship soon united him to them, particularly in the case of the physician de Lorme whose portrait he engraved.

He lodged with his old friend Israel Henriet who lived at the Petit Bourbon, near the Louvre and the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, so named after the house which had been the residence of the Connétable de Bourbon. He took as collaborators for the engraving of the ornamental designs which edged his *sieges* the engravers Michel Lasne and Abraham Bosse. After a short sojourn in Paris he was called back to Nancy by the death of his father with the result that he established himself in Lorraine. There he engraved two views of Paris from sketches done on the spot, the portrait of Deruet and "Les Grandes Miseres de la Guerre," an admirable series of which good prints are eagerly sought.

Although Callot was still a young man he was nevertheless in a poor state of health mentally and physically. He was anxious as to the fate of his country which was suffering after the visita-

tion of a pestilence and the devastation of war. The political attitude of the Duke of Lorraine gave such alarm to the King of France that he besieged and finally occupied Nancy. Historians have recorded an incident that is worth telling. After the surrender of the city Louis XIII asked Callot to make an engraving of the siege of the Lorraine capital. Callot bluntly refused and, as the French sovereign's emissaries insisted, he declared emphatically that he would prefer to cut his thumb off rather than to offend against the honor of his country and his prince. The King withdrew his request and congratulated the Duke on the fidelity of his subjects. Callot led henceforth a life of sorrow and pain, his health declining with age.

Yet his activities were never relaxed. He produced many more plates among which are "La Vie de la Vierge," "Les Fantaisies," "Les Petits Apôtres," "Les Supplices," "L'Enfant Prodigue," "La Tentation de Saint Antoine" (a second plate on this subject) and lastly "La Petite Treille," his final work, which he did not print; death came upon him suddenly and he never saw the print.

"Critics of art may observe in Callot's work the transition from the Italian style of the sixteenth century to the French of the eighteenth," wrote Jules Lieure in his *Notes sur Jacques Callot* in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* in 1918. "The historian finds in this artistic storehouse valuable documentary material on military science, on customs and costumes, as also on the classical features of the Italian comedy. The etcher discovers, in their masterly treatment, a highly skilled hand employing an interesting technique." The same author gives me permission to quote from a forthcoming section of his book and he also gives me the right to reproduce some of his illustrations. "Callot," he says, "gives an extraordinarily vivid impression of life. Every line, stroke or dot breathes life, motion, transport, and action. Whatever he designs, his sketch is always alert, gay, living. He animates everything and depicts minute details—a peculiarity that characterizes genius—without rendering his subject clumsy; on the contrary the multiplicity of attitudes and gestures gives further proof of his proficiency and his pictures have a picturesque and pleasing vitality. And that is what constitutes Callot's superiority.

"Callot was in fact the etcher of his time; above all others he stands as the most representative of his century. The society of the first half of the seventeenth century has been better depicted and analyzed in his work than in that of any contemporaneous writer. He contributes to the history of the reign of Louis XIII a fuller documentation that that of any historian. The calamities and horrors of war are related in a masterly series that no other artist has ever surpassed. Moreover Callot has lavished upon his successors an abundant store of subjects for composition—personages, scenes, original and characteristic details, in short an invaluable fund upon which they all have drawn or borrowed plentifully and often without acknowledgment."

The works of Callot have often been reproduced wholly or partly by painters. We may mention particularly Van de Penne who copied "La Parterre de Nancy" and Téniers the Younger who painted the "Impruneta," an admirable work that is to be seen today in the Pinacothéque of Munich. The genius of Callot has stamped its mark on all the eighteenth century, particularly in the use of the vignette. His works constitute one of the most important bodies of artistic production in the history of etching, and he is loved as the delineator of active and buoyant life.

"LES GRANDS MISERES DE LA GUERRE: LA PENDAISON" BY JACQUES CALLOT





BRONZE WINE LADLE FROM THE TUANG FANG SET

The TUANG FANG Sacrificial SET

A rare and complete set of Chou bronzes comes to America from the collection of a former Viceroy of China

HELEN GOMSTOCK

As THIS is the only complete ancient Chinese sacrificial set known to have survived to the present day it may well be considered the particular jewel of any collection and for this reason the Metropolitan Museum regards its purchase from the heirs of Tuang Fang as the most important event in the history of the Far Eastern department. This set, consisting of fifteen pieces, dates from the latter part of the Chou period (1122-256 B. C.) and was unearthed in 1901 in the province of Shensi at Tou-chi-t'ai, thirty li from Pao-chi-hsien. Tuang Fang, who had accompanied the Dowager Empress at the time of her flight during the Boxer troubles, was then Viceroy of the province and consequently was able to add it to his collection, which is a well known one. Another object once in his possession that has found its way to this country is a Sui altar-piece, dated 593 A. D., which is now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

This set was used only for the sacrifice of wine. Although food offerings were generally made there are no pieces here for meal or rice. The names and uses of the various pieces, so far as is known, is as follows: Standing on the bronze table, which is a little over three feet long, the two large urn-shaped objects with lids and handles are containers for wine and are called *Yu*. The wine was evidently brought to the ceremony in these. A certain amount was poured into the large vase in the center, the *Tsun*, for use during the ceremony. There is a smaller Tsun immediately at the right of the large one. The tall slender beaker at the left of the Tsun is a *Ku* and was used for toasting

THE TUANG FANG SACRIFICIAL SET



the spirits of the departed. It had a high rim to prevent spilling as it was swung in the different directions. The shape of this is familiar through the many flower vases of similar design. At the extreme ends of the table are two small tripod beakers, the one at the left being a *Chio* and at the right a *Chioh*. The Chioh is also illustrated separately. It was used in a pledge to the spirits and after a little wine was poured out (the spout was intended for that) it was set over a fire and the contents evaporated. It was removed from the fire by grasping its two small prong-like columns between two sticks. The Chio, which is a rarer form, was evidently used in a different ceremony, for there is no spout to permit pouring and no contrivance for lifting it from the fire.

Of the objects by the side of the table the one at the right is a *Chia*, and the three tall legs show that it was used to evaporate wine by placing it over a fire. A somewhat similar jar at the left is a *Huo*. It has a spout, a handle and a lid, the latter to prevent the escape of the fumes. The Chia on the other hand is open at the top. Three wine cups stand beside the Huo and these may have been used by the living who took part in the ceremony. All of these pieces standing by the side of the table are simply designed and are almost devoid of ornamentation. The table and all the pieces standing on it are elaborate in construction and in the patterns in relief which cover their entire surfaces.

Dr. Bosch Reitz of the Metropolitan Museum, writing of this set, says that "nine bronze incense burners cast by the Emperor Yu were the regalia of the Chinese Empire. In 116 B. C. the Emperor changed the name of his reign to commemorate the lucky finding of a bronze vessel in Shansi and the name of the city of Yung-ho was changed in 722 A. D. to Tao-ting-hsien (city of the precious sacrificial vessel for a similar event." It was in the Chou dynasty that bronze work probably reached its zenith.

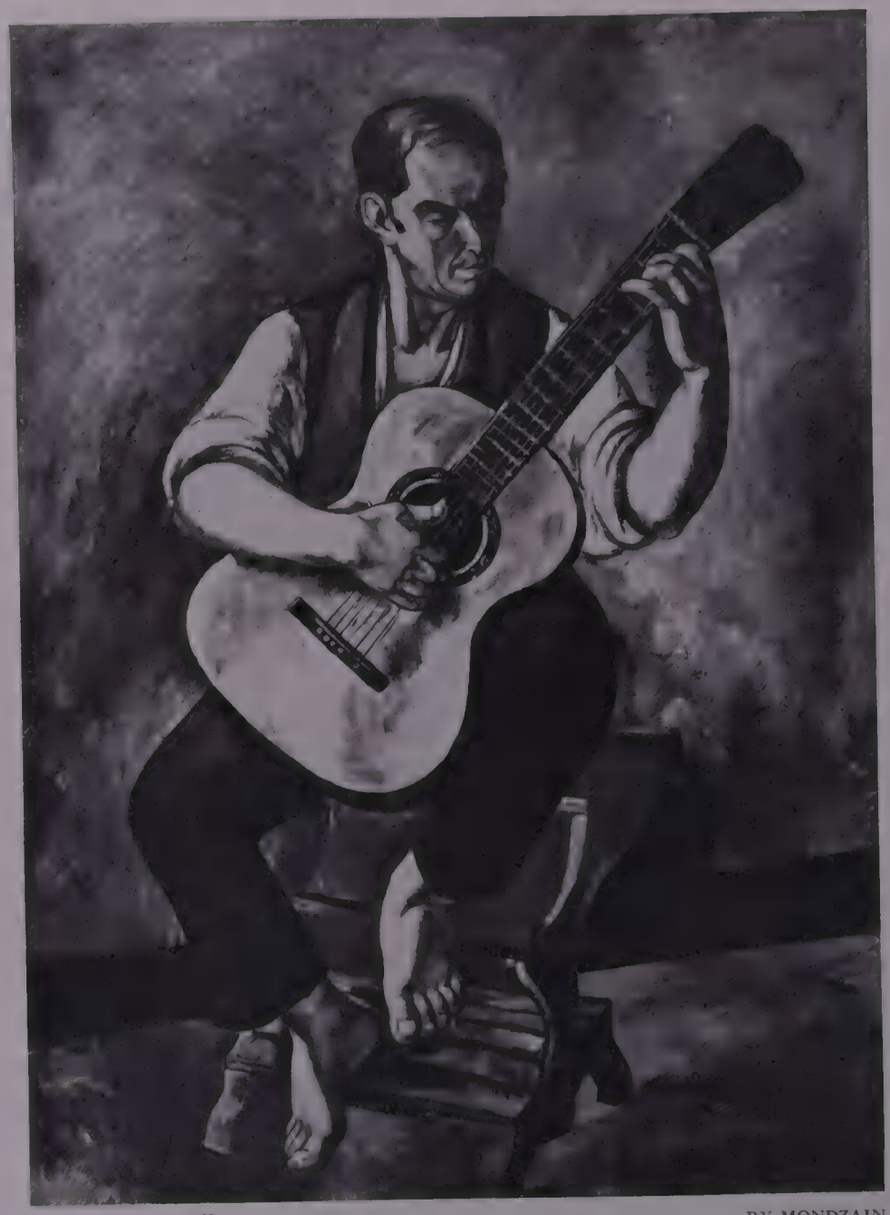


BRONZE BEAKER, "CHIOH," FROM THE TUANG FANG SET



BRONZE WINE CONTAINER, "YU," FROM THE TUANG FANG SET

Photographs by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



"LE GUITARISTE" BY MONDZAIN

Mondzain, Modern Polish Painter

IN THE plastic mentality of the modern painter we have the true issue of contemporary art. Its manifestations lead us to an estimate of the precise features of the "movement" since Courbet. In the "Guitariste" of the Polish artist, Simon Mondzain, we have a notable revelation of this concern for the "measures of an ideal proportion." Evidently Mondzain aims to give definitive form to the object before him by telling us how it appears to him in space. He does not care for the *life* of the man playing the guitar, though it is there sufficiently, nor is he interested in that deformation by which so many men of less technical surety give expression to nature. The result of his analysis of the flat surface of the canvas is a concentrated rhythm of line and a harmonious balance of planes. We have a sensation of spatial verities purely esthetic. This singularly forceful work was much commented on in the *Salon d'Automne*, 1922. Mondzain deservedly ranks high among the younger men. Possibly American readers remember his show at the Arts Club of Chicago in 1920. Since then, besides his regular exhibits in the *salons* of Paris, he has taken part in the International Expositions held in Geneva and in London.—LOUISE GEBHARD CANN.

LEAL'S "FINIS GLORIAE MUNDI"

NEVER perhaps since the cry of despair "Vanitas Vanitatum, et Omnia Vanitas" was given forth has the void of human and world affairs been expressed more powerfully than by the seventeenth century Spanish painter, Valdes Leal of Seville.

The two pictures reproduced here are in the chapel of the Ospedad della Carita at Seville, the quarters of an ancient fraternity which was founded for the purpose of giving graves to the tortured, and one of whose principal benefactors was Don Juan de Manara, who made amends for a profligate life by becoming a Major—in contrast to a Minor—Brother of Charity (Hermano Major della Carita).

The more terrible of the two pictures, the one entitled "Finis Gloriæ Mundi," represents in most realistic fashion the corpse of a bishop lying in its coffin in the midst of a charnel-house. The decomposed body appears from under the sumptuous sacerdotal garb with such truth to death as to cause many people, so says an old author, to recoil in horror from before the picture. Above, an angel is seen holding scales weighing on one side animal figures symbolic of sins, on the other the merits of the dead priest and which, according to holy measure, weigh: "nimas, nimenos," *i. e.*, "neither more nor less."

The second of the pictures, "Los Postrinierias de la Vida" or "The Last Moments of Life," expresses the same idea, in more symbolical fashion, namely the vanity of all wealth, of knowledge, of power and of glory. A scythe in one hand, a coffin under the other arm, Death is seen trampling all these baubles under foot, proclaiming their ephemarility by placing his hand on the light of a torch which it extinguishes.





It is not surprising to find ideas of the kind expressed by the Spanish school which has always been above all others realistic.

Valdes Leal, who was a sculptor besides a painter, was a native of Seville, and a rival and townsman of Murillo for whom he entertained a great aversion but whose fame, despite all Leal's efforts to hinder it, for instance by excluding him from the Academy of Seville, far outreached his.

—H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

SPANISH STAMPED LEATHER

Originated by Saracens in Africa it brought wealth to Spain by its beauty and durability

EDWARD B. ALLEN

AMONG all the wall and furniture coverings which have been used through the ages to beautify the home, stamped and gilded Spanish leather stands unrivaled for refined richness and splendor. As effective as tapestry and more durable it had a far wider range of adaptability. Once used throughout the civilized world, from medieval days to the eighteenth century, it is now scarcely seen outside of museums or rare private collections. This leather was called *guadamacileria*, or the art of decorating leather with painting, gilding, and impressions in relief, and it is generally believed to have originated with the Saracens of Africa, whence it came to Spain, in the Middle Ages. One writer thinks it derived its name from a town in Barbary, another, from a town in Andalusia, but all agree that this unrivaled leather was brought to its high state of perfection in ancient Cordova becoming in time the principal source of revenue. From Cordova the industry spread to Seville, Lerida, Barcelona, Ciudad Real and Valladolid; but Cordova always led the others and was admitted to have no rivals. In later years, when the superexcellence of the leather became generally known, there was a ready sale for it all over Europe, and its manufacture finally spread to Italy and later to France under the patronage of Francis I.



SPANISH CHAIR WITH LEATHER BACK AND SEAT. SIXTEENTH CENTURY
Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Probably the earliest reference to this leather is in an old Spanish record in 1197 where it is mentioned as part of the tribute from the Jews. None of these pieces exist, however, for the oldest examples are thought to be two small coffers in the Cluny Museum which belong to the fourteenth century. They are decorated with forms of animals cut from leather and laid on velvet. Others in the South Kensington Museum, although very ancient, are not as old as the Cluny pieces. The leather became so highly prized that the kings of Spain considered trunks and other articles which were covered with it appropriate gifts to other sovereigns and friends. The earliest pieces generally represented a surface like brocade, in such colors as red, green, blue, black, white and carmine, with beaten silver. Oil colors were used, tempera being prohibited by law. Gold was not used before 1529, when Emperor Charles V confirmed the ordinances of the industry. It was in the period from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries that it reached its greatest development.

The craftsmen tanned the skins (sole leather or hides of rams), then stamped the pattern on them from a wooden mould, finishing the design with what might be called engraving. The beautiful effect was produced by the contrast of colors, heightened by gold and silver, throwing into relief either



VENETIAN CHAIRS WITH LEATHER BACKS AND SEATS, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

pattern or background. In one type the background was colored, in another the pattern only was in color. When gold was applied, the leather was smeared with oil where the figure was either to be raised or sunk. On this the workman laid the beaten gold and then applied a heated iron or copper mould, with which the pattern was stamped, the surplus gold being wiped away with lint. The irons were used moderately hot, for if overheated they would burn and if not hot enough the fixing of the gold would not be permanent.

By the end of the Middle Ages the industry had grown to such proportions that in Cordova it filled the quarter of the city known as Ajerquía; and in Seville it occupied nearly the whole of an important street called the Calle Placentines. "So many *guadamecíes* are made here," wrote Ambrosio de Morales, "that in this craft no other capital can compare with her [Cordova]; and in such quantities that they supply all Europe and the Indies. This industry enriches Cordova and also beautifies her; for since the gilded, wrought and painted leathers are fixed upon large boards and placed in the sun in order to be dried, by reason of their splendor and variety they make her principal streets right fair to look upon." According to Arellano contracts were signed for whole sets of pieces, and paid for in installments as the work progressed at the rate of three *reales* to the craftsmen for each piece and two and a half to the painters.

The oldest city law dealing with the craft was decreed in 1529. All such published during that century provided that every applicant for an official license to pursue this craft and open business as a *guadamacilero* must prove himself, in the presence of the examiners, able to mix his colors and design with them, and to make a

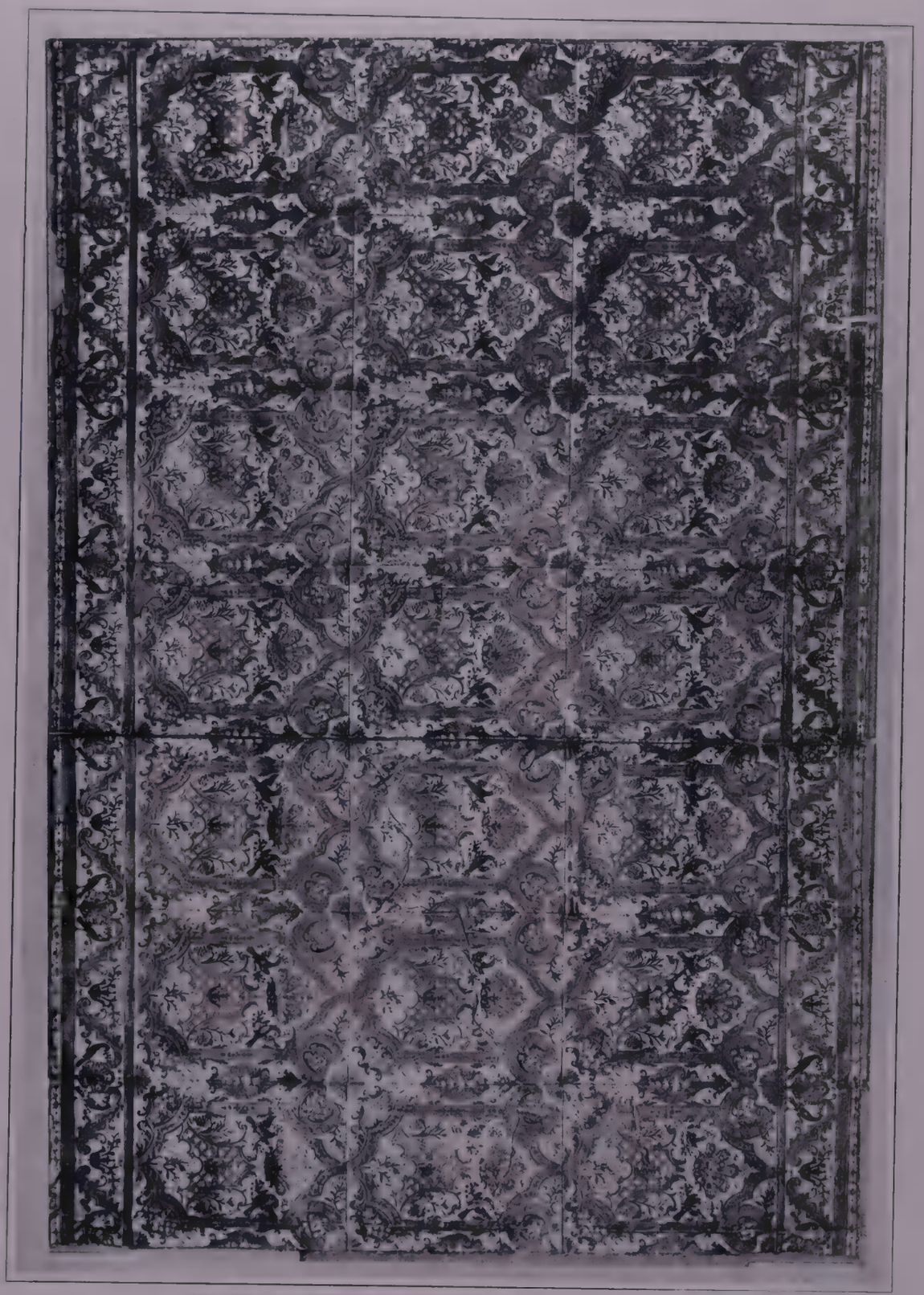
canopy together with its fringe, as well as "a cushion of any size or style that shall be demanded of him, nor shall he explain merely by word of mouth the making of same, but make it with his very hands in whatsoever house or place shall be appointed by the mayor and the overseers of the craft aforesaid." The laws also provided that the leather must be dyed not with Brazil-wood but with madder, and that the size of the pieces, whether silvered, gilt or painted, was to be strictly uniform, namely: "the size of the primitive mould three-fourths of a yard long by two-thirds of a yard, all but an inch, in width." There were standard measures of iron, stamped with the city seal, guarded under lock and key and the Ordinance of 1567 established the death penalty for every craftsman who in silvering his wares should substitute tin for silver. Severe penalties were also inflicted on tanners who cheated by using the hides of animals that had died from disease.

The leather was used for public, private and religious purposes, not only to cover walls of palaces and mansions, but also as table covers, counterpanes, bed-hangings, cushions, curtains for doors, linings for traveling-litters, coverings for chests, boxes, seats and backs of chairs and benches. In churches and cathedrals, especially in the sixteenth century, it was used in lieu of tapestry and carpets, altar frontals (like the one still preserved in the chapel of San Isidro in Palencia Cathedral) or crowns for images of the Virgin. As the craft progressed, the ornamentation changed from gold, silver and colors to elaborate painted designs. Ramirez de Arellano says "a hall would often be embellished by surrounding it with arches wrought of leather in relief and superposed on leather. As a rule the arches were gilt and silvered and rested upon pilasters or columns. When pilasters were used, their centres would be ornamented with Italian devices, such as flowers, trophies, imitated cameos, and foliage. Landscapes with a far horizon and no figures, known as *boscaje* or *pintura verde*, were painted on the space between the arches, so that the general effect was that of a pavilion with arches on all sides, displaying everywhere a wide expanse of fertile country. The arches rested on a broad bordering of *guadamecíes*, and running round the lower part was a socle, commonly made of tiling. Such was the style most in vogue in Spain through the last half of the sixteenth century and such as was exported to Rome and that which was commissioned by the Duke of Arcos."

The Spanish chair reproduced here takes its beauty not from color, for it is all black, but from the rich graceful scrolls and flowers of its leather seat and back, corresponding in design with the stretcher, which resemble in sharpness and excellence of execution an engraving on metal. The two characteristic Venetian chairs, on the other hand, have designs resembling damask silk, the figures in soft old gold with a background of rich chocolate brown. The apron below the cushioned seat is likewise figured with gold, while the acanthus leaves serving as finials are also gilded, producing an effect worthy of the grandeur of the Queen of the Adriatic. The French stamped leather hanging is a superb example of this craft.

In Florence the craftsmen were connected with the guild of tanners or saddlers, or an association of leather workers employed by the guild of doctors and apothecaries, or perhaps by all separately. The great skill of the Florentines and also of the Venetians is shown by the bookbindings which made the cities famous. Here also the guilds were large and important and carefully protected. The Florentines made a specialty of finishing the hides by soaking and boiling them many times in tan vats, till soft and malleable. The boiled leather was shaped by pressure while damp, its surface then stamped with the pattern and ornaments of all kinds, in high as well as low relief, after the manner of carved wood. This process was called "block stamping." The leather so treated was next stained black or rich, dark, madder-brown. Such articles as bellows, book-backs, chair backs and seats, writing cases, picture frames, door panels, wall friezes and hangings, pouches and bags, boxes of all kinds, made from this leather, are found in all collections of art treasures. There is a record of the middle of the fifteenth century to the effect that for a time fashion demanded pictorial ornamentation on saddles, shields, book-backs and other objects.

Why was this unique and noble art allowed to disappear? A. F. Calvert in *Southern Spain* ascribes it to the action of the government, saying that "the Catholic kings, absurdly enough, forbade its exportation to the New World, not wishing to deprive the mother-country of goods of such price. With protection on this scale we are not surprised to learn that the industry began to decline. Cordova was at length surpassed in its own line by Venice and other cities. The rich specimens of its work, which adorned the mansions of its old noblesse, were sold and dispersed all over the world, upon the general impoverishment of the kingdom in the eighteenth century." Leonard Williams thinks it due to the growing popularity of wall pictures, combined with French fashions which crippled and ultimately killed "this



STAMPED LEATHER HANGING. FRENCH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

wonderful, decorative leather industry of Old Spain."

But art never dies, and today may be seen in Old Mexico and Southern California tooled or engraved leather that may be a faint survival like a far-off echo, of the ancient art. The small, individual shops of these modern craftsmen are familiar to tourists with their displays of leather belts, hat bands, purses, bags and miscellaneous articles on which are cut or stamped fanciful patterns of flowers and scrolls. The craftsmen are few, uncontaminated by factory methods; each one as in the days of the ancient guilds prepares and fashions the leather, with his simple tools works in the design of his own creation, and sells it himself at the open window of his little shop.



"MARTYRDOM OF ST. URSULA" BY GERARD DAVID (?)

Courtesy of the Pierpont Morgan Library and the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Page from an Emperor's Prayer Book

THIS "Martyrdom of St. Ursula" is an illumination from the Hours of the Virgin made for the Emperor Maximilian early in the sixteenth century. The painter is thought to be Gerard David (1460-1523) to whom parts of the famous Grimani Breviary are also attributed. According to Weale he was one of the first Flemish artists of any importance to belong both to the painters' and the miniaturists' guilds.

St. Ursula's amazing story seems to have engaged the imaginations of many artists of that day, but because they were by nature amiable and gracious they did not know how, or perhaps did not wish, to make her story poignant. They were literal without being realistic; they stated the facts of her distressing martyrdom without conveying any of the tragedy or horror of the event. Memling is in his most enchanting mood in the shrine which he painted for her at Bruges. There is another version of her story in the altar-piece by the Master of the Ursula Legend in the Convent of the Black Sisters in the same city. According to the legend, St. Ursula, a princess of Britain of the fourth or fifth century, set out with 11,000 virgins of noble birth for Rome. They sailed up the Rhine by way of Cologne to Basle and made the rest of the journey on foot. After being baptized by the Pope they set out again, Pope and Cardinals in their company, and embarked at Basle. Before they reached Cologne they were set upon by Huns (some accounts say Attila) and were shot down by archers from the shore. In addition to this prayer book the Pierpont Morgan Library has lent to the Metropolitan Museum for its exhibition "The Arts of the Book" (lasting until September 14), an overwhelming number of important manuscripts whose illuminations present a remarkably complete history of the arts of painting and drawing from late Roman times down to the early Renaissance.



"LA TOILETTE DE LA MARIÉE" BY COURBET

AN UNPUBLISHED COURBET

An unfinished picture, but one of his masterpieces, has recently been brought to America

GUY EGLINGTON

How good it is, after a surfeit of theory, to turn back to Courbet. To leave the motley crew of Montparnasse intellectuals, with their endless coffee-house discussions, their precious personalities, their no less precious idiosyncrasies that they take for originality, their ever-present and ever-protruding sense of their own genius, and take refuge in the Courbet room of the Petit Palais. The sensation is indescribable. It can not be justly called relief, for the emotional impact is heightened an hundred fold. The contrast is rather as between a nervous tension and a muscular. Those play on the nerves; the exuberant art of a Courbet engages the whole body.

That is why it is more than ever useless to approach Courbet with an intellectual or esthetic yard-stick. The yard-stick in art is an invariable measure only for the little fellows, who buy their clothes ready made. The giants, who make their own according to their own stature and proportions, use their own yard-stick. It is not hard to find if one is willing to take the trouble to look. Usually it is stated clearly in the first bars of a symphony, in the first scene of a play, in the main structural lines of a pictorial composition. In Courbet's case it is stated most clearly in his masterpieces, in the "Enterrement à Ornans," in the "Combat des Cerfs," in the "Vénus et Psyché," in "La Vague," in the self portraits, in the "Demoiselles au bord de la Seine." The chief unit of that measure is strength. Not strength in the sense of a latent force that can be harnessed and set in motion at will, but in the sense rather of an explosive force that can not be contained, that can be directed but never tamed. It is useless to urge that pure automotive power is outside of the esthetic canon, that the history of art shows no instance of the creator at the mercy of the life principle. The objection may be both esthetically and historically just. It is none the less irrelevant.

I have said that a masterpiece by Courbet engages the whole body. If you doubt it, look at the torso of the sleeping girl in the "Demoiselles au bord de la Seine," or at any one of the nudes, she of the "Atelier" or the study for the "Vénus et Psyché." The sensation of the spectator is, I dare to say, different from that evoked by any other modern work of art, if one except perhaps the sculpture of Maillol. A nude by Courbet, the "Pomona" of Maillol, these are so overwhelmingly powerful, their appeal is so directly beyond the brain to the muscular system, that the body, striving in all its limbs to realize them,* is left exhausted, the breath beaten out of it. Only in the light of this strength, this untamable life, is the enigma of Courbet possible of solution. It conditioned his tremendous productivity; dictated his violent and bombastic utterances; caused him to adopt and trumpet forth as his own esthetic doctrines which were as foreign to his work as they were foreign and abhorrent to the public at which they were hurled; drove him to grandiose and ever more grandiose demonstrations in the effort to appease his ravenous egotism; drove him finally to mistake the very nature of his power, to the insane belief in his own omnipotence no less political than creative, which culminated in the almost comic tragedy of the *déboulonnement* of the Colonne Vendôme.

For us who read the story of his life in the light of his work, it should not be difficult to stomach his wildest theory, his most outrageous boasting. Judged by his own standard of strength, he was in truth a giant among pygmies. Even the great Delacroix was a little girl beside him, and as for Corot. . . Nor need his theory trouble us. A glance at his work suffices to disprove it. But the mass of his contemporaries never even saw the work. The red herring of theory stifled, then as always, every other scent. Set one of the amazing "caricatures" over against the original it was intended to satirize. There is simply no connection between the two. The caricaturist satirizes not the work, nor yet even the man, but a grotesque mumbo jumbo of his own imagination. Take for example the drawing of the mother who terrifies her squalling child into silence with the threat that she will send for Courbet. Courbet was to his contemporaries a bull who had strayed into the dainty china shop of the Third Empire, and stood there bellowing and stamping. Outraged by the uproar, in terror for the china, they never dreamed that what they term brute force might be creative no less than destructive.

No one, I think, continues to reproach Courbet with the theories of Proudhon, though his admirers still feel bound to apologize for them. But, strangely enough, the reproach of vulgarity is still heard, especially in Paris. I remember how shocked a French artist was when I told him that the great revelation of my first Paris trip was Courbet, and with what unction he quoted the dictum of Delacroix: "La vulgarité des formes ne ferait rien, c'est la vulgarité et l'inutilité de la pensée qui sont abominables." It is a verdict which Delacroix, faced with the later works, never repeated, wholly out of sympathy with Courbet as he was. And wisely. Be it esthetic heresy or no, it is none the less true that the raising of strength to the *nth* power makes the imputer of so mean a fault as vulgarity ridiculous. Vulgarity is as powerless to sully a masterpiece by Courbet as mud to taint a mountain torrent. Greene accused Shakespeare of vulgarity, the Victorian esthetes Wagner, and both with perfect justice. Not long ago Charles Buchanan pointed out to me a passage from *Tristan*, a distortion of the gallant *Tristan* motive which occurs immediately after his passionate entry in the second act, and which, wrenched from its setting, would serve admirably as accompaniment for the entry of a drunken sailor into a brothel. Yet that does not prevent the second act of *Tristan* from being the most exquisite, as it is the grandest evocation of human passion in all music, I had almost said in all art. Vulgarity seems even to be an essential element in the superabundant overflowing strength that marks the greatest creators. Beethoven abounds in it. It were easy to find examples in Dante and Milton. Even in Michelangelo. Even in Bach. . . . What matter, since in the torrent of creation it lives no longer as an offense, but rather as a savor, an antidote against insipidity. It is the masculine element asserting itself. (The strength of Antæus is conditioned by contact with the earth.) What in the hands of a little man were beastliness, in the hands of an artist is raised to the dignity of a vital element in the architectural scheme. A great artist can only achieve vulgarity by renouncing his creative power, by electing to describe instead of evoke, by playing on the surface instead of diving into the heart of things. So long as he creates from within, whatever his subject, whatever his intellectual approach, the term vulgarity, whether applied to form or to thought, is without meaning.

Courbet has been scurvily treated as well by apologists as by detractors. To the latter a finger

*To replace this awkward circumlocution, Alfeo Faggi suggests the term palpabilitá, which conveys my meaning with admirable exactitude.

pointed at any one of his masterpieces is answer enough. His friends who have never ceased to excuse him are enemies more insidious. No honest biographer, unafraid of facts, has given an unadorned story of his life. His very letters have appeared only in mangled form, under a catchpenny title. Yet such letters as have been published suggest that he has everything to gain by having the cards put on the table. There is a fine gusto about these letters. The clumsy ungrammatical French, full of awkward turns of speech and banal phrases, is shot through with vigor and energy. With boyish delight he describes the famous luncheon with the director of the *Beaux Arts* at which he informed that worthy that he was "l'homme le plus fier et le plus orgueuilleux de France," and therewith defied the government. "Si bien," he adds deliciously, "que je suis redevable au gouvernement d'un déjeuner." The affair of the mammoth exhibition which he staged at the Rondpont d'Alma is described in a series of letters. A matter of one hundred thousand francs for the ground rent. Two hundred pictures. Tremendous publicity. "Encore une fois je triomphe," he writes. And his only regret is that he can not maintain the exhibition as a permanent museum, a giant memorial to himself. One laughs, but, despite laughter, a sense of the man's greatness remains. Even to stage his *démonstrations* must have taken the strength of a Hercules. Add to that his thousand pictures, painted before his forty-eighth year. "C'est gigantesque," as he would say.



DETAIL FROM "LA TOILETTE DE LA MARIÉE" BY COURBET

And with it all, his charming naïveté. I know of only one good word picture of the man, that which Théodore Silvestre wrote apropos of the Montpellier profile: "Encore naïf, tout joyeux de tout, surtout d'être Courbet; parfois spirituel sans la moindre culture d'esprit, presque charmant, meme en son égoisme et ses rodomontades. Ah! qu'il était beau et bon garçon en ses lourdeurs naturelles et ses malices ensabotées, encore tempérant non de langue, mais de gosier, et relativement correct, quoique déjà très estaminier, très noctambule, trop bruyant et rieur, rieur à se tordre, riant de rien, riant de tout, même à la procession, riant aux éclats . . ." The spectacle of the "great laugher" miscast for protagonist in a political debacle is a fit subject for tragedy.

Enough of the man. And yet—not enough. The enigma remains, which only a better knowledge of himself can solve. And where is that knowledge to be gotten? Not from his biographers, for these slander through false shame. Not from the letters, for Courbet was too inarticulate to express any but the most elemental emotion. A sense of his strength emerges, of the life surging through him, but no hint of the channels into which that life is to be directed. And this, the second unit of his measure, it is which baffles. Even a study of his work reveals little. Willard Huntington Wright has made in his *Modern Painting* a compositional analysis of the "Enterrement" and discovers that it is based on what he calls the weakened S. A diligent eye might discover the same figure more freely treated in the "Atelier" and even in "La Toilette de la Mariée" traces are discernible. But even granting connection to these similarities, perhaps an identity of

origin in a composition once seen and admired, to erect thereon a theory were more than dangerous, were positively misleading. Courbet did not compose like that.

It is doubtful indeed whether the word composition in the pedagogic sense would have conveyed any meaning to his mind. Allowing for the play of subconscious memory which may have dictated an occasional group form, study of the pictures, his successes no less than his failures, throws one back on the same elemental impulse which conditioned his whole being and, despite imputation of heresy, his whole production. One is driven to accept life as a force not altogether blind, but endowed with the faculty of directing and shaping. I look at a Courbet and I think of a tree, a forest of trees. Your tree grows. Its whole striving is upward. It needs light and air. If the way directly above is blocked, it will turn and twist its trunk till it perceives an opening. Then up again. So with a Courbet. The same upward striving. The same demand for space around, for air and light. The same indifference to its own shape, coupled with the same hidden knowledge that can it but grow to its full stature it will achieve dignity.

Follow the analogy. Tree, the individual element in the composition. Forest, the composition itself. It is amazingly just. One is as rarely moved to exclaim over the rightness of a Courbet composition as over masterly disposition of trees in a forest. Both *are*, and with a positiveness of existence that banishes thought of change. Each is inevitable as each is immutable. Because each grew.

There remains, important for one as for the other, light. For Courbet doubly important, since he invisaged composition, if at all, from that angle. Light welds together compositions which had else been episodic. For his figures he is content if they have freedom, do not cramp one the other's movement and rhythmical development. His is the forester's care, who clears encumbered ground, fells trees that threaten to crowd. But in his handling of light he is far more savant. The extreme sensitivity of his eye is in such contrast with the masculine vigor, the crudity almost of his creative power, that one fears to do the former justice, lest one be accused of wishing to endow him with irreconcilable qualities. Yet the danger must be faced if the problem of Courbet is to be fairly stated. On the one hand a power not too vastly removed from the power of a Michelangelo, on the other a delicacy to put to shame the delicacy of a Whistler. Stated thus, the problem appears, from the esthetic angle at least, less insoluble. For in what most evanescent of his works did Whistler approach the trancendent delicacy of Michelangelo? But from the standpoint of the man the enigma remains. Grows indeed when one approaches his highest achievements, more and more baffling. One may explain the division between eye and brain, brain pounding with the relentless beat of a steam hammer, eye perceiving with needle fineness. But when one leaves purely esthetic values for human, as one must in face of such works as the "Enterrement" and the "Atelier," the discrepancy between the Courbet of history and the man whom these works predicate is such that the yard-stick which we have taken such pains to discover is powerless to span it.

In effect, we are faced in these works with a man who, besides giant creative vitality, besides the faculty for realizing objects in the round, endowing them with that almost painful actuality which we have called *palpabilitá*, besides extreme sensitivity to light and cunning in its distribution, is possessed of a humanity which lifts him bodily out of his century. And by this statement I do not mean to suggest that as pure painting these surpass such masterpieces as "La Vague," "Le Combat des Cerfs," "Vénus et Psyché" or any one of a dozen portraits one might name. Had he painted but one of these, Courbet's position among nineteenth century painters were secure. But just as the anecdotal English school of the last century proved *ad nauseam* that the highest moral message, nay a life devoted to the inculcation of the beatitudes themselves, is powerless to create a work of art, so these works of Courbet serve as a useful reminder that art is not so *pure* as modern painters have wished to make it, that creative power being equal the man who pours into his work the richest nature will live. We are apt to be easily wearied by the esthetic theories of the yesterdays; we do not cease to be held by the simplest of their men and women, provided an artist have the power to make them living for us.

That power Courbet had and spent in these giant compositions with a lavishness that ranks him with the great Dutchmen from whom he descends. Take the "Enterrement." It is no less than a dramatic representation of the life of whole community. Or the "Atelier." Swallow the theory, the elaborate symbolism. Smile over the naïveté of the death's head and the crumpled news sheet. And then—take it for what it is. A study, if you like, of life. Life in all its phases. Childhood, in the peasant boy who gazes open mouthed at the picture. Youth, in the lovers embracing in the window. Wealth, in the fashion-



DETAIL FROM "LA TOILETTE DE LA MARIÉE" BY COURBET



DETAIL FROM "LA TOILETTE DE LA MARIÉE" BY COURBET

able lady seen in profile to the right. Wisdom, in the group of philosophers, poets and writers. Labor, in the vine tiller. Poverty, in the hag from the gutter who sprawls behind the painter's easel. And beauty—there is no need to point at the nude—for beauty is everywhere.

It is with these, as I think, supreme achievements that the "Toilette de la Mariée"* will take rank. When I first saw it hanging in the Wildenstein galleries, flanked by two Renoirs, a Pissarro and a Toulouse Lautrec occupying the end walls, so habituated has one gotten to regard works of art from a purely esthetic angle that I saw it at first only as a marvelous essay in paint. I admired the central figure (what fulness of draughtmanship), the columnear woman with the towels over her arm (how like a Daumier), the grace of the young girls who make the bed, arrange the flowers, set the table. I took pleasure in the freedom of the grouping; marveled that fourteen figures could be disposed with such effortless ease as to give the spectator the sensation of spaciousness; was happy to sit before it and let eye wander around, in and out among the figures, viewing the scene from every angle, delighting in every detail. Noting that the picture was unfinished, I set out to study how the thing was done; followed every brushstroke; saw how simply line was built on line, form on form. The swing of the brush in itself enthralled me, the paradoxical upward thrust of the downward curve in the women's skirts, the clinging caressing line of the bride's skirt as it falls over her thighs, the taut dancing line of the bedsheet that ripples along the outstretched arms of the two girls, and seems to be tossed back and forth between them in a perpetual game. I studied the very composition of the stroke, the swift curved downward stroke that commences fat and unctuous to spend itself no less swiftly, the slow broad perpendicular that maintains through all its length its breadth and solidity, the fine taut horizontal stroke. And then the texture took hold on me, the infinitely subtle gradations of tone in the white dresses, from the bride's dress full in the light to the young girl almost lost in the shadow behind the table. Table cloth and bedsheet, themselves things of exquisite loveliness, and the aureoled figures at the window, glowed as though washed in light. It seemed as though Courbet had taken a bowl of light and spilled it in through the windows so that it lay in pools on the floor, on the table cloth, on the shoulders of the girls.

I saw all these things and many more. But one thing escaped me. In my intentness on what I was pleased to call the purely esthetic I missed the crowning glory of the picture, its immense humanity. Here is the thing which Millet tried to do, and achieved only sentimentality, triumphantly realized. These are women grown out of the soil. The peasant painter has done honor to his own. More. The "Toilette de la Mariée" is in some sort a nineteenth century answer to the court painters of the *doux siecle*. You remember. A palace interior, furnished with every conceivable luxury. The great lady at her *toilette*, maids and gallants dancing attendance. Well, here is Courbet's answer. In place of a palace a farmhouse. In place of costly silks and brocades, coarse white linen. In place of your fine lady, fresh from her milk bath, with soft rounded limbs that droop gracefully, a peasant woman, hard featured, rough skinned, broad breasted, but full upstanding, strong. Here, he seems to say, is what you call ugliness. Here are women who have not been pampered, who have been beaten all their lives by sun, wind and rain. In place of soft contours and indolent grace I offer you strength and fullness of womanhood.

The "Toilette de la Mariée" is completely realistic, but it is a realism of another sort from that of Degas and Daumier. There is neither sneer nor pity in it. Nor any moral. Courbet is not the cynical observer baring the littleness of mankind. Rather he is the true democrat—one with his subjects, offering no apologies either for them or for himself. These, you feel, are his own people, simple, strong and intensely alive.

The Courbet who painted the "Enterrement," the "Atelier" and this "Toilette de la Mariée" is one whom no biography shows. Yet these three pictures lift him, I repeat, bodily out of his century. There will always be great painters, realists,* romantics, esthetes. Great men are rarer.

*This picture, one of those brought over by M. Paul Rosenberg, has never before been reproduced, nor does any book on Courbet mention it. Although unfinished, it was not among the painter's possessions at his death. Probably the letters, of which the majority remain unpublished, will give some clue as to its history. In any case, it can hardly have been painted much later than 1855.

*In the preface to the 1855 catalogue Courbet wrote: "Le titre de réaliste m'a été imposé. . . J'ai étudié, en dehors de tout esprit de système et sans parti pris l'art des anciens et l'art des modernes. Je n'ai pas plus voulu imiter les uns que copier les autres, ma pensée n'a pas été davantage d'arriver au but oiseux de l'art pour l'art! Non! . . . Savoir pour pouvoir, telle fut ma pensée. Etre à même de traduire les moeurs, les idées, l'aspect de mon époque, selon mon appréciation, être non seulement un peintre, mais encore un homme. . . ."

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

ARTHUR B. DAVIES, Essays on the Man and His Art. *By Duncan Phillips, Dwight Williams, Royal Cortissoz, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Edward W. Root and Gustavus A. Eisen. Phillips Publications, Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C. Price, $10.*

A symposium upon a living artist reminds one of a conversation about someone who is present. The conversation may be truthful and sincere and yet miss some of that refreshing frankness with which a group of critics might approach the work of, say, Piero della Francesca. Critics, for all they are supposed to be stern mentors, are really over-courteous and the atmosphere sometimes becomes quite strained with the quality of mercy, so that in this series of six essays it is a positive relief to come across such a statement as Dr. Mather admits making in 1909 that "Davies is a constant surprise and joy for the variety he contrives to employ within his well-marked mannerisms" and the admission today that the statement seems "still sound as to Mr. Davies' art in general. We have to do with exquisite mannerisms which are the flavor of the man, the flower of his art, and apparently its limitation." This is the closest approach to anything like severity in all of this charmingly written book, for it is undoubtedly delightful to read, possessing not only scholarship but literary distinction. Mr. Phillips himself, who has not had the more extensive experience in authorship of some of his collaborators, eclipses the rest in the clean-cut logic of his analysis of the elements of Davies' art.

Mr. Phillips thanks the other writers for having consented to limit their interests to a single phase of a subject each might well prefer to treat completely. But it was felt that six authors might succeed where only one would fail in presenting Davies to the future. As one reads through the six essays one sometimes wonders if the same man is the subject of each. With the exception of the fact to which one is forced to go back with each author and start anew that he is "of Celtic extraction," there are presented so vast an array of comparisons, so wide a range of origins for his art, that one is lost among complexities. Mr. Cortissoz is reminded immediately and vividly of Piero di Cosimo, Mr. Root says that a comparison to Botticelli is inevitable, while it is the name of El Greco that wanders most often into Mr. Phillips' pages. His love for antiquity is frequently mentioned by all of them and it remains for Dr. Eisen to develop Davies' understanding of the "inhalation" of the Greeks, which is another name for rhythm. Mr. Phillips finds it an easy transition from Da Vinci to Davies in the matter of scholarship; Mr. Cortissoz passes quickly from Michelangelo to Ingres and on to Davies in the matter of drawings, and it is on this subject that he employs an eloquent phrase. He says that he likes Davies' drawings because he "uses form as an idiom" in the language of art, which is a happy phrase indeed.

Mr. Root speaks of Davies' "Gothic yearning" and now that all the periods of Occidental art have been properly classified in relation to "the master," perhaps someone will ask why all of these gentlemen neglected to mention a most important and beautiful element in Davies' art, an evidence in both technique and spirit of the influence of the great masters among the Chinese? If some of them would look beyond his antique Greek figures, as in "Leda and the Dioscurii," they might see a line of mountains high and fine which are worthy of comparison with those of a Sung or early Ming landscape, while in one of the finest of his paintings, "Sleep," the background is not only insistently Chinese but the brush strokes that have delineated those reclining figures suggest the austere yet subtle sweep of a Chinese master—and "Many Waterfalls" has a basic kinship with the spirit of Chinese nature worship which is rare in Occidental art.

An *edition de luxe* of this work is to appear this fall, printed on hand-made paper, limited to one hundred numbered copies, with an autographed portrait of the artist, an essay by Elizabeth Luther Cary, a loose-leaf plate, "and other added features" for the sum of fifty dollars.

AMERICAN GRAPHIC ART. *By F. Weitenkampf. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $4.*

This book is a second edition, revised and enlarged, of Dr. Weitenkampf's work of twelve years ago. He has omitted some of the detail of the former which, he says, might help some very special investigator, but since it was not essential in the forming of a picture of the development of the art in this country it has been omitted in favor of more recent material which brings the book quite up to the minute. A book so complete as this—it is the only comprehensive history of American graphic art—runs the risk of becoming at times a mere dry catalogue but Dr. Weitenkampf saves the day with his own colorful style and some very happy quotations so that even the single phrase which summarizes an artist's work becomes singularly illuminating. There are chapters on our modern illustrators, on caricature, the comic sheet of our daily papers, the book plate, and one on "Applied Graphic Art from Business Card to Poster." Outside of these particular phases he carries the history of his subject along by considering its various aspects through the complete period, devoting chapters to engraving in line and stipple, mezzotint, aquatint and other tints and wood-engraving and lithography. He finds in the present etching revival much of high quality which does not need to be seen through the "rose colored spectacles of patriotism." Dr. Weiterkampf, who is chief of the print division of the New York Public Library, is also the author of "How to Appreciate Prints."

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS SERIES. Charles Holmes. Henry Lamb. Stanley Spencer. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $2 each.*

These three volumes bring this series on present day British artists up to eleven, the others having considered the work of John, Orpen, Rothenstein, Nash, Nicholson, Clausen, Shannon and McEvoy. The editor of the series is Albert Rutherston but the monographs are supplied by different writers in each case whose identity is revealed by initials only. The author who writes of Sir Charles Holmes explains why it is that he has become a first-rate painter although he never went to art school and has had time to be an editor, an author and professor and a director of art galleries. He is a painter of landscape,

cities, hills and factories and in the illustrations (thirty-five in each of these books) there is disclosed a keen appreciation of design and organization, a conviction that, as he would say, "a pictorial symbol must be used which has a relation both to nature and to art." Sir Charles Holmes was once editor of the Burlington Magazine and is now Director of the National Gallery. He was knighted in 1921.

Henry Lamb and Stanley Spencer belong to the new generation of painters. Both of them might be called "Modernists," and yet neither of them are typically "of the movement." Neither are imitators and probably neither will be imitated. Lamb shows a very slight influence from Picasso and also from Augustus John and his friend Spencer. Both Lamb and Spencer went through the war and some of their best work is drawn from it, work that is strangely literal. Lamb painted for the Imperial War Museum a bombardment in Palestine which the writer praises for his skill in handling diffuse detail. It avoids complexity by crystallizing a second of time, doing away with the suggestion of the passing of the moment, thus giving it an eternity of its own. There is also a portrait of Lytton Strachey by a window with a broad expanse of landscape giving him the appearance of being, as the writer says, "in a cage," very appropriately for one who lives in so close-walled a mental garden.

Spencer brings most enthusiasm to his religious and Biblical pictures although his war pictures are remarkable too. He reads his Bible with the fresh vision of one who has never heard of it before, and he paints its incidents in his own Cookham setting. The Virgin as a simple peasant girl visits Elizabeth in a Cookham kitchen and Christ carries the Cross past a Cookham brick house with lace curtains flying and people at every window. This is done without affectation. He has the beautiful sincerity of the Gothic and early Renaissance painters with whom he has so much in common. His "John Donne Arriving in Heaven," "The Resurrection," and "The Sword of the Lord" carry us, says R. H. W., through "Gothic simplicity to Renaissance science and from that in its turn to Baroque drama." He lives through these periods as a personal experience, however. He is the son of a professional musician and, growing up in an atmosphere of art, began his serious study of its technique at the Slade School at the age of eighteen.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS. *By M. Schede. Translated from the German by H. T. Price. Schoetz & Parrhysius, Berlin.*

IN THIS MONOGRAPH of one hundred and thirty-one pages there is presented a complete summing up of all the knowledge we have of the history of the Acropolis, its buildings and its sculptors described against a running narrative of Grecian history during the times in which these famous and noble structures were created. Although Schede leans strongly toward the sculptures as the most important element in the story of the Acropolis he does not neglect the buildings that were their reasons for being, his descriptions of these being singularly clear, complete and satisfying. In this aspect of his work he is helped much by the admirable drawings of F. Krischen of the classic structures as they were designed and by present-day photographs of the buildings and sculptures as they are now. One superb colored plate shows how the ancient Greeks painted the buildings and sculptures, the group selected to illustrate this phase of Greek architecture and sculpture being of extraordinary beauty. There are also two drawings from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries showing how the Acropolis looked in 1670 and 1765.

BLOCK PRINTING AND BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN JAPAN. *By Louise Norton Brown. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, $30.*

TO ANYONE who has carried their enthusiasms for Japanese art to the point of seeking out block prints and wood engravings especially made as illustrations for books that student must have been much troubled by the lack of authoritative volumes on these related subjects, works that were really comprehensive. This want has been amply supplied through the text and pictures in Mrs. Brown's exhaustive volume to which she devoted many years of arduous research in Japan and which she completed just before her death. "Block Printing and Book Illustration in Japan" is a reference volume pure and simple, facts being its chief concern with no attempt at grace of style in setting them down nor any concern with esthetic guidance and appreciations. Indeed she deprecates any such aid to the reader assuming "that collectors would not be collectors if they did not know beauty and good work when they found it," her sole aim being to pass on "plain, hard facts, such as names, dates and the *Where* and the *How* of things."

Since woodblock printing has been known in Japan since the eighth century A. D. to contemporary times and since pictorial wood engraving was well established in Japan a century before Europe's earliest known wood engravings, it will be readily recognized how long is the tale told in these records. Mrs. Brown's twelve chapters cover all periods from these earliest times to contemporary illustrations, her descriptions telling both of the illustrations and of the various kinds of books in which they appeared. She devotes one chapter to suggestions to collectors and separate sections to the old bookshops of Japan today, a glossary and a bibliography. There are also remarkably complete indexes of artists and titles. The forty-three illustrations, eighteen of which are in color, complement the text admirably.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE REDEMPTION OF THE LOWER SCHUYLKILL. *By John Frederick Lewis. The City Parks Association, Philadelphia.*

AUTOGRAPH PRICES CURRENT. VOL. II, COMPRISING LONDON SALES FROM AUGUST, 1916, TO JULY, 1917, INCLUSIVE. *Compiled and edited by E. H. Courville. Published by editor, London, England.*

THESE EVENTFUL YEARS. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN THE MAKING. *Two Vols. The Encyclopedia Brittanica, New York. Price, $11.50.*

ETCHINGS AND DRYPOINTS BY FRANK W. BENSON. *An Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue with an Original Etching by Mr. Benson. Compiled and Arranged by Adam E. M. Paff. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Volume Three. Price, $12.50.*

DICTIONNAIRE DES MINIATURISTES SUR ÉMAIL. *By Henri Clouzot, Conservateur du Musée Galliera. Albert Morancé, Paris.*

HOUSE GHOSTS. *By John Grimes. Illustrated by James Cady Ewell. Robert O. Ballou, Chicago. Price, $2.*

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the state bed in the palaces of kings and the homes of the nobles was the most conspicuous household possession. Although used as a bed it was actually the symbol of the owner's rank, wealth and social position. This was conspicuously so in France during the reigns of Louis XIV, Louis XV and Louis XVI when the first of these monarchs held receptions *au lit* and great ladies received their friends reclining on these great structures. The state beds of those times were ornate, costly and splendid affairs but gradually grew simpler and smaller as the desire for greater comfort and privacy developed the bedroom proper as a separate apartment from the great salon where the state bed always stood.

The fragile and perishable nature of their hangings, which were their chief glories, caused these beds soon to disappear once the actual bedroom came into existence and state beds are almost the rarest pieces of furniture that have come down to us. A history of these structures, the social ritual that grew up around them and the causes leading to their disappearance is told in an article on "Beds of the Three Louis" by William B. M'Cormick, in the October number, which is illustrated with reproductions of beds of the three periods, one of which has lately been acquired by an American collector. This is a Louis XIV bed dating from about 1700 and outside of two royal palace museums in France has no equal. Reproduced in color this bed will be shown in all its splendor of form and ornamentation including some needlework valances and panels of extraordinary beauty.

Many art museums in the United States are created through the generosity of one man. The Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, D. C., differs from the average art institution of this class for the reason that in addition to creating and endowing it as a perpetual tribute to his father, Duncan Phillips directs every activity of the museum bearing his family name: buying its paintings and other works of art out of his own resources; managing its conduct purely as a museum; initiating and superintending the series of Phillips Publications devoted to individual artists. To create such an institution while still in his young manhood makes Duncan Phillips a unique figure in American art. Why he did what he has done in creating this splendid tribute to his father and what that tribute comprises in terms of building, collections and educational work is described by F. Newlin Price in an illustrated article in the October number.

"Jeweled Windows of Old France"—the series of articles, published in recent numbers of International Studio, by Charles J. Connick on ancient cathedral glass—attracted great interest, both because of the author's interesting and authoritative comment and of the beauty of the illustrations. Readers of the magazine will want, therefore, to see Mr. Connick's article on modern American glass which will be published in the next issue. There are several glass makers and designers in this country today who are preserving the high ideals of artistic merit and craftsmanship which the *verriers* of the middle ages established. It is to them that we must look for windows which will beautify our churches, schools and public buildings and be as well a permanent record of splendid achievement in this most difficult art. Much has been done already, and it is of the good accomplished and its promise for the future that Mr. Connick has written. In addition to numerous illustrations in black and white there will be two color plates of recently executed windows.

The illustrations for Dante's "Divine Comedy" were the last work which William Blake undertook. There are one hundred of them, now scattered among various museums in the British Empire. These drawings, like those illustrating Grey's poems, are comparatively unknown and will be of unusual interest on that account as well as for themselves. Several of them will be reproduced as illustrations to an article by Guy Eglington in the next number.

Blake and Dante are a singularly felicitous combination; each had a great and terrible imagination and an intensely spiritual nature. No one except Botticelli has rivaled Blake in the visual interpretation of the Italian poet and even Botticelli falls short of Blake in his rendering of the atmosphere of the Comedy, its passion and its gloom. Blake achieves reality even in the strangest forms which people his drawings.

There is a fascination about collecting which takes hold, in some form, of almost everyone. There is an equal interest in the exploration of far-off lands and adventures among strange peoples. But even of those whose delight is in old brasses few can join a caravan to Thibet, cross Arabia or talk with the priests in old Indian temples. All of these things, however, Charles K. Moser has done, picking up pieces that interested him, sometimes easily, sometimes after a delightful adventure. In "The Story of My Brasses," which will be published in the next issue, he tells a tale which will make him the envy of every collector and traveler. It is not everyone who has a teapot which the Mongol chief who owned it valued above two wives. Half across Asia the story runs with an amusing or exciting experience at every turning.

The sculptors whose figures have been refused exhibition because a jury could not believe that work so accurate was not cast from a model are few. Rodin is the most famous of these, and when one has seen the disputed statue it is difficult to smile at the mistaken jury. Working in another field from that of the great Frenchman, Albert Laessle fell under the same suspicion and met with as complete a vindication. Laessle is a sculptor of animals, small by preference, and it was the bronze figure of a turtle which was disputed. So accurate was it in every detail that the jury of the *Salon* was sure that it had been cast from a living model. There could be no higher compliment to his craftsmanship, and the question of his method was easily answered. But Mr. Laessle is more than a merely accurate sculptor. In all of his groups and single figures of birds, lizards, frogs and small animals there is splendid composition and movement. He has caught the native grace of his subjects as few artists have been able to do. In the next issue there will be an article by D. Roy Miller about Laessle and his work, illustrated by a number of charming examples of his sculpture.

Peyton Boswell



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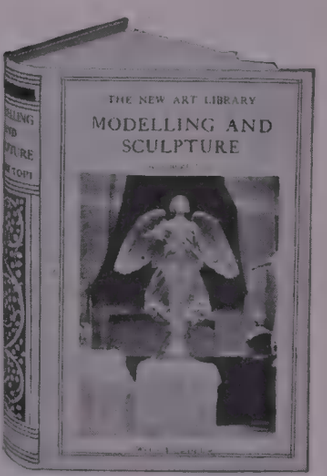
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Oct. 1	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
Oct. 1	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita
Oct. 1	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Oct. 2	Quebec	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
Oct. 2	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United-American	Thuringia
Oct. 3	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Cassandra
Oct. 3	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
Oct. 4	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Oct. 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
Oct. 4	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Oct. 4	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Antonia
Oct. 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Laconia
Oct. 4	Quebec	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia
Oct. 4	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Albert Ballin
Oct. 4	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	George Washington
Oct. 7	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Arabic
Oct. 7	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
Oct. 8	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Oct. 8	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
Oct. 8	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Oct. 9	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Belgenland
Oct. 9	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
Oct. 10	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Saturnia
Oct. 10	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
Oct. 11	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Oct. 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
Oct. 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia
Oct. 11	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Tuscania
Oct. 11	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Ansonia
Oct. 11	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Albania
Oct. 11	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United-American	Hansa
Oct. 11	New York	Bremen	Queenstown, Cherbourg	United States	Republic
Oct. 14	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Lapland
Oct. 14	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United-American	Reliance
Oct. 15	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Oct. 15	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
Oct. 16	Quebec	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Carmania
Oct. 16	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama
Oct. 16	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United-American	Westphalia
Oct. 17	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montreal
Oct. 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Oct. 18	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
Oct. 18	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Oct. 18	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
Oct. 18	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren
Oct. 18	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
Oct. 18	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Deutschland
Oct. 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
Oct. 22	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
Oct. 22	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland
Oct. 22	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Oct. 22	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	America
Oct. 23	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Zeeland
Oct. 23	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Mongolia
Oct. 23	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
Oct. 24	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Athenia
Oct. 24	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
Oct. 25	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Oct. 25	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
Oct. 25	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Andania
Oct. 25	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Assyria
Oct. 25	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Aurania
Oct. 25	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Lancastria
Oct. 25	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United-American	Cleveland
Oct. 25	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Harding
Oct. 28	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United-American	Resolute
Oct. 29	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Oct. 29	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita
Oct. 29	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Oct. 30	Quebec	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
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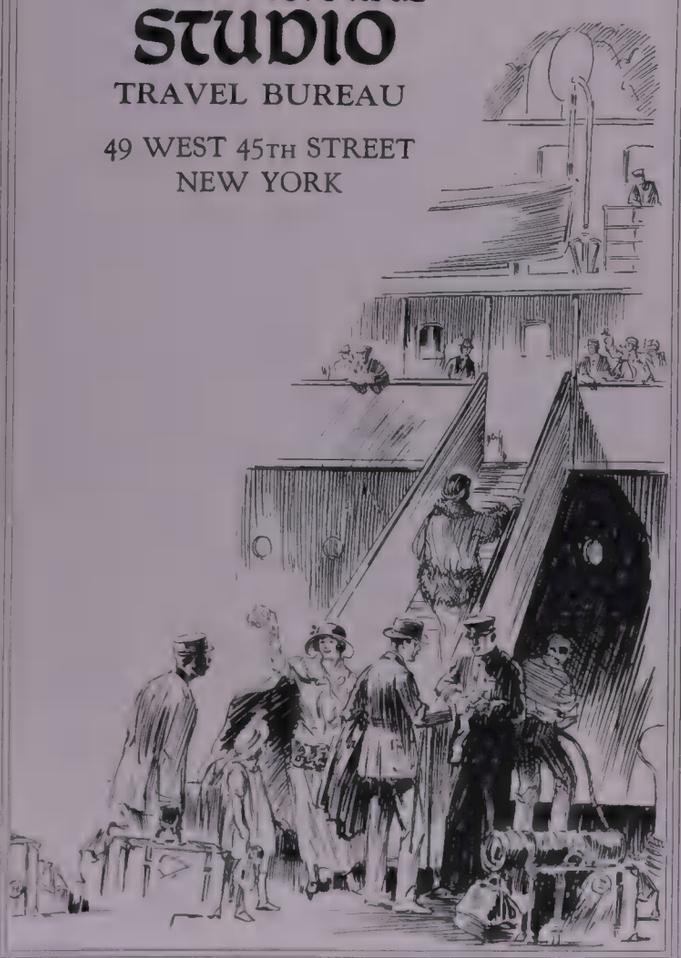
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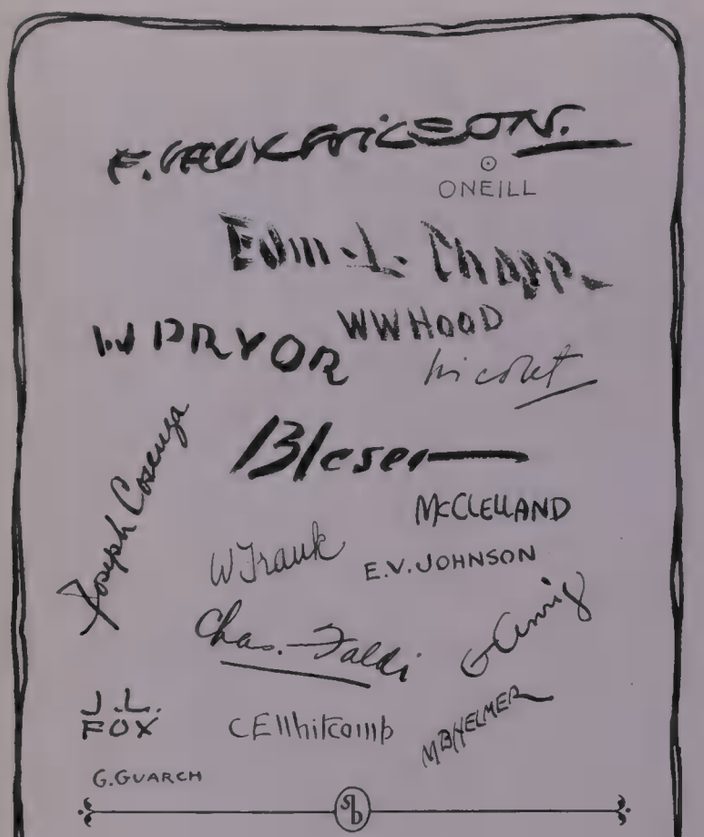
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